

LACY'S ACTING EDITION

OF

PLAYS,

DRAMAS, FARCES, EXTRAVAGANZAS,

ETC. ETC,

AS PERFORMED AT THE VARIOUS THEATRES.

VOLUME 38.

CONTAINING

TIDE OF TIME.
LITTLE SAVAGE.
JESSIE BROWN.
HAROLD HAWK.
OTHELLO TRAVESTIE.
KING JOHN.
OLD HONESTY.
THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.
PORTER'S KNOT.
AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.
KENILWORTH (BURLESQUE).
WOMAN OF THE WORLD.
MILLINER'S HOLIDAY.
RULE OF THREE.
POOR PILLICODDY.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,*)

LONDON.

THE TIDE OF TIME.

An Original Comedy,

IN

THREE ACTS,

BY

BAYLE BERNARD,

AUTHOR OF

A Life's Trial, The Evil Genius, Leon, or the Iron Mask, Lucille, The Farmer's Story, A Maiden's Fame, Marie Ducange, The Round of Wrong, The Passing Cloud, Robespierre, The Indian Girl, Mungo Park, A Splendid Investment, The Balance of Comfort, The Nervous Man, His Last Legs, The Irish Attorney, The Boarding School, The Woman Hater, The Mummy, The Middy Ashore, The Man about Town, The Practical Man, The Conquering Game, The Dumb Belle, &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket,
on Monday, the 13th December, 1858.*

Characters.

| | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| PENDARVIS (a Shropshire Gentleman) | MR. CHIPPENDALE. |
| SIRDORMERDECRAZENBY } (his Neigh- MOLEHILL } bours) { | MR. COMPTON. MR. BUCKSTONE. |
| QUILLET | MR. CLARK. |
| GRAINGER (his Solicitor) | MR. ROGERS. |
| SPALDING (a Manufacturer) | MR. HOWE. |
| GRIFFITHS | MR. WEATHERSBY. |
| MILDRED PENDARVIS..... | MISS REYNOLDS. |
| ALICE (her Cousin)..... | MISS E. TERNAN. |
| MISS SABINA CRICKHOWEL | MRS. POYNTER. |

VISITORS—MALE AND FEMALE.

SCENE—A Park and Mansion in Shropshire.

TIME—1840.

Costumes.

PENDARVIS. *First Act:* grey overcoat, blue frock, broad-brimmed hat, light trousers. *Second Act:* evening dress. *Third Act:* the same as first.

SIR DORMER. *First Act:* light frock, light trousers. *Second Act:* evening dress.

MOLEHILL. *First Act:* blue coat, nankeen trousers, white hat. *Second Act:* evening dress. *Third Act:* the same as first.

GRAINGER and QUILLET. Black frocks and trousers, white neck-cloths throughout.

SPALDING. *First Act:* plain frock and grey trousers. *Second Act:* evening dress. *Third Act:* the same as first.

GRIFFITHS. Dress coat, white vest, and black trowsers.

MILDRED. Striped silk dress and hat. *Second Dress:* ball dress. *Third Dress:* neat muslin.

ALICE.—*First Dress:* pink ball dress. *Second Dress:* coloured muslin.

MISS CRICKHOWEL. *First Dress:* blue and white brocade. *Second Dress:* check silk.

Visitors in ball dresses various.

THE TIDE OF TIME.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*Pendarvis Park. A massive stone fountain, with allegorical figure occupies the centre garden, seats near it; a low iron wire fence, with gate, L. 2 E. runs up, L., and off, at U. E., dividing the Park from gardens of the house; as the curtain rises, GRIFFITHS and a group of SERVANTS are discovered looking off at back, L.*

GRAINGER *advances from L., looking at watch.*

GRAIN. Two o'clock, Griffiths, and Miss Pendarvis not come?

GRIFF. No sir; she's not.

GRAIN. And at ten we were told her father was to meet her at Shrewsbury—very odd really, the tenants at the park gates are most anxious to receive her.

GRIFF. Yes, sir, and so are all master's friends on the lawn.

GRAIN. (*looking off*) Oh, I perceive—a crowd of 'em—really—well—and no wonder a girl so esteemed, the heiress besides of one of our oldest estates—who on the eve of her marriage to her father's old friend, falls ill and is obliged to go abroad with her aunt—goes away for a few months, and is absent three years.

GRIFF. And now she's quite well again?

GRAIN. Yes; quite restored, and accordingly comes home to fulfil her engagement; and what a change will she see—a mill and a railroad, in this that was once the stillest nook in all Shropshire—a spot that had slept in its little field-life for ages, and now is transformed to a world of activity.

(*a distant hurrah is heard, L. U. E.*)

GRIFF. (*going to the back*) I think that must be her, sir.

GRAIN. (*looking off, L.*) At least there's Mr. Molehill, our analyzing friend—not a bad fellow—but for that habit of his—seeing something in nothing—a sort of person that can't stand the plain text of existence, but must put every thing into italics.

MOLEHILL, *comes from gate, L.*

MOLE. Well, Grainger, she's coming, she's just topped the

hill, so we shall dine with her to-day—though by-the-bye that's a circumstance that has always perplexed me—what's the reason in England an interesting event is always marked by a dinner?

GRAIN. Well, I don't know, unless it's because nature always tends to an equipoise.

MOLE. Oh, I perceive, and so when the head gets top heavy with happiness, nature cries out for ballast.

GRAIN. Not in this case, however, here the object is demanded—a girl so admired—and who now, in addition to other good ends, comes home to allay her poor father's vexations?

MOLE. And now that's another thing I can't understand—how a man has vexations on ten thousand a year—a man who wants nothing, unless worrying is a luxury?

GRAIN. I'm afraid it's an encumbrance he takes with the estate; why, look at his history, an old Shropshire gentleman who has always been king here—the great moving centre and soul of the place,—hospitable, generous, the soul of high principle; but time is against him, it's the flow of the tide. So first comes a railroad to cut through his park, shrieking as it were in his very defiance, and next a man from Manchester, who, on a waste bit of ground, runs up a cotton mill, and crowns his best vista with a column of smoke.

MOLE. Well, that's the common lot, a cloud in the distance.

GRAIN. And that's not the worst—he sees a new king here. this Manchester person, who values only that which our good friend despises, and so tries to set up what he would pull down. And as this person undoubtedly has done us some good, in the market he has opened for unemployed labour, he has his supporters, and hence a war between them, only equalled in bitterness by what we are told marked the Guelphs and the Ghibelins.

MOLE. Yes, it is a nice quarrel, in which we've all got to join, and he who stands neuter gets hit on both sides.

(a loud hurrah is heard, L. U. E.)

GRIF. *(at back)* My young lady at last, sir, she's entering the park.

Exit with SERVANTS, L. U. E.

(MOLEHILL goes to the back and looks off)

MOLE. Yes, and now is at the hall door, with her smoking post-horses, and what a style she has got—what freedom of manner by going abroad, though by-the-by that's a fact I could never account for, how we get freedom of any sort by going abroad—where you can't look at the moon but it's by the side of police—and you walk about with a passport, that's like a ticket-of-leave. *(PENDARVIS comes from the park, L. down C.)*

PEN. It's shameful, quite shameful, our remissness to-day! but it's all Mildred's fault, she would stop so often to look at the country, now at the old thickets, and now at the meadows,

she knew you were all waiting, and must think it so strange that (*to GRAINGER, aside*) by-the-bye, what of your client, is he arrived yet?

GRAIN. Not yet, sir, but I expect him by the very next train.

PEN. Thank you indeed, thank you.

GRAIN. Well, sir, and your daughter, she has regained all her old looks.

PEN. All, Grainger, all, and got one or two new ones—she's altered so much, or as you'd say improved, she's not to be recognized—hear her, and you'll wonder what she'll say and do next, (*pausing*) what *she'll* do indeed,—what do you think that scoundrel is going to do now?—that spinning-jenny rascal, he's going to set up some dye works.

MOLE. Some what, sir?

PEN. Some dye works, centres of miasma, that will pollute the whole neighbourhood; there's an assassin, smoke and noise were not enough, now we're to be poisoned—stified and poisoned by chemical masses—that's pretty news I think.

(*he sinks into a seat and begins rocking*)

MOLE. Why, yes, for quiet people who want to die their own way.

PEN. Pleasant this—pleasant, that any vulgar dog, just to fill his own pocket may invade a quiet country, and cut it up as he pleases, we shan't know this place soon—it will be quite uninhabitable—a spot that was once such a region of beauty that everyone admired for its calmness and grace.

MOLE. Calmness, of course! why, we've rarely a gale here—but it's on account of the windmills.

PEN. But this is progress, all progress, our great age of steam which is to cure all the evils of life with hot water—we're to be poisoned with stench, or deafened with engines, that scream every hour like a thousand starved eagles.

MOLE. Well, now that's just the thing that I can't account for—why, as the train does the speed, it won't let *us* do the screaming.

PEN. Modern philosophy is simply a rush—formerly, our aim was to reflect and enjoy a little, now, we've no time for it, we've only to run—we move quicker, work quicker, live quicker, die quicker, we run into wars, and we rush into bubbles, and by and by I suppose we shall economize even the decencies of life, and gallop to a funeral.

GRIFFITHS *comes from gate, L.*

GRIF. Lunch is on table, sir.

PEN. Very good, we'll go in.

MOLE. And I'll have the pleasure to congratulate your daughter, (*aside*) though—by-the-by—that's a circumstance I

never could fathom,—why we congratulate people who are perfectly happy—we ought to wish them joy when they get into trouble, as pleasure is said to depend on variety. (*he goes off by the gate, L. followed by GRIFFITHS*)

GRAIN. And now, sir, a few weeks and every wish is fulfilled, your daughter's union to a man who both as neighbour and friend—

PEN. Has proved his devotion in every possible form—loved her from childhood—kept single for her sake—wealthy—old-blooded. He must make her happy as he is sure to make me, for he has pledged himself to join me in crushing this fellow.

GRAIN. Mr. Spalding?

PEN. This Spalding, this vulgar intruder, who if not speedily checked will deform the whole neighbourhood.

GRAIN. And yet, sir, if he pleads what he has done for the neighbourhood in lightening its poor rate and giving it schools.

PEN. Fudge, sir,—all fudge—if the poor were distressed they had always my purse to come to, and as to his schools, all fudge again; we all know our duty, and what more does he want? I haven't a plan but he mars it—not a thought or a wish but he opposes or sneers at, this place will be ruined—unless he's turned out—and combined with Sir Dormer, I don't fear to effect it,—I shall at last be at peace; or if there's a doubt of it—if—I do see a barrier, why oddly enough—Grainger, that's my own child.

GRAIN. Your daughter?

PEN. My daughter—thanks to her aunt, that woman has transformed her so—has filled her with all her own sceptical levity, she ridiculose verything—and show her an oddity, it's game she runs down with all the zest of a harrier. (*pausing*) Well, Sir Dormer you know has been getting rather odd lately—with that notion of his in regard to great cities, confoundedly foolish it must be confessed; he's certain to broach it to her, and she's as sure to laugh at it; and should she go a step further and begin laughing at him—why—

(*MILDRED is heard outside, L. U. E.*)

MIL. Ha, ha! why how absurd.

PEN. (*jumping up*) Why she's at it already—no, it's the tenants.

GRAIN. There's some ground for your fears, she might wound his self love, and if unrestrained possibly would endanger their union.

PEN. And a union on which such a stake is depending.

GRAIN. Then I see but one course; to caution her on the subject. She's affectionate and sensible, whatever her levity, and could not fail to comply; and as I see her approaching, I'll leave you to the task, whilst I go to the station and wait for my friend.

PEN. Whom you'll bring here at once. You know, Grainger, how important is that matter also.

GRAINGER *goes off at back*, L. U. E.—MILDRED *is heard again*

MIL. No, no, truly flattered, exceedingly so, but—(*she comes from gate*, L.) Oh, papa! here's a triumph, I've created a poet—actually inspired your ponderous churchwarden, who wants to read me some verses, at the head of the tenants, enforced by all the weight of a red wig and spectacles—ha, ha!

PEN. Well, Milly, well?

MIL. Now isn't that glory—though it has such a cost—thorough Carnival fashion, I'm to be pelted with sweetmeats 'twould choke me to swallow.

PEN. But still, as you know, it's one of our old county customs.

MIL. Oh, of course; and this place is a sort of county museum;—everything about us has the air of a relic—and papa their great centre—dear papa standing up like a rock in a river, for all its weed and its drift wood to cluster about him.

PEN. Well, and very properly with the blood in my veins. If I honor the past it's because I feel what I owe it; you on the contrary have got such a passion for novelties, that I believe you'd enjoy even that pestilence yonder.

MIL. Ha! ha! my poor father. Well, it's really too bad, to think of such a nuisance being inflicted on you: a cotton mill of all things—a cotton mill, as though the great giant of change had strode up to our door, and was smoking a pipe there.

PEN. Very well, Miss Pendarvis—very well, indeed; when my greatest plague can become your amusement.

MIL. But why should it plague you? The bane has its antidote—if there's a mill, there's a rail here to take you away from it.

PEN. A railway, indeed! why that's a worse punishment.

MIL. Now, papa, do be just—railways are among the greatest possible blessings—see what they do for us—unite the only places one cares to exist in—you who don't travel don't know the enjoyment of being able to command a new scene every day—to defy weariness by never being forced to stop anywhere. Why, there may be a new opera at Paris, a grand review at Berlin, and perhaps a royal wedding at Munich or Dresden, and you may see them all in a week—in a week, think of that. Oh! railways, papa, fulfil a great end. (*crosses, R., and sinks into seat*, R.)

PEN. Yes; the great end of everything by the crushings we hear of. But where is Sir Dormer—where have you left him, Milly?

MIL. Oh, he's gone in doors to get something to show me,

some grand scheme he has got for the good of society—what is it, papa?

PEN. What is it—well, really——

MIL. He was always a great schemer—dreaming of something to astonish the world with; but he's awoke to nothing, yet, though he's close upon forty—and then he's grown so very solemn—as if he'd something on his conscience—not our marriage I hope? Ha, ha, ha! (*he draws a seat, R.*)

PEN. Why, the fact is, my love, he thinks a good deal; Sir Dormer's profound you know, and——

MIL. Oh, he's profound—well, a cavern's profound.

PEN. A cavern!

MIL. Which of course is to be explained, because a cavern——

PEN. Is empty, complimentary certainly.

MIL. Now, papa, don't be angry: it's the air of this place; think where I've been living for three happy years—amongst some of the gayest and wittiest of people: men and women of the world who have seen and read everything—who don't rust in corners or doze life away, but enjoy all its forms from a re-union in Paris to a pic-nic at Baden, or a gallop by moonlight over the snows of Crim Tartary.

PEN. Yes, very true, but——

MIL. And, as Sir Dormer has agreed, I shall retain their acquaintance—of course, I hope in time he may catch some of their spirit, that a little of their sun may relieve some of his shadow.

PEN. But, what if it deepened it?

MIL. Deepened it?

PEN. Yes; what if he found that the husband who required this light was only prized as a memento of those that bestowed it?

MIL. Now, papa, do me justice, I don't love him of course—you didn't ask me to do that, and I couldn't have complied if you had, but I respect him sincerely—a friend from my childhood, and I'm sure I've every reason to admit his good sense, for hasn't he agreed I shall have my own way in everything.

PEN. In everything, Milly?—so of course you'll be happy, or if there can be a doubt of it, the least possible hindrance—if I do see a precipice to which you may wander——

MIL. And as bad as the one I escaped from in Switzerland.

PEN. In Switzerland?

MIL. Yes; didn't I tell you of that? Oh, my dear papa, the most extraordinary circumstance, after crossing the Oberland to the baths of Louèche when we were on the heights of the Gemmi—of course, papa, you have heard of L'Escalier de Gemmi?—well, we were on its summit, surveying the prospect, when I, stepping backward, in another instant would have been

over—yes, papa, over—had I not been caught by an English artist who was sketching up there.

PEN. Why, you turn my blood cold!

MIL. Well, mine underwent a very different change, for I was never more grateful in the whole course of my life.

PEN. And this person was an Englishman?—well, you told him of course, if ever he came into Shropshire, how glad I should be to see him?

MIL. Indeed, I did not. I should have insulted him, papa; so far from his thinking I was at all in his debt, he even apologised for the violence with which he had seized me.

PEN. And so saved your life? Now there's a refinement! that's modern delicacy! Well, Milly, well; to come now to present dangers, to be candid, they lie in a certain habit of yours—a certain love of the ludicrous,—which not meaning to wound—

MIL. You're thinking of Sir Dormer? Now, papa, is this necessary?—haven't I said I respect him?

PEN. Very true! but you see there's this project of his—this theory; which though it may appear very stupid—

MIL. (*eagerly*) And what is it? do tell me, now that's a good creature? What capital fun!

PEN. Milly!

MIL. Why of course.

PEN. And is this your respect for him?

MIL. Why, papa, where is yours? haven't you just called him stupid?

PEN. Not at all.

MIL. Oh, but you have though. Now who is his censor? ha! ha!

PEN. But I deny it. I never meant it—confound it all; do be quiet, he's coming.

SIR DORMER *comes from the gate, with a portfolio, down L.*

SIR D. I heard your happy voice.

MIL. Oh, you have: then of course—

SIR D. And I share its enjoyment. I said something delights Milly, and surely that concerns me.

MIL. Why what wonderful instinct!

PEN. (*aside*) Will you consider?

SIR D. For wasn't it always so? when she was but in her bud—whilst she had yet to receive the great mould of development—

MIL. And prove, as she has done, a very poor piece of pottery.

SIR D. Ere she grew what she is—a casket that's worthy to contain the best treasures.

MIL. Indeed, I fear not; much more of a work-box, only

fit to hold trifles. But stop, there's your theory—this new scheme of yours; now tell me at once, for I'm dying to know it?

SIR D. Are you, my Milly?

MIL. Dying; so sit down, and put an end to my danger.

(he takes a seat between them)

SIR D. Charming enthusiasm; which, at the mere thought of philosophy——

MIL. Can't wait a single instant, so tell me in a breath. Is it something very grand, very fine, very lofty—something you'd only confuse if you tried to explain?

SIR D. And how clear her perception; how she sees that truth's atmosphere, the higher we ascend in it, is the harder to breathe.

PEN. Now, Milly, attend; this idea of Sir Dormer's——

SIR D. Is the solution he offers of our great social crisis. The philosopher who contemplates the enigmas of life, asks, "Why is it that cities—the home of society—should be engines of mischief, instead of well being?" at length he's enlightened. The evils of cities are to be traced to their form; they are built upon angles—angles whose purpose is to hide and obstruct. Hence all their mischief. Light and air are shut out; whilst fever and villainy are harboured and hidden. How then do I propose to remove such disasters? by returning to nature—nature—sublime mother, from whom we have all wandered!

PEN. No doubt of that, and done more than desert her. Parricides, as we are, we cut her up and torment her.

SIR D. And what does she teach us—the great doctrine of curves? It's the curve gives her beauty; it's the curve then we need to apply to society; our cities require to be pulled down and rebuilt; even the Monarch of Cities—even London itself.

MIL. London!

SIR D. Herself! For what is she now? a congestion of angles—an aggrandized zigzag of brick, dirt, and difficulty;—and what would I make her? a noble undulation of clearness and freedom—a mass of expansions—a series of circles—which, shedding light and air on the homes of the million, would curve their minds up into order and morals.

PEN. And, really, I think a very feasible notion.

MIL. And to show the thing's possible——

SIR D. Here is a plan of it. Here is London as she is; here is London as she ought to be.

(he takes two drawings from the portfolio, and exhibits them)

MIL. Well, really, how curious.

SIR D. No visionary project,—here the thing's done.

PEN. Exactly, exactly, here the thing's done.

SIR D. This is my triumph. All is so practical—however new my proposal—here all's detailed.

MIL. Yes, yes; but, Sir Dormer, there's one little matter you seem to have forgotten; what would it cost?

SIR D. Cost, my child, cost! I am laying down principles; philosophy has nothing to do with arithmetic.

MOLEHILL comes from the gate, L.

MOLE. Miss Pendarvis, excuse me, but your friends think of going.

MIL. (*rising*) Dear, dear, how provoking, but Sir Dormer will atone for us; he'll tell them his theory, and it's really most curious, this scheme of round cities, and if cities, why not other things, round houses, round coaches.

MOLE. Well, we've round money—and that's why it goes so fast; if it was only made square, it might hitch in one's pocket.

MIL. Society shows it; that removes angles—especially by travelling, which softens the roughest;—the flint—which if fixed, only wounds with its edges, may roll till it really becomes ornamental.

MOLE. Decidedly so, as I'll give you a proof. Here's the son of the cotton man.

PEN. His son?

MOLE. Yes, his son! I thought 'twould surprise you. A son who is his partner, and a very gentlemanly fellow; well educated it seems.

PEN. Oh, the metal the same, only lacquered a little.

MOLE. Was at Rugby and Cambridge, and since has been making an industrial tour, inspecting the state of manufactures abroad.

PEN. In order to become a greater nuisance at home.

MOLE. So, of course, he'll do good; he'll oil the old fellow. My authority yonder says he arrived here last night.

MIL. Why that's better still; and so now come, Sir Dormer, and enlighten our friends.

SIR D. And you think then, my love, the curvilinear theory—

MIL. Will delight them, of course. The thing is so obvious, the world is all wrong, and you want to bring it all round—you want, in fact, to raise society into a sort of arena—in which all its strange animals shall keep galloping about—whilst kings and philosophers placed in its centre shall stand whip in hand to keep up its activity. Ha, ha, ha.

(she goes off with him by the gate, L.)

A SERVANT comes from the back, L., with a card, which he gives to PENDARVIS.

SERVANT. From a gentleman at the gate, sir.

PEN. (*reads*) "An artist passing the neighbourhood, begs permission of Mr. Pendarvis to enter his park and make a sketch of his residence, of which he has heard so much praise." Oh! certainly—certainly.

The SERVANT goes off again, L. U. E.

And so, Molehill, this cotton fellow has got a son to assist him?

MOLE. Yes; who's at Manchester, fixed at head quarters.

PEN. Whilst the greater infliction is saddled on us.

MOLE. But there's a reason for that—they say he's been buying into the new county bank, and hopes before long to become a director.

PEN. Of the bank?

MOLE. Of the bank.

PEN. Impossible, sir; he'd never dare aspire to that.

MOLE. Well, the man who would build such a chimney as his, I think would mount anywhere.

PEN. He'd never dare, I repeat it; every one knows I'm concerned in that bank—am on its direction, and he to imagine he could take a chair by my side?

MOLE. Well on the principle, perhaps, that the nearer the evil the less the alarm.

PEN. It's the grossest presumption; the bank's at his service, he may use it and welcome,—but to aspire to direct it—the man must be a fool.

MOLE. Well so it strikes me; when here you and your friends are willing to work for him—how he can be such a fool as to grudge you the trouble.

Exeunt by gate, L.

Enter ROBERT SPALDING, L. U. E., and looking round, advances

SPALD. And so my plea has succeeded. I am within the charmed precinct, and now can have a sight of the famous antiquity—this old English roof, which is one of the boasts of the country. His feeling towards my father compelled this deception, and—(*looking off, L. 2 E.*) eh, why there it is! and what a noble old building! every stone is a monument—history in rock and timber! I can half excuse the man when I look at his dwelling—and yet, hardly that either. If he pleads that that roof binds him up with the past, 'tis in its grandeur not its meanness. He has slandered my father shamefully and it is right I should tell him so; let him know the wrong he has done, and demand its acknowledgment; only as I go in an hour, I am forced to do this on paper. Here is the outline

of a letter I shall send him to-night, and—(*taking out letter*) No, these are on business, and this an old foreign one—covered I see with sketching memoranda of my ramble in Switzerland. Ah, pleasant ramble—that walk through the Oberland! that ascent of the Gemmi—and that grasp of vale and mountain I gained from its summit—of grandeur as it slumbers on the bosom of beauty! But I must away with this now—this which is of the past, and of which nothing remains that—(*pausing*) Nothing, do I say? Does, indeed, nothing linger to bind me to its presence, with a chain even stronger than that of its own beauty?—no being that for the moment I almost fancied a vision—a something that had alit there on her way down to earth? She was far above my sphere, and of course would not know me if ever she met me again;—nature has no gulph that yawns like that of convention. How absurd, then, that I should turn as I do to that meeting—that I should still keep before me her bright looks, her warm clasp, her quick ardent expressions. (*looking off, L.*) No, no—I'm deceived! it must be delusion!—and yet, if I have eyes, it is she—it's herself, standing there at this instant. (*he leans over the gate, L., looking off*)

Enter GRAINGER at back, L. U. E.

GRAIN. Was ever anything so unfortunate, when I made so sure of the man, so pledged myself for his coming, that—is it possible, Mr. Spalding?

SPALD. (*turning*) The same, sir.

GRAIN. Whom I saw arrive yesterday.

SPALD. And doubtless are astonished to meet in this park, knowing the feeling that exists between its owner and my father,

GRAIN. But a feeling let me say which no one regrets more than myself.

SPALD. And I trust, sir, ascribe to its proper foundation; I am aware, sir, my father is a rough abrupt man, who having begun life in poverty and fought his way upward—a man, sir, who in his boyhood had stood at the loom—has a manner at times that seems too aware of the fact—but if wanting in courtesy, is he therefore in honour? yet with what is he charged, not with raising a poor district into thriving activity, and offering it not only the means of employment, but knowledge—but with basely endeavouring to set class against class—to band by the bribe of mere factory wages, the men he employs against their natural superiors.

GRAIN. This is clearly a mistake.

SPALD. Sir, it's a slander! He attacks no authority, or how could he claim it? all he wars with, are the ills he himself has experienced. He has been libelled, and if he could stoop to revenge——

GRAIN. I'm quite sure he'd punish in a healthier spirit, would rather rouse a man's regret than inflame his hostility, anything less would be a wrong to himself—would lower him in fact.

SPALD. To the level of his enemy; I'm obliged to you, sir, for so just an admission.

GRAIN. What then if I were able to suggest a reprisal, which so far from augmenting might put an end to this warfare.

SPALD. Will you explain?

GRAIN. To do that, it is necessary I should give you my confidence, and if you will promise to keep sacred what I wish to disclose.

SPALD. Assuredly so.

GRAIN. Frankly then—Mr. Pendarvis is at this moment in want of assistance—but you are aware of his pride—which revolts at all thought of borrowing, even from a bank here with which he is connected. He would have the loan from a distance. I was compelled therefore to negotiate with a party in London, who was to have reached here to-day, when at the last moment he has failed us—I come now to my proposal. If on the terms, and security he was content with, you would feel disposed to do Mr. Pendarvis this service.

SPALD. I, sir!

GRAIN. I would keep back the truth for a couple of months and then I don't hesitate to predict the result; your sympathy, prompt and secret, could not fail to affect him, and effectually put an end to all strife with your father.

SPALD. And what is it he requires?

GRAIN. About three thousand pounds.

SPALD. Well, I could furnish it.

GRAIN. What do you say then to an investment—which whilst perfectly safe, would be likely to insure you so many returns?

SPALD. It is a surprise to me, of course—one I might need to consider; but the issues you name are so great and desirable that—well, sir—I consent. I leave here in an hour, but if you can run over to Manchester, I'll give you a cheque.

GRAIN. Very good; on what day?

SPALD. Say Friday.

GRAIN. And the hour?

SPALD. One; there's my card.

GRAIN. Thank you, indeed; and now, Mr. Spalding—

GRIFFITHS comes from the gate, L.

GRIF. Mr. Grainger, Mr. Pendarvis is happy to see that your friend is arrived, and will come to you directly.

He goes off again, L. 2 E.

GRAIN. That's awkward certainly, you'll have to shake hands with him.

SPALD. Impossible, he may know me.

GRAIN. Not very likely, as you only reached here last night.

SPALD. But still he may have heard.

GRAIN. I grant you, it's embarrassing—but what's to be done? he has seen you, and is coming.

SPALD. But, sir; I can't meet him; it's out of the question.

GRAIN. Then the affair is at an end. I could make no excuse that would explain your avoiding him, and yet, what's required; merely to shake his hand, and then take your departure.

SPALD. But he'll want to know my name, and good heavens! who am I?

GRAIN. Oh, any one you please, Brown, Jones, or Robinson; from London, of course, as I've stated as much. Brown, we'll say Brown; and——

PENDARVIS *comes from the gate, L.*

Mr. Pendarvis, allow me the pleasure of introducing my friend, Mr. Brown, of Bank Buildings, London.

PEN. (*shaking his hand*) Very happy to meet you, sir, very happy indeed; you find me rather engaged with the return of my daughter, but you'll dine with me to-day, and——

SPALD. I regret it's not in my power, I leave here at four o'clock.

PEN. Leave here at four!

SPALD. Having engagements elsewhere, which I can't put aside.

PEN. Well, that's really very awkward; for there's much to be said; some points to discuss of peculiar importance.

SPALD. If you'll forward them, then, my friend has my address, and——

SIR DORMER and MILDRED, *saunter in at L. U. E.*

PEN. And yet, it's only three—we've still got an hour, and that would do something. Mr. Brown, I'll take your arm for a turn round the park. (*he takes it*)

SPALD. (*aside*) Good powers! how shall I escape?

PEN. Oh, Milly my love, I've a friend here from town, whose time is very limited, and whom I've got to consult on some important affairs! so——

MIL. (*advancing*) Is it possible!

PEN. What's the matter?

MIL. Surely, if I am not deceived——

PEN. This is Mr. Brown, of Bank Buildings, London.

MIL. And whom I think I've had the pleasure of meeting elsewhere.

SPALD. Yes, Miss Pendarvis, if you do me the honor to recall it.

MIL. Didn't I tell you, papa, of my escape on the Gemmi?—well, this is the gentleman.

PEN. What! who saved your life?

SPALD. I beg, sir, you'll not mention it.

PEN. Not mention it!—I'm a father, sir, this is my child, but for you—where should I have been. (*firmly*) You can't leave us to-day.

SPALD. Indeed, sir, I must.

PEN. Indeed, sir, you shan't; it would be an outrage on decency; you can send a message to your appointment, we've every convenience, a train every hour—every hour, and be hanged to it.

SPALD. But, sir, I must go, I really—

PEN. I won't hear a word, sir; save my child's life—and think to pass by my door! are these Shropshire habits? what do you take me for? Not a word, Mr. Brown; not a word, I insist on it.

(*he lugs him off by the gate, R., followed by GRAINGER*)

MIL. Why, how very extraordinary!

SIR D. You've been in danger, my Milly.

MIL. And so his name's Brown.

SIR D. And the cause, my dear child.

MIL. Oh, the cause was—my adopting your favorite theory; I made a curve where I ought to have preferred a straight line, and was nearly gracefully stepping into another existence.

(*they follow through the gate*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Drawing Rooms of the Mansion, L. 3 E., obliquely set.*

A glass door opens on gardens, L. 3 E., ditto, R. 3 E., into a conservatory leading to a gallery; in the centre at back a pier glass hangs over a cheffioneer, which supports a vase of flowers; door to inner room, R. The apartments elegantly furnished.

QUILLET comes from the garden, L. U. E., followed by MOLEHILL in evening dress.

QUIL. (*R., looking off*) 'Pon my word, that's very well—very pleasant indeed! The picture gallery, I see, set apart for the dancing, and approached through the conservatory—art and nature in union. What a charming indication of the mind that presides here.

MOLE. (L.) Isn't it, Quillet; and as union gives force, a spirit so active. Home only a month, and here's her third ball—with dinner parties daily, and drives by the dozen.

QUIL. And when is she to be married?

MOLE. Well, it's not settled yet. Sir Dormer's old house wouldn't hold half her friends—so she has made up her mind that she'll only go to church through a new suite of drawing rooms.

QUIL. Good news for the neighbourhood!

MOLE. Well, part of the year; but she suffers, poor soul, from such attacks of monotony—so she's forced to go abroad for ten months out of twelve, and come home the other two by way of a change.

QUIL. Well, now I remember, I think I heard as much from my friend Miss Crickhowel.

MOLE. Miss who?

QUIL. Miss Crickhowel, who arrived here last night with Miss Trevor her neice, and—eh! is not that she now leaving the gallery. I've a word or two to say to her;—excuse me for a moment.

He goes off by the conservatory.

MOLE. So that woman's come—that horrid old Welsh woman with her family airs; her genealogical tree that took root on Mount Ararat, and her brag of coming down in a straight line from the Britons—so of course she's a plummot—she hangs at the bottom of the line to regulate everything. Miss Trevor's well enough—a nice pleasant girl; but as to her aunt, that fossil remains of an extinct race of animals—though, by-the-bye, that's a fact that has always perplexed me:—what's the reason that people who are so fond of the past don't stick to the past? What do they do here, boring us all day with their wonderful ancestors? Why don't they go to them?—be off, if they like to King Pharoah himself, and——

Enter MISS CRICKHOWEL from conservatory, R. 3 E.

MISS C. Mr. Molehill!

MOLE. (*jumping round*) Bless my soul! Mi—Miss Crickhowel!

MISS C. You may place me a chair.

MOLE. Delighted I'm sure—I——(*he places one, L., she sinks into it*)

MISS C. And now take one yourself.

MOLE. I couldn't be happier, I really want words to——

MISS C. No compliments, Mr. Molehill; I object to a style of speech which on the part of the listener always implies obligation.

MOLE. Pardon me, I beg, I really only intended——

MISS C. A courtesy, of course; but you forget there are

forms in which courtesy itself may amount to a freedom. I want some information as to the new faces I see here; who is this Mr. Brown I met at dinner to-day?

MOLE. Brown—Brown? Oh! our London friend.

MISS C. A man of any family?

MOLE. Oh! no—none whatever; merely a gentleman.

MISS C. A person of yesterday?

MOLE. Yes; quite of yesterday, and very late in the afternoon.

MISS C. Wonderful how these parvenus swarm now a days—they're like flies on the ponds.

MOLE. Yes; they come out of nothing, and are ready for anything.

MISS C. They were never known formerly; no Crickhowel ever saw them—we should have thought them as strange as some of the birds from Australia; but society in those days had a sense of its origin,—it felt what it owed to illustrious memories.

MOLE. (*aside*) What it owes now—is not so far off.

MISS C. Then it held sacred all its ancient distinctions—it felt the claims of pure blood, the old veins of the county: now all is changing—all is mixing and muddying.

MOLE. Exactly—exactly; families that were channels are now become slop basins.

MISS C. But this Brown's such a favorite—what explains that?

MOLE. Well, that I suppose is because he's so useful. He seems to know everything. History, chemistry, currency, fine arts, everything in fact, down to fencing and fly fishing.

MISS C. A good book of reference. Very well in the hall then, but surely a little out of place in the drawing room. The man's rich, of course—parvenues always are, and I suppose has some business—follows some trade or other?

MOLE. Well, he doesn't exactly follow it, but he runs after it occasionally—goes away for a day to give his money-box a shake, and comes back to hear it jingle.

MISS C. And my cousin to tolerate people of this kind, actually have them at table, how is it possible he has the courage to enter the picture gallery and look his father in the face?

MOLE. How, indeed, Miss Crickhowel. (*aside*) Enough to raise the old fellow's canvas cheeks into blisters. (*they rise*)

PENDARVIS comes from the conservatory, R. 3 E., with QUILLET.

PEN. And so you agree with Brown, do you? you really are of opinion that—ah! Molehill, good evening, we were talking of Sir Dormer and the central idea of his circular city—whether

it should be a school or a jail. He leans to a jail, because he says that's cohesive. That represents the principle that binds up society; but at the same time he'd make it as graceful as possible.

MOLE. Oh, I see! he'd give the world handcuffs, but would have 'em look like a bracelet.

PEN. Whilst Brown, on the contrary, contends for a school, because prevention, he says, is better than cure; and, really, there's so much to be said on Brown's side, that——

MISS C. Well, really, cousin Pen., you seem to take a great interest in this new friend of your's.

PEN. How so; when he's a sensible well informed man?

MISS C. And is that fact so rare in your own class of life?

PEN. Not at all. So I am the more pleased to find it marking another. I begin to think, Sabina, that we scarcely do justice to people in business—we see so little of them, we naturally get prejudiced. I had always heard them described as very vulgar and ignorant; but Brown is no proof of it, and if there's one such to be found, why not a hundred?

MISS C. The answer to that is—exceptions don't usually constitute rules.

PEN. But where we're ignorant of rules, rules themselves are exceptions. (QUILLET *whispers* to MISS CRICKHOWEL)

And it isn't Brown only, here's even this cotton fellow, not as bad as I thought him. He has abandoned his dye works, and means to look to his chimneys—his paramount nuisance, and all, I have been told, as a concession to me. Now that's gentlemanly, surely; I can't expect manners, roughness is the soul of him; but where conduct is proper——

MOLE. Why you'd be just to a hedgehog; you'd say his grunt he can't help, but he spares me his quills.

MISS C. Well, cousin Pen, as no one has arrived yet, and the evening's so warm, I think I shall take a short turn in the garden.

MOLE. (*aside*) And I in the gallery, for there I see her sweet niece.

(*she rises and goes to the back, L. He turns to the conservatory, R.*)

MISS C. I want to see your azaleas, which I hear are in bloom?

MOLE. (*aside*) And I a little bud which is worth a whole field of 'em.

MISS C. Mr. Molehill!

MOLE. Miss Crickhowel?

MISS C. Mr. Molehill, I'll take your arm!

MOLE. My—my arm?

MISS C. I say, I'll take your arm!

MOLE. Well, really it's an honour of which I feel so unworthy.

MISS C. A very proper state of mind, which I am happy to compensate.

MOLE. But, I assure you, Miss Crickhowel, claims like yours are so superior.

MISS C. No compliments, Mr. Molehill; haven't I told you already—that, except from certain people, I think them offensive.

(he crawling towards her—she grasps his arm, and they go off at the back, L. QUILLET takes a chair near

PENDARVIS)

PEN. You'd something to say to me, Quillet?

QUIL. Yes, Mr. Pendarvis; we were speaking of Sir Dormer; of his dreamy mild nature, which has such a craving for sympathy—and especially in that softer, more delicate form which is administered by woman.

PEN. Certainly, certainly! for they know how to flatter—to spread praise with discretion—if they do use a trowel, it's always a silver one.

QUIL. Always a silver one! It's palpable therefore, that after being accustomed to Miss Pendarvis's society, he must have felt very soon the need of something analagous—especially when we heard the sad news of her health, the probability indeed that she might never recover.

PEN. Oh, of course; the heart's like a tree—check its roots one way, they must spread another.

QUIL. They must spread another: so, it's nothing so strange that his roots being check'd, they *did* spread another.

PEN. What do you say?

QUIL. I say, that concurring in that great physical law, Sir Dormer did take the course which you think so excusable; but to show that consolation could only come from your family——

PEN. He went to whom, sir—to whom?

QUIL. To your amiable cousin, Miss Sabina Crickhowel.

PEN. Sabina?

QUIL. Herself, sir!

PEN. Impossible, sir!—he could never be such a fool?

QUIL. He could never be such a fool—admitting the principle.

PEN. If he had gone to her for relief, he'd have speedily wanted it: she's a medicine that would only have increased his disease,

QUIL. Still he resolved to take her; when I must tell you, that your cousin, a truly noble-minded woman, on seeing your daughter's recovery and happy return, resolved to keep her claims secret; yes, sir, to repress them, to entomb them in her

bosom, and carry them down to her grave. But you are aware she has a brother—a fondly-attached brother?

PEN. Who has brought home such a character I've dropped his acquaintance.

QUIL. You've dropped his acquaintance, but not lowered his sympathies—still he could see in her pale face, her sad air of abstraction, a confession that was only too plainly revealed—for as our great poet has said—"she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud——"

PEN. No, no—hang the bud; if you are in want of a simile, more of the worm of Black Sea, that perforates oak!

QUIL. That perforates oak!—I adopt the improvement,—so he drew from her her secret, and also these letters (*drawing out a packet*)—these letters which containing an offer of marriage——

PEN. (*starting up*) Of marriage! (*he snatches—surveys them—and falls back in his chair*) It's no use, it's no use—I've no brain—it's all water! Where's Grainger? not coming, and I've no one to speak to—not a soul, unless it's Brown; but how with Brown—how with Brown, when the matter's so private that——?

GRAINGER *enters from the garden*, L. U. E.

Grainger!

GRAIN. I was in doubt I could get to you.

PEN. And you were never more welcome; come with me to my room; oh, I've plenty to tell you.

(*seizing his arm he takes him off*, R. 1 E.)

QUIL. So the bolt's fallen, and they'll very soon see they must quiet the captain or have Sir Dormer put in court in a strong case of breach of promise. I see only one help for 'em—this Brown that he speaks of—he's a man of the world, and possibly now he might hit on some plan to——Couldn't I neutralize him somehow—introduce him to the captain—get him to lend him some money? I must make them amalgamate; and the best of amalgams has a base that's metallic.

Exit to the gardens, L.

MILDRED and ALICE *come from the conservatory*, R., *arm in arm*.

MIL. Well, really, my child, listening to you is as good as a pastoral—love in a cottage on three hundred a-year.

ALICE. Then you don't think it possible?

MIL. Oh, yes, in this region—so wonderfully primitive, where half the people might sit for little shepherds in china—where you may fancy you have entered a geological studio—everywhere signs of an early stage of the world.

ALICE. Well, but all I say is this, you must have some one

to care for, and then what does it matter where you reside, you see a man not a house.

MIL. Oh, it must be a very small house where you see only a man. (*they take seats*)

ALICE. Then you look upon love, Milly?—

MIL. As I do on fine weather, very well if it comes, but in the variable climate of human existence, it's very great folly to make happiness rest on it.

ALICE. Yes, but ought you to marry, before this weather comes.

MIL. Well, but then it mayn't last—and its remembrance I should think would torment more than its hope.

ALICE. Well, how differently we view things, and yet Sir Dormer loves you, Milly, he thinks of nothing else.

MIL. Ah, but there's a reason for that—that because, my dear child, I illustrate his theory. He says my neck is on the true curvilinear principle.

ALICE. Nay, nay—see the proofs—see the palm house he's building you, and the lake you are to have, and you know to please you he has changed all his establishment.

MIL. Well, and very properly for wasn't it laughed at—that old family coach that always looked like a hearse, and those ponderous grey horses that seemed to come from the plough—so essential to his dignity—as though there was a ton of it.

ALICE. And yet Mr. Brown sees a charm in these things.

MIL. Mr. Brown indeed!

ALICE. Yes, he says age is always sacred—even the age of society.

MIL. That's because he's an artist and thinks it picturesque, but society I beg to say, is composed of feelings not pictures. He won't allow anything for modern enjoyments. He has got such high standards of duty and right, and which he must always insist on, however trifling the matter.

ALICE. Perhaps it's in trifles; they're wanted the most.

MIL. As if we were always to be wearing the state clothes of propriety, and could never put our lives in the slightest undress.

ALICE. Well, how odd this is again, I sat next him at dinner and I thought I never listened to a more rational person.

MIL. Oh, he's rational enough.

ALICE. And I'm sure very agreeable. Such was his account of the foreign galleries, that I scarcely eat anything.

MIL. I saw you were attentive.

ALICE. And he's really very kind: he has promised to point out to me the merits of uncle's two landscapes—the Claude and the Poussin.

MIL. And, I must say, he seems very attentive to you.

ALICE. I'm sure I'm much obliged to him, for one wants to know something of what's looked at so often; and the obligation is doubled, when it seems to make him the more obliged of the two.

MIL. I hope it won't prove a debt that can never be paid. you seem to like the teacher, quite as much as the task.

ALICE. Well really, Milly dear, I don't know why I should deny it.

MIL. Why, you surely don't mean to fall in love with this man?

ALICE. Not that I am aware of: and yet, if I did——

MIL. I trust you'll remember he's entirely beneath you.

ALICE. In family, certainly; but so much above me in mind, that the matter seems to me to be tolerably balanced.

MIL. Why, Alice, this is absurd; you can't set society at defiance in this way. Do you know what he is?—the man is a money-lender.

ALICE. Well, Milly?

MIL. Well, and do you imagine your friends would ever receive such a person?

ALICE. Ah, that's not the point; it's whether such a person would do in their stead.

MIL. I never listened to such nonsense. Girls with your blood can't throw off the past: they must reverence what's old; old kindred—old customs——

ALICE. And, I suppose, dear—old husbands.

MIL. Now you know, child, that's nonsense.

ALICE. (*rising*) Well, I think so myself; so, as I see Mr. Brown yonder, I'll go and hear reason.

MIL. Alice!

ALICE. I shall, indeed. I can see very plainly you are prejudiced against him, and as I know it to be wrong—I shall run away before I contract the infection.

She runs off to the conservatory, R.

MIE. Why, Alice, pray listen!—it's really indelicate! She's gone, notwithstanding. Well, it really would be very serious if she got attached to this man—for he could never be recognized. Such a charming girl as that to be thrown away in that manner—that is—of course, not exactly thrown away, for the man's worthy enough—and has refinement and talent; but still in his position, the thing is impossible. I don't wonder at her liking him—any one could do that—though he is so provoking—with that positive way he's got of asserting his principles it's almost ungentlemanly. How many times I wonder have I ridden and walked out with him, and when on any occasion have we ever agreed? still I know he's sincere and I'm quite sure he's friendly. All he says, I can feel is with a view to my happi-

ness—so of course I can't blame him; on the contrary surely I ought to be grateful. I—I ought to respect him, I—(*rising*) plague take the man, I wish I'd never seen him. I was very well till we met—very cheerful and happy, now my mind's all confusion—all tumult—all—and all this worry and nonsense about a money-lender of all things! Was ever anything so preposterous? (*she sinks into her chair again*)

SIR DORMER *comes from the conservatory, R.*

SIR D. A school or a jail, yes; that's the great question—whether the central force shall expand or cohere, shall be yeast to ferment or alum to bind up the dough of society? Milly, my darling, I'll refer it to you. (*he draws a seat near her*)

MIL. Oh! don't I beg of you—my mind at this moment is much too unsettled for any such effort.

SIR D. And yet all I ask you is to consider the principle—the central idea of my circular city. I say a jail—but then the jail of philosophy, where a culprit should be so elevated—so cared for and comforted—he'd go away with all the tastes of a civilized being.

MIL. Oh! I see, a sort of fuller's-earth process; you'd begrime him, in order to free him from stains.

SIR D. And to ensure this result, I propose to begin with our juvenile criminals—to take crime in its go-cart—to lay kindly hands on our babe malefactors.

MIL. Benevolent, really; crime under a microscope.

SIR D. But then see my distinction, whilst other reformers merely talk out their schemes; my plan is so practical—so eminently practical. You know, my dear child, the great fact in physiology—that character depends on the place of the brain—that its animal portion lies at the back of the head—its intellectual in front—and as either predominate a man's virtuous or vicious—he goes backward or forward.

MIL. Well, what of that?

SIR D. It's clear then if 'twere possible to hit on some means by which the back could be restrained and the front be developed—the human being would be ensured a due moral maturity—I have thought of such a means. I have thought of a something that science would call a cerebral regulator—a sort of steel skull-cap to screw down on the child—with a straight wall at back to keep in vicious tendencies—whilst a full range in front would give free play to virtue.

MIL. (*aside*) Why he gets worse and worse.

SIR D. And under my directions the blacksmith of the village has prepared such an instrument—which has been formed quite in harmony with my general theory—for whilst the rim represents my circular system, a screw at the top is its central idea.

MIL. (*aside*) Go abroad with such a man—why, my life would be martyrdom.

SIR D. It has the further advantage, that when made of a certain size it can be used as a gauge of a grown person's character. I've tried it on the blacksmith—perhaps, my dear Milly, would let me try it on her?

MIL. (*starting up*) Good Gracious! Sir Dormer, are you in your senses? Or do you wish to destroy mine? Think of the world, sir—the world—the friends we shall meet abroad—the most satirical people.

SIR D. Well, Milly, well?

MIL. And is their ridicule nothing—their sarcasm, the cayenne with which they season existence?—persecution was bad enough with poniard and stake, but think of the tongue, sir, society's sword—talk of clerical hatred—think of civil malevolence.

SIR D. But, blessed as we should be with internal resources—

MIL. Internal resources! good appetites, I suppose.

SIR D. The philosophic mind should be above such malignities.

MIL. Yes, as a man in bad health should be above the earth's atmosphere. We belong to the world, sir, and how are we to defy it; I tell you plainly, Sir Dormer, if you go on in this manner, you'll make my life wretched—you'll be the general butt; and of course, my kind friends, whilst they're aiming at you—will be thinking of me—I shall be laughed at, or pitied, which is a thousand times worse. And—and here are our visitors, come for an evening's enjoyment, and in a nice state of mind;—am I to promote it.

Music is heard from the conservatory, a SERVANT appears in the gardens, L., VISITORS enter from them arm in arm.

SERVANT. (*announcing*) Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth—Colonel and Lady Elmsley.

MIL. (*receiving them*) Well, I began to despair of yon; allow me to conduct you to coffee, and make a hundred enquiries. Sir Dormer, you'll follow us.

(*she goes off with them by the conservatory, R.*)

SIR. D. I begin to fear this dear child is hardly able to appreciate my social discoveries;—can't see there is any need of them. How different from Sabina, she comprehends me; and what a magnanimous being—to meet me as she did to-day, pardoning all that is past. Her conduct, I must say, was something heroic. (*looking off at back*) Eh! why, there she is, sauntering about in the gardens; I wonder what she'd think of my cerebral regulator—my infantine skull cap. She'd do it

justice, of course; and, eh, who can say, if we entered the shruberry, who knows but she'd permit me to try it on her; It's the cause of philosophy—I'll make the attempt; I'll try to shew her, that in accordance with the teachings of nature, beneficent means should always be applied to their ends.

(he saunters off to the gardens, L.—the music recommences, R., other VISITORS enter from L., and cross to R. U. E.)

SPALDING comes from the conservatory, R., wiping his forehead.

SPALD. How delirious is dancing. Has wine so much power over the pulse and the brain; and yet, child that I am to think by such a means I can stifle misgiving—can either escape from compunction, or the sense that it merited—why do I linger here, when every hour deepens my misery—serves but to rivet a chain which both enslaves and degrades me.—The wife of another, pledged to him in faith, soon to be pledged at the altar; and I to imagine I could remain near her uninjured—could be the friend she required—the adviser who could give her mind and heart the right bias—and yet keep untouched his own—and all this, when duty requires me elsewhere—when here's the news of this bank, which my father thinks of joining—the rumour, as his note states, that it must come to the ground. And again, that defaulter—that debtor to our firm, who is hiding in this neighbourhood, and whom I've promised to discover, and yet, day after day whom I have left undisturbed.

GRIFFITHS comes from R. door, with a note.

GRIF. For Mr. Grainger, Mr. Brown.

Exit at back, R. U. E.

SPALD. *(reads)* "Can I see you for ten minutes? You were enquiring the other day about a Captain Crickhowel, against whom you have some claims; strangely enough he has turned up, and in a state as hostile to others. He has concocted a scheme against the peace of this family, more especially against Miss Pendarvis, which I am sure you will be pained at." What this man—this defaulter, whom I am so anxious to find? He's in my reach, then—in my power; I can compel him to desist—can make him abandon his scheme as the sole condition of his remaining in safety in England—this may serve her—this may prove the very deliverance she needs—ensure her safety—her peace—her peace that involves mine; with this I can leave her—leave her contentedly;—were it the last joy of life, could it yield me more happiness? *Exit into conservatory, R.*

The music re-commences—MOLEHILL enters from gardens, L.

MOLE. Bless my soul, here's a blow; why the news is quite stirring. The County Bank gone—the new County Bank, that

we all thought as strong as the banks of the Channel; the manager has absconded with half the deposits—and yet really that man had a very fair character—a very fair character as bank managers go. He'd only failed twice, and ran off once from his creditors! Pendarvis will lose—but then he won't feel it—a flea-bite to him. I wonder whether Miss Crickhowel will suffer at all! well if she does, she oughtn't to grumble, with all the wealth in her veins; a grand coat of arms has no right to have pockets—neither she nor Sir Dormer; why 'twould benefit him, give him new ideas; and he has gone mad upon one—though that now is a matter that has always perplexed me—how a man should go crazy on a single idea, when so many thousands get on who haven't got half a one. (*he takes a seat*)

GRIFFITHS *and two SERVANTS come from conservatory, R., and carry off the chairs to it.*

GRIF. I beg pardon, Mr. Molehill, would you take the arm chair, seats are wanted in the conservatory?

MOLE. Very good, the arm chair. (*resigning his seat to GRIFFITHS, who carries it off, looking off, R. U. E.*) They are crowding there to get cool; this news is the thing to cool'em. There's Brown and Miss Pendarvis—not a bad fellow, Brown; a man I like much—superior principles, and a knowledge of fly-fishing that's perfectly marvellous. And there, too, is Miss Trevor; ah, that sweet girl! Happy fellow beside her!—that young man who walks at the back of that magnificent beard; who means to go through life in the reverse state of a fox, carrying his brush on his face—every one to his taste; when I'm ashamed of my face, then I shall think of hiding it. That charming Miss Trevor! ah, if I could only polk! all my notion extends to a good grip and a jump, though that's one of the mysteries I never could fathom, when we are told that refined people are known by their repose, how is it that their refinement is so fond of a shaking?

(*he stands looking off, R. U. E.*)

GRAINGER *comes from R. door.*

GRAIN. How strange is this escape. Crickhowel in Spalding's power; who can compel him to be silent. So again has Pendarvis to thank him for his safety—doubly so now, since it's clear this scheme was to extort money, which is about the last thing in the world my poor friend has to give—even the demand of a few hundreds would be a blow to him now that—

(*MOLEHILL turning, sees him and advances*)

MOLE. Ah, Grainger, that you! heard the news, heard the news?

GRAIN. What news?

MOLE. Of the Bank—the crash this afternoon?

GRAIN. The crash!

MOLE. As complete as that of a runaway rail carriage.

GRAIN. The Bank stopped?

MOLE. But not the manager,—he's off to America—off with the deposits, just to show I suppose how far capital could go.

GRAIN. Why, we're ruined?

MOLE. Some, of course; but as Pendarvis won't feel it——

GRAIN. Pendarvis, do you say?

MOLE. I needn't have any delicacy in telling his friends?

GRAIN. Not for the world; you must be silent.

MOLE. Silent?

GRAIN. As the grave, sir; you don't know what you're doing.

MOLE. Do you know what you're doing? you're tearing my shirt to pieces!

GRAIN. You must step into this room, and tell me how you learnt this.

MOLE. Why, you're mad, sir—your mad! I can't go into a room with a madman.

GRAIN. No jesting, I implore you—nay, sir, I insist.

MOLE. Here! Hallo! Help!—murder!

GRAINGER *drags him off, by door R.*

MILDRED and SPALDING *come from the conservatory, arm in arm, and pace the room.*

MIL. And you really leave us this evening?

SPALD. I must, much to my regret.

MIL. When to-morrow you're engaged to ride over to the Emsley's?

SPALD. I am aware of it.

MIL. And at your own wish, remember—I put aside an engagement entirely to oblige you.

SPALD. I don't forget it I assure you; and if I were at liberty to tell you the cause that compels me——

MIL. But then as you're not—why there ends the matter.

(she sinks into the arm chair—he leans on its back, holding her bouquet)

SPALD. I can see but too plainly, you think this a rudeness, which——

MIL. Oh, not at all!—Only really, when gentlemen change their minds with such ease—they should admit that the tendency is not entirely feminine.

SPALD. I know of nothing entirely feminine I shouldn't be happy to imitate.

MIL. Well, I suppose we must contrive to exist in your

absence. And pray when do you mean to pity us, and think of returning?

SPALD. I fear never, Miss Pendarvis.

MIL. Never?

SPALD. My absence will be so extended, that I should scarcely feel justified in renewing this visit.

MIL. Well, I think that's a point for us to decide—if there is any thing to excuse, it's such an extraordinary statement. However, of course you're the best judge of your own feelings; it's not for us to control them, nor be expected I presume, to resort to entreaty?

SPALD. Were such a step possible, 'tis not you 'twould degrade;—you, who have received me so kindly, an absolute stranger. I also, who am a son of toil, born to daily exertion, is it nothing, do you think, to pass even a few hours in a home such as this! where life becomes filtered of its coarser ingredients; where culture and habit lead to those gentle concessions, which——

MIL. Now do you wish me to flatter you? you are very fit for this life; but it's plain you don't care for it, or you wouldn't desert it. You keep clerks, I suppose; why can't they do your work?

SPALD. Because it's my duty.

MIL. Duty indeed! duty to kill yourself!

SPALD. No; to sustain myself to augment self-respect. Is not work human destiny? does it not lie at the root of all human welfare?

MIL. Then I suppose all, like myself, who don't happen to labour——

SPALD. Must still admit the fact of a great scheme of justice, in which the highest has his duties, the very lowest his claims.

MIL. You mean in schools and such things, well I subscribe.

SPALD. I fear subscription's but a pillow on which responsibility sleeps.

MIL. But good gracious, Mr. Brown, some fitness is needed and how am I to possess it, who never did an hour's work in the whole course of my life.

SPALD. Is it too late to try?

MIL. Then I suppose you'd have me set up some "Dorcas" society, and tramp about with clogs and baskets to every door in the parish.

SPALD. I would have you make that home, which is so soon to become yours—the centre of all generous and enlightening influences—a fountain of service to all the less fortunate, where the hand would be ever ready to show the heart was not torpid—where the heart would go with it to make the hand doubly welcome. I would have you be true to others in order to be

just to yourself—to arouse that better nature which as yet has been sleeping and which once felt would become to you your worthiest fortune.

MIL. And you're quite sure the world would believe the change genuine?

SPALD. The world indeed!

MIL. The world in whose sphere I exist, and to whose opinion I'm subject.

SPALD. What a strange superstition! this idol never seen, and only served to be dreaded. This vague exacting phantasm which men call the world.

MIL. Well, and you who defy it—who would form a world of your own—opposed to this vast one in spirit and usage, you would favour us, of course, with a scheme of perfection.

SPALD. At least of reality; of ends that are practical—of a faith that's requiting.

MIL. And as the experiment would require more than one to effect it, she you honoured as your partner would be as unique as yourself.

SPALD. I would say as rational—as convinced as myself that life is a great fact, which we make bad or good as we rise to, or neglect its conditions and claims—as we frankly and honestly survey its mixed nature; see its good is only good, as it is earned and prepared for—its evil, scarcely evil in unfolding the sense by which its good is enjoyed.

MIL. I see.

SPALD. One who with the wish to know the right, and the prompt will to do it, would prop my weak reasonings with her intuitions, and renew my sinking effort with her own brave endurance—the light that would create for me the summer of life, the rock I could lean on when its storms broke about me.

MIL. Well, well.

SPAL. Were such a one mine—ever by my side—to lessen ill, and by partaking, to double all good,—more than wife—more than friend, I should look on that being—as something heaven had sent to me to keep its memory in store—and teach me that still the old days could come back when its messengers walked the earth, and shared the fortunes of man!

GRIFFITHS comes from the R. door.

GRIF. Miss Pendarvis, your father wishes to speak with you.

MIL. Certainly, certainly. (*she rises, and goes to door, R. turns*) You will not leave us yet. I shall see you again.

Exit R. door, GRIFFITHS following; SPALDING'S head sinks on the chair; MOLEHILL comes from the gardens, L. U. E.

MOLE. Brown, are you there? Ah, my dear fellow, I'm so glad to find you—the man of all others I wanted to see!

SPALD. Indeed!

MOLE. The man, sir, *the* man; you've of course heard the news, that the Bank's gone?

SPALD. The Bank?

MOLE. And also its manager—as far as America; but it's not him I think of, nor the general danger,—Brown, it's your own.

SPAL. Mine?

MOLE. Yes, sir, your's. I've cause to hope, Mr. Brown, you regard me as your friend?

SPALD. Certainly.

MOLE. Your true friend—I've a right to be; you've laid me under many and deep obligations; you've given me ideas upon fly-fishing, which I consider invaluable—especially upon the grey fly, which is a perfect discovery; you've made a bond between us which is lasting and fervent; (*pausing*) you've called up emotions which only a fisherman can feel.

SPALD. But what is my danger?

MOLE. This—you're discovered!

SPALD. Is it possible?

MOLE. Discovered! your enemy is at the door.

SPALD. You only increase my confusion; what enemy—who?

MOLE. Listen. I had just escaped from Grainger—who, I think, is half mad—and told our friends, as I was bound to do, this unhappy occurrence, when one of the servants informed me that a strange looking man was leaning over the palings, enquiring for you.

SPALD. For me?

MOLE. I had a presentiment of evil, and as your friend felt it my duty to see who this man was—and the first glance assured me,—the low hat, the thick stick—the dirty top-boots, and the ample bandanna—who was it I saw there?

SPALD. (*aside*) My father?

MOLE. Who but that harpy, equally swift and remorseless—that bloodhound, that spares neither youth, grace, or genius—a bailiff!

SPALD. (*aside*) What can be his errand, he never came here before?

MOLE. I was your friend, and I felt I must not lose self possession. I spoke to the old scoundrel, in order to keep him in play: I told him I would send you to him. What did I then?—I ran to the stables, and told one of the grooms to saddle a horse instantly. You see then your course:—away to the stables—mount, and be off.

SPALD. (*aside*) It must be about the Bank; he was going to buy in; perhaps has done so;—and deeply.

(*a SERVANT appears at the back, L.*)

SERVANT. Mr. Molehill, the horse is ready.

MOLE. You hear, the horse is ready; so don't pause, my dear fellow, away to him—fly!

SPALD. And where do you say this person is?

MOLE. At the palings, which he grips in the style he would you. But never mind him: I'll detain him.

SPALD. 'Tis not necessary; I'll go to him.

MOLE. Go to him?

SPALD. At once.

MOLE. You're mad, sir!

SPALD. Not so! you're deceived in this stranger.

MOLE. Impossible, sir!—If I ever saw a ruffian, there the man stands! He has all the stamp of his race—the savage scowl—the grim will, which would thrust you into jail without a moment's compunction.

SPALD. Well, well, let me go?

MOLE. To your ruin—I can't allow it.

SPALD. Confound it, stand aside, sir! Where is this person?

He throws MOLEHILL off, and goes off at back, L., followed by the SERVANT. MOLEHILL staggers forward to the chair.

MOLE. Will mysteries never cease? What can he gain by the meeting? Why, he's rushing to prison as direct as a mittimus. And what a discovery!—no capitalist after all, but a poor broken-down devil who is hiding from his creditors. This Brown, that we thought had his thousands at his bankers, to have only a running account with the sheriff. And yet, talk of mysteries, look at Pendarvis—what's the matter with him? There's some secret it's quite clear from Grainger's alarm; why was I seized in that manner and implored to be silent? There's a reason for that, though he wouldn't reveal it. I'm Pendarvis's friend quite as much as he is; more, some would say, for he's paid for his sympathy, and mine's at his service.

(PENDARVIS and GRAINGER are heard outside, R.)

PEN. *(loudly)* Well, but where is he?

GRAIN. At hand, sir, of course.

MOLE. Eh! why he's coming. *(looking through door)* He and Grainger in one of their secret discussions. Now, the question is whether they ought to be secret. Who knows but I could help him; if he's bothered at all, assist him with my mature and superior experience—I can't ask what it's about, Pendarvis is so touchy—as bad as a lucifer—one scrape and he blazes; so the question is, whether in a friendly and philanthropical gentlemanly spirit I couldn't hide myself somewhere—no means in this room—no recesses—no closets dear to china and sympathy, nothing in the world but this chair—this old-

fashioned chair, with this magnificent back to it. What's to prevent now my going to sleep in this chair, exhausted by dancing—nothing more probable. I could run it up to that window where it would be out of the way, and—yes, yes; in the spirit and feeling of a friend and a gentleman—there I'll sit and overhear every word that is said.

He wheels the chair up to the window, L. 2 E., turning its back to the apartment; then sinks into it as PENDARVIS and GRAINGER come from R. door.

GRAIN. Now be calm, sir, be calm. I really must beg of you, though the blow's heavy, it's not overwhelming. Sir Dormer's beside you, who has plenty of means, and and will be eager to offer them.

PEN. Well, I should hope so.

GRAIN. There can't be a doubt of it, you've asked no favors yet, for various reasons; but an event such as this does away with all delicacy.

PEN. Well, but where is he?

GRAIN. In the gardens, of course; so I'll step and find him, but pray be composed, if in mere self-defence—you've a house full of people and you must see it's important they shouldn't even suspect.

Exit into gardens, L.—MOLEHILL'S head rises above the back of the chair.

PEN. He's right, he's quite right—they shouldn't even suspect; prying impertinence is insufferable enough—but there's a worse thing than that—the malice that veils itself in pretended regard—that makes sympathy the blind through which it laughs at misfortune. As he says the blow is heavy, but I can't fear Sir Dormer—he'll make me safe; and no, no—it's that scoundrel Crickhowel—it's he that disturbs me—that snake in the grass, to concoct such a scheme against his own blood relation—and now I reflect. I'm not sure but Mr. Molehill had a hand in the matter! He's very friendly with Sabina—almost affectionate—they've been walking together. Oh! if I thought so—if I thought so, Mr. Molehill, as there's pith in my arm, sir, I'd teach you sincerity.

(MOLEHILL slides out of sight.—VISITORS are seen crossing in the garden.—SERVANTS are heard calling)

SERVANTS. Mrs. Wentworth's carriage! Colonel Emsley's carriage!

GRIFFITHS comes from the conservatory, R.

GRIFF. Will you step, sir, into the gallery? Some of the party are leaving.

PEN. Leaving!

GRIF. Yes, sir ; I'm afraid they've heard some bad news.

PEN. (*aside*) Of their host, not themselves ; 'tis not they are in danger, but they go—lest their sympathy should prove too expensive.

GRIF. Shall I say, sir, you're coming?

PEN. Yes, yes—in an instant. I have only a word to say to Sir Dormer, and——

GRIF. Sir Dormer—he's gone, sir.

PEN. Gone!

GRIF. Yes, sir—gone, some ten minutes since.

PEN. And gone where?

GRIF. Well—direct to your cousin's, sir.

PEN. To whom?

GRIF. To your cousin, Miss Crickhowel ; he'd been walking about with her for some time in the gardens, and he ordered his carriage to carry her home. (*PENDARVIS staggers to GRIFFITHS'S arm ; GRAINGER returns from the gardens, L.*)

PEN. My brain!

GRAIN. Mr. Pendarvis.

PEN. My brain!

GRAIN. Good powers—he's fainting! sit—sit, sir—this chair.
(*seizing the arm-chair vigorously, he whirls it round to him*)

PEN. Molehill!

MOLEHILL *jumps up, and runs off at back, L.*
That babbler, that tell-tale, who'll carry the news round the county ; now not only ruin—my very shame is complete.
(*he falls into the chair*)

GRAIN. Mr. Pendarvis, for heaven's sake, rally sir, speak to me! he can't speak—he's sinking—help, help, there—assistance.

MILDRED and ALICE *come from conservatory, R.*

MIL. My father!

GRAIN. Don't be alarmed—a sudden faintness! he'll be better directly—he's rallying now.

PEN. (*reviving*) Deserted! abandoned, even by him whom I thought my best, staunchest friend! struck down—and not one—not one left to succour me!

SPALDING *enters from the garden and pauses.*

MIL. Not so! you have a friend—one true to you still.

(*SPALDING advances to PENDARVIS, who, grasping his hand, falls back in his chair, covering his face*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Lawn before the Mansion. The house stands L. 2 & 3 E., Elizabethan in its architecture, with a porch, &c. A summer-house stands obliquely opposite—a curtain drawn inside across its door. A terrace crosses the back, overlooking the gardens; the park seen in the distance. Rustic table and chairs, L. GRIFFITHS is discovered placing an account book on the table, with pen and ink.*

GRAINGER comes from the back, L., followed by MISS TREVOR in her bonnet.

GRAIN. Well Griffiths, and how is my poor friend to-day?

GRIF. Oh, much better to-day, sir; he leaves his room for the first time.

GRAIN. Come, that's good news, and Miss Pendarvis, I hope——

GRIF. Quite well, sir; quite well.

GRAIN. And I needn't ask if Mr. Brown——

GRIF. Is as busy as ever, sir; he's been at work in the summer-house almost since day-break; just as he was yesterday, and the day before that.

ALICE. Dear, dear, what exertion.

GRAIN. The only way, I fear, to get through his labours, you'll say were here, Griffiths.

GRIF. Certainly, sir.

Exit into house.

ALICE. Well, there are events, as there are persons, one can never get used to—my poor uncle's misfortunes, though they are now six weeks old, cling to me still like a dream.

GRAIN. And naturally so, the shadow that falls at noon we always think deepest; and yet, you, who know his character, have the key of the riddle; you, who know his pride—that luxury of all others which costs us the most. He would maintain his position at a rate of expense far exceeding his income, till at length this unhappy bank dragged him down in its ruin. All had to go—his estate to be put in trust, and he himself left in his own home almost in the light of a lodger.

ALICE. Good powers! what a trial.

GRAIN. And yet not unmitigated, see the feeling it roused, a stranger comes forward to save his estate; and not only that, but to go through the accounts, so many years in arrear—which, as you hear, he is working at almost night and day.

ALICE. And all this, whilst his neighbours could merely sigh and look on; and yet, Mr. Grainger, even this is not the most wonderful part of the event, think of its effect on my cousin.

GRAIN. Well, certainly.

ALICE. Think of her demonstration—that *she* should be the being to give any aid—actually to take her father's place when his presence was needed—dismissing servants, selling property, and reducing expenditure—beginning with her own, giving up all her luxuries, ponies, groom, finery,—even her cheerful French maid.

GRAIN. Even so.

ALICE. This elegant, indolent, spoiled child of fortune.

GRAIN. Not so. Fortune only spoils those who can't do without her. To all sincere natures, what is evil but the energy which serves to develop them—like the old Indian tree, if they bend to the gale they only bend to take root.

ALICE. But so proud as she was always.

GRAIN. Proud, but still loving; the heart has to grow—it has often a rough sheath to protect it whilst ripening; is a fountain which, if folly may arrest and film over, is still open to suffering—suffering, the angel that descends to its depths—to trouble the waters and render them healing.

ALICE. I acknowledge all that.

GRAIN. But still think there's something more to explain such a change?—such as an earnest companion, whose counsels would have their share in awaking new feelings.

ALICE. And yet, to judge by what she says, he has never spoken a word to her beyond that of mere friendship.

GRAIN. But isn't that the beginning?—your warm days of June have mostly cold hazy mornings.

ALICE. Yes, yes, but there's more: within the last week he's become quite reserved to her; he has declined their usual walks, and to some extent her society. That doesn't look very like love, I imagine.

GRAIN. Well, I don't know—it's so full of variety; that may be merely his way of coming to an avowal—the circle a bird makes before it wings home.

ALICE. Indeed, I can't think so; and so to quiet my fears, as Mr. Brown and myself are such very good friends, I mean to ask him about it. Oh, yes I do, the first moment we are together; I have made up my mind to.

(MILDRED is heard in the house)

MIL. Griffiths, where is my account book?

GRIF. Here's your cousin.

MILDRED comes from the house, L., and pauses—in a plain dress, a bunch of keys in her hand.

MIL. Well, really, good people, it's well to be you, standing there talking, as though there was nothing at all in the world to be done before dinner.

GRAIN. Pardon me, Miss Pendarvis, if——

(she advances, kissing ALICE, and shaking his hand)

MIL. And Mr. Grainger to do this!—an old man of business to confirm this poor child in one of her worst habits!

ALICE. Now, Milly, be cautious; for if we were idling, we were talking about you.

MIL. There's a pretty reason! make me your excuse!—justify one wrong by committing another.

ALICE. Well, suspend your indignation, for I'm going to be busy; so if you'll put on your bonnet, and come for a stroll——

MIL. A stroll, indeed; hear her, this dear little lamb, who has got nothing to think of but how to amuse herself; don't you know I'm the housekeeper?

ALICE. Yes; but, Milly——

MIL. That I have duties to do, and Mr. Grainger looks in to see if I am doing them properly.

GRAIN. Now really, Miss Pendarvis——

MIL. Oh! don't apologize, you may well be incredulous; I shouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't Griffiths to remind me. I should even forget this was Friday, when I make up my accounts, and prove to my good treasurer I'm not wasting my allowance.

GRAIN. Ah! he has but small fear of that.

MIL. And yet I've dreadful temptations; do you know I think house-keeping is a grand school of discipline? It's wonderful what an amount of restraint it imposes. If you only knew, Mr. Grainger, what yearnings I feel for extra pots of preserve, and fresh bottles of chillies. Dear—dear, I often think what a world of pleasure lies in an extra guinea a week.

ALICE. Dear Milly, to hear you talk so. *(embracing her)*

MIL. Come, come—now I'm idling. Oh! if Mr. Brown were to see us—that terrible man, who always talks to me like a copybook—work first and play afterwards.

ALICE. And I'm sure he works enough, ever since day-break.

MIL. There's an example—but it's time he should stop. *(she goes to the summer-house R., and twitches the curtain)* Mr. Brown, lunch! lunch!

SPALDING. *(answers inside)* Thank you, very good.

MIL. And now business, child—business—let me look at my book. *(she sits at table, L., drawing out bills, which she compares with book, pen in hand)* Meat, shoulder of lamb, loin of veal—yes, that's correct; bread—seven loaves, milk, vegetables, sundries. And what do they amount to? Why, I'm proud of that total, it's under the average by—*(counting)* three, four, five. Yes, actually under the average by five and four pence three farthings.

GRAIN. A very fair ground of triumph.

MIL. Griffiths. (*he comes from the house*) There's the book ; I've ordered the dinner.

GRIF. Very good, miss. *Exit, L., with book and bills.*

MIL. And now I'm a free woman—my work's done for to-day and I can embrace you, Miss Trevor, with a sense of moral propriety.

GRAIN. Enviably spirits ! that fly like good carriers beyond the shots of misfortune.

MIL. Nay, nay—they have their cause, my poor father ; think of him—not only so much stronger but actually cheerful, happier as well as better. He comes down to us to-day.

GRAIN. And to be rewarded, let me say, with what will complete his renovation. At last, Miss Pendarvis, I can bring some good news :—the gale's blowing over—the bank calls have been met—the mortgagees remain satisfied—and a few years of retrenchment will now enable your father to return a free man to his old ease and position !

MIL. Oh ! Mr. Grainger, is this no delusion ?

GRAIN. It has a drawback I own. To raise the sum we require we have no resource but to let the house. He must leave it, I'm afraid ; and you must use all your influence to reconcile him to a change, which however trying for a time, will provide with such certainty for his future well-being.

MIL. Do not fear, my good friend ; all trial bears fruit. He has been taught however sharply, that it is not the house makes the home ; it is that we bring into it. But what a triumph for Alice ! We shall steal away I suppose into one of those calm pretty nooks, which she is dreaming of always, and so prove her theory—that happiness, like the swallow, seeks the low roof of cottages.

ALICE. Yes ! the low roof—which the storm passes over.

MIL. Well, I'm getting wonderfully fit for it with its early hours, light tasks, and long mountain rambles. I can't remember formerly, I ever saw the sun but once, which was on the top of Rhigi. Now I witness that phenomena, I should say, twice a week from the top of my dressing glass. Then the appetite I'm getting—the breakfasts I eat—I'm perfectly disgusted at the breakfasts I'm eating !

GRAIN. Ah ! the beautiful, Miss Pendarvis, is not confined to the picturesque.

MIL. To say nothing of the expense, which in the present state of our allowance is rather important. Then as to walking I've done eight miles in a day, thanks to Mr. Brown, and four I do every day ; but then there's a reason for that. Two of our cottages lie two miles apart, and as I resolve to reach both of them—

ALICE. And there's a reason for that ! Do you know, Mr.

Grainger, that both of these houses contain invalids, and so, Milly——

MIL. Hold your tongue, Alice! Can't one enter a door and sit down when one's tired without interfering in its domestic concerns? if you must talk of something, I wish you'd go to Mary and tell her how to make a pudding.

ALICE. A pudding!

MIL. Yes; poor papa has asked for an old favourite to-day—a lemon pudding which our cook was quite famous for making, but the cook's gone, and her substitute don't inherit her genius.

ALICE. Nor do I, I regret to say (*looking off*)—eh! why there's uncle!

MIL. Yes, he's down stairs; so run to him and close his lips—if not with solids, with sweetmeats.

ALICE *runs into the house, L.*

And yet it's hard, Mr. Grainger, isn't it, that papa can't be gratified—very hard, I think, not to welcome his appetite after its long absence?

GRAIN. And is this pudding you speak of such an inscrutable mystery?

MIL. Well, I don't know—we have the receipt for it, certainly, in our “Eude,” in the store room; it's more, I apprehend, a matter of art than of science; more the result of practice than (*pausing*)—I wonder if I could make a pudding!

GRAIN. You, Miss Pendarvis!

MIL. I—I could at least make the attempt.

GRAIN. Well, the first step's the difficulty.

MIL. It can't be so great a task; the attempt seems imperative! Yes, Mr. Grainger, I see no escape for me; there are ordeals in this world which are not to be avoided; deeds that are destiny—it's fixed—it's decided; the thing must be done.

She goes off slowly, L. 1 E., drawing up her sleeves.

GRAIN. She doesn't say a word to me about that poor fellow—but then could she, if she loves him? words were given to conceal thoughts—says some one or other, not where the heart's concerned; the heart is only a hypocrite when it's debased—working since day-break, then surely he may rest a little. (*he goes to the summer-house, R.*) Mr. Spalding!

SPALDING. (*inside*) Yes, my friend.

GRAIN. I don't like intruding, and yet really I can't help thinking that intrusion is necessary.

(SPALDING *draws the curtain and is seen seated at a table heaped with papers*)

SPALD. Don't be alarmed; this is scarcely a dungeon.

GRAIN. Why, no; I must say a very agreeable retreat—Miss Pendarvis's notion!

SPALD. Yes; the library is rather dark, and not very cheerful; and she thought here I could be just as quiet, and far more at ease.

GRAIN. Ah, a woman's is the mind on all questions of comfort.

SPALD. (*comes out*) Well, I'm glad you are here, for I've some news for you—I'm happy to tell you my task's near its end.

GRAIN. Indeed!

SPALD. All but a few notes on the state of the farming stock—I've completed what you will find an approach to a balance sheet, a something, I hope, to guide you to a final adjustment.

GRAIN. Then let me thank you very heartily on the part of all who are concerned.

SPALD. And this end accomplished. I have also to tell you that to-day I take my leave.

GRAIN. To-day?

SPALD. Even so, my duties elsewhere are becoming so pressing that—

GRAIN. Go away the very moment you've placed your friend out of danger?

SPALD. The very best, I should say, since it relieves him from restraint, and myself from suspicions.

GRAIN. Restraint—come—come, Mr. Spalding, you must know very well he can have no greater happiness than in acknowledging his debt to you.

SPALD. Well, well, sir; if you force me to be explicit—read that, sir, read that.

(*he gives him an open letter*)

GRAIN. Anonymous. Surely I know this hand. (*he reads*) "Sir, blind as you think us to your motive in serving Mr. Pendarvis, let me tell you it's seen, despite your vaunted generosity; we know your aim, it is his daughter; like all men of your class, you have the ridiculous ambition of marrying above you—you think it is only by connecting yourself with honorable blood you can wipe out the stigma of your birth and pursuits—but do not deceive yourself, the families of this neighbourhood will never sanction your vanity; will never tolerate the crime of an unfortunate father, being forced to buy his safety at the price of his child."

(*he folds up the letter and returns it*)

SPALD. Well, sir.

GRAIN. Well, you treat this malignity with the contempt it deserves.

SPALD. Scarcely with contempt, when I know it must be the expression of a very general feeling.

GRAIN. Oh, nonsense; I know the writer, it is that scoundrel, Crickhowel; you compelled him to pay his debts, and it is in this way he requites himself.

SPALD. Granting it, but does that alter the fact, that he visits in this neighbourhood, and must know its opinions; but there is more—you are not aware that our friend—happy as he is of course in the hope of restored fortunes—still regrets the past, the friends that it numbered, the ties it sustained. He has not concealed from me his regrets at the frustration of that object on which he had so long set his heart—his daughter's proposed union.

GRAIN. What to a man who deserted him?

SPALD. He admits it, but still believes she is loved; and were he induced to return he would renew his engagement. I saw in this belief the best reply I could make to those who assail me so—went to Sir Dormer, and told him frankly his friend's feeling. I said if no barrier of a new engagement existed, he might resume his old relations—he might return to this roof, and meet a welcome that would bury the past in oblivion.

GRAIN. And he?

SPALD. Was grateful for the offer, was only too happy to grasp the hand that was stretched out to him—so he will be here to-day. It's true I've had a difficulty—a letter from Miss Crickhowel—who, I presume, heard of my visit through her friend Mr. Quillett, but that I can answer, and now I reflect, I may as well do so at once, so excuse me a moment.

(he re-enters the summer house)

GRAIN. And so now all's explained, his estrangement, his sadness—stung by this slander,—he has accomplished its purpose. In a spirit of Quixotism he has destroyed his own happiness, though he now knows its enemy, though I point out to him the man who—will wonders never cease?

MOLEHILL comes from the house, L.

MOLE. Wonders, sir, wonders, were you talking of wonders?

GRAIN. Yes, of wonders.

MOLE. Then I'll play you at that game; beat this if you can :—Miss Pendarvis but this moment's wielding a rolling pin!

GRAIN. Oh, indeed!

MOLE. I saw it, sir—saw it with these eyes; in the store room, the aristocratic Miss Pendarvis—born to play on a harp—exerting her muscles in this sort of fashion. *(imitating)*

GRAIN. *(aside)* Is there no way to prevent his departure?

MOLE. I should like to see Miss Trevor do that sort of thing—simple, useful Miss Trevor—when she becomes Mrs. Brown?

GRAIN. Mrs. Brown?

MOLE. Yes; didn't you know it? Oh, it's the fact: they're always together; though I daresay now, Grainger, you thought I was going to marry her?

GRAIN. Decidedly so! and I'm sure you should some one. A man with your means, it's a perfect disgrace to you that you haven't a family.

MOLE. Well, but I have got a family—an aunt and a grandmother. As to any more, I confess I've always had doubts; marrying for love, and not exactly for comfort—enlarging one's house, and taking in poverty for a lodger.

GRAIN. Why poverty, when you might get a girl with good property?

MOLE. Ah, but there I've doubts again. Marrying a rich wife, and perhaps becoming a sideboard—to be shoved in a corner and bear everything she'd put upon me. Still, I don't mean to say I shouldn't like to get married; if it was only for the sake of the weight it gives a man, and a certain security; for we bachelors you know have horrid lives with the women:—whilst we're young, we're the game that they're always laying traps for; and when we are old, we're wild beasts that they want to exterminate.

GRAIN. (*aside*) What if I apprised Miss Pendarvis, would she interfere?

MOLE. So I shouldn't mind the experiment, though I have half a house full.

GRAIN. Then fill the other half, it won't hurt your fortunes.

MOLE. It won't?

GRAIN. On the contrary, I believe 'twould improve them.

MOLE. Oh, then you think a man's like a clock—the more weight you hang on him, the faster he goes?

GRAIN. (*aside*) Yes, there is no better way. I'll let her know all.

He goes into the house. MOLEHILL takes a chair.

MOLE. Let me reflect on this notion? Marriage, it's our destiny, what we must all come to—one can't be exempted from the common fatality. It has its trials no doubt; but then when a man has escaped ague and gout, a wife seems essential to balance his lot—seems in the order of things. But then, who could I marry—I can't have Miss Trevor, that's very clear. Brown will get her, and (*pausing*) eh, no, bless my soul! what a thought, I wonder if it would be possible to—I hardly dare speak it—possible to think of the divine Miss Pendarvis! Monstrous presumption! and yet I don't know—see how she's changed. In fortune, at least, we are now on a level, and now she's so altered in mind, that—if she can come down to a rolling pin—why not to me? She'd make a capital wife, now she's so practical; not a grand ornament to deck out a drawing room, but a good bit of furniture, such as a silver tea pot, that would stand wear and tear, and look all the brighter for occasional rubs.

SPALDING *comes from the summer-house.*

SPALD. There, with some difficulty I've written this answer.

MOLE. Brown, is that you?—the very man to advise me.

SPALD. What about?

MOLE. About a matter, Mr. Brown, which is always called a turning point in human affairs—and is often a turning point over a cliff.

SPALD. Pray explain.

MOLE. You don't see anything peculiarly decided about me?

SPALD. No.

MOLE. Then you ought, for I'm thinking of marrying.

SPALD. Very good.

MOLE. Only I've obstacles—the young lady's father, for instance—one of our old Shropshire people, with three miles of pedigree—one of those fellows who stand up like a stone in a cornfield, wondering how anything can possibly dare to grow near it.

SPALD. Come come, my friend, let us be just to these people; they may have their faults, but let us admit their excuses. To bear a name, which was planted with the old oaks of the country!—is it strange that to them the tree is more than the soil? Grant they have prejudices—are we to condemn them for that?—what is a prejudice, but a principle that has outlived its time?

MOLE. Why—aw—very true.

SPALD. Say they image the past—is it not a past that has given the world the pioneers of civilization—the early soldiers of progress? Is it not a past, dear to freedom—that has built up that broad beach, to which the wrecked of all nations strike out in their agony, when right and justice go down?

MOLE. Very true, very true; but then I am like you, you know; I don't belong to the past—I can't boast of my forefathers, I've to put up with one;—I've no family tree, I've only a stump. But then, what of that? because you're born in a garret, are you to die there?

SPALD. Well, and who is this person?

MOLE. You can't guess?—Pendarvis. Yes, Brown, the being I contemplate is his exquisite daughter.

SPALD. You surprise me.

MOLE. I thought so; but then the girl is so changed. I saw her making a pudding, sir—yes, sir, a pudding; from that, the step to shirt buttons is clearly inevitable. It is evident that girl is in a state of development.

SPALD. Well, and what do you mean to do, write to her?

MOLE. Well, I think so; so I suppose I must go home and—

SPALD. Oh, you may do it here; there are all the means; only I must tell you there are no envelopes.

MOLE. Ah, I'll get one from Griffiths.

SPALD. Then, perhaps, you'll oblige me by putting this note into one, and addressing it to Miss Crickhowel.

MOLE. Miss Crickhowel?—very well.

SPALD. And giving it to Griffiths, who will see it conveyed to her.

MOLE. He shall have it, never fear.

SPALD. (*aside*) And now a turn in the park to complete these few notes, and then—my farewell.

He goes off at back, R.

MOLE. Write to her! ' Yes, that's the best plan, for now I reflect on it—it's just possible she may refuse me—and if she did it in person, what a look I should get. I've stood a volley of blank cartridge from the Shropshire militia, but that was a fool to it—no—no—send a letter, but then how begin it? women can never end letters; I can never begin one—"my dear madam"—that's too old, and "miss" is too trumpery—"my dear" is very weak too, this is a love letter; I'm not supposed to be simmering. I'm on the boil—no—must begin strong, and then the first word may settle it, as I've heard they kill snakes, one tap and down they go—but—eh—stop—there's a difficulty. What if she should have heard of the letter I sent to Miss Trevor? that was rather affectionate, she may think I ought to stick to her, and yet—what absurdity! is a man like a postage stamp—not allowed to stick twice? My adored, that is the word—"my adored young lady." Everything here—and if I draw the curtain they'll think it's Brown, and I shan't be disturbed. Yes, to my work, let me say with Gray's elegy—

The knowing herd wind off to M.P.,

And leave the world to Mildred and to me.

(*exit into summer-house, drawing the curtain—ALICE comes from the house, L., and looks round*)

ALICE. How kind of Mr. Grainger; he has something important to tell uncle, and so sets me at liberty for a similar duty. I have now an opportunity to speak to Mr. Brown, he's there still I see—working as hard as ever, and all for the good of others. Noble young man! but I must interrupt him. I may have no other chance. (*she advances to the door—lowering her voice*) Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!

MOLE. (*in a soft voice*) Who's there?

ALICE. Miss Trevor; I wish to speak to you.

MOLE. Indeed!

ALICE. I have something to say that's most important. Something I assure you that's very dear to my happiness.

MOLE. Oh, oh!

ALICE. Very! Mr. Brown; so you really must be good enough to draw back your curtain, and——

(he does so, and looks out with a face of sad indignation)

MOLE. Miss Trevor!

(she screams, and runs off at back, R.—He comes out with two notes in his hand)

There's no doubting now, I suppose—she loves him so much she actually comes to him in secret, to reveal the state of her feelings; he must be dreadfully dull, owing to the accounts, I suppose—he's so intent on old creditors; he can't think of a new one—can't think there's a lady desires a settlement—well, that's not my case, if this letter does its work. I'm ready to act on it, ready to say "Mildred."

MILDRED comes from the house, L., and looks off, R.

MIL. He's yonder.

MOLE. She's there, but I won't speak to her—no; I'll finish my letter in doors, then get the envelopes, direct Miss Crickhowel's and give them to Griffiths, he'll deliver both. No, I won't speak—but I'll look. Yes—I'll look:—give her one gaze of passionate admiration, which perhaps she'll interpret. "The eyes," Shakespeare says, "are the window of the soul," and—mine she shall look upon with the blinds well pulled up.
(she turns at back and sees him)

MIL. Mr. Molehill!

MOLE. Miss Pendarvis!

She advancing, he looks at her, and enters the house, L.

MIL. I must speak to him, if he's going—I must, however humbling—I must know how I have offended him, if I may not know more; the nature of this insult which drives him away from us. Something I must have done or he would not have changed so; would not so entirely have suspended our intimacy. Those long evening rambles when he ceased from his labours, and opened to me such new worlds of thought and enjoyment; poured out all that knowledge of human life and achievement—which made these few hours span the bright life of ages; why has it all ceased? If my pride has forbade my asking, still is the change generous? When he knows—when he must know, how dear he has become to me—these are creditable tears that I should shed them without cause; be so weak on a mere slight, for which I know there is no reason, to show signs, only justified by wilful offence; and for almost a stranger, who came but the other day, who now leaves us for ever—for ever; is it so?

PENDARVIS comes from the house, L., followed by GRAINGER.

PEN. Why Mildred, how is this? Grainger says he has told

you, and yet you don't think it necessary to come and explain this occurrence.

MIL. Dear papa, it's not in my power; I am as much surprised by it as yourself.

PEN. Insulted! Poor fellow; and chiefly on my account. How, why, and by whom? It's as much my affair as his; I ought to know, and I must.

MIL. So I think, papa.

PEN. And whatever it is, there's not the proudest about us but shall make him amends; for what do they mean? he's a gentleman, every inch of him—modest and sensible;—and such cowardly work; so mean as to be anonymous—more proofs of progress; formerly our men had some manhood about them—were like their own oaks—if rough in the rind, always sound at the core; now they're like the new houses, all cases of stucco—marble in look, and in reality plaster.

GRAIN. Well, certainly; considering all you owe to this man—

PEN. All—you don't know all; 'tisn't money—aid, merely; you don't know, I've to thank him for renewing a tie which next my child's welfare, is most dear to my happiness.

MIL. Is it possible?

PEN. Yes, Milly; thanks to his kindness, Sir Dormer has written to me—written a long letter to atone for his conduct; in which, after expressing his deep regret, he states his anxiety to make every reparation, so of course I replied kindly; I reciprocated its spirit, and he'll be here to-day,—I told him about noon, when I said I should be able to come down for the first time, a result which I acknowledge this news has had its full share in effecting.

GRIFFITHS enters at back, L., followed by SIR DORMER.

GRIF. Sir Dormer de Crazenby.

PEN. And here you see he is, Milly; here is an old friend come back to his old feelings, we've had a full explanation, so there's no need of more; and as I've made him welcome, I'm quite sure that you will—so I leave you for a moment, whilst Grainger and I go in search of poor Brown.

Exeunt at back, R.

SIR. D. Ahem! Miss Pendarvis, my old friend having kindly received my regret, leaves me free to express my great delight at this meeting, and the prospect of your speedy return to your old happiness.

MIL. Thank you, Sir Dormer.

SIR. D. I trust you will believe how sincerely I felt for you, how constantly and tenderly you've both been before me.

MIL. And therefore, of course, felt there was no need to come to us.

SIR D. I was so crushed by the event—I was almost unable to go on with my great scheme for the good of society.

MIL. Well, how very distressing.

SIR D. For some days could do nothing in the cause of my race, not even in regard to my cerebral regulator—my infantine scull cap, and when at last duty urged me to put its virtues in force, would you believe it, Miss Pendarvis, such is the ignorance of the mothers of our young malefactors—I couldn't find one of them who'd consent to the experiment.

MIL. That's very likely.

SIR D. I'd actually to bribe one—to pay £20 for a piece of philanthropy—when, what do you think? she said this great blessing had given her child a brain fever, and so brought me in a bill for the doctor's expenses! such is their repayment who toil for humanity. So you see, Miss Pendarvis, I have had my trials as well as yourself, though I can't doubt your own have been peculiarly painful.

MIL. Oh, fearfully, Sir Dormer; I'm not the same being, you'd never believe what I've had to go through.

SIR D. Is it possible?

MIL. Why, to give you proof, I've had to become my own waiting maid—have actually been forced into assisting myself.

SIR D. Why you amaze me!

MIL. And worse, I've had to get up at daybreak, attend to all sorts of duties, and after eating a breakfast only fit for a milkmaid, walk four or five miles as though I had the limbs like other people!

SIR D. And how is it possible you survived such a martyrdom?

MIL. Well, I don't know; adaption, I suppose; the law—that when a girl has lost her nerves, she must come to her muscles.

SIR D. My poor child—my dear Milly, if I could tell you how it grieves me to hear these disclosures; how I share all your sufferings; how I long to put an end to them.

MIL. Well, it's very kind of you, but I'm afraid it's impossible.

SIR D. Impossible?

MIL. Yes: for the worst of my change is, it destroys all regret. I'm really ashamed to say it, I haven't the slightest desire to go back to my old feelings;—it's the melancholy fact. So, as it's not in my power to return to your level, the only point is—can you come to mine?

SIR D. To yours?

MIL. Do you think you could go through the same sort of

schooling ;—could become as active, as strong, as independent, as I am ; could you wait on yourself, dress yourself, run your own errands, and—if the crisis arose—have you heroism enough to attack your own boots ?

SIR D. Mildred Pendarvis !

MIL. Why if we hope to be happy we must be on a level. Old-fashioned people say "Feeling and taste should be mutual in marriage ;" but surely, misfortune—If we could never console, we should never sneer at each other ; if I am disgraced, why then so must be you. Don't you see, my dear Sir Dormer, we must be mutually culpable, to ensure mutual repose !

ALICE runs in from the back, R.

ALICE. Oh, Milly love, Milly ! I've such news ; what do you think ? Mr. Brown has been playing us all such a trick !

MIL. What do you say ?

ALICE. He's not Mr. Brown—but quite another person ! Come in doors, and I'll tell you ! Come, Milly, come !

They enter the house, L.

SIR D. I see the solution : this poor child is demented, the crash in her affairs has reached to her faculties. If my own mind wasn't one of more than ordinary strength, she'd set it tottering ; and why is mine strong ? Why ! ask philosophy—lofty philosophy, that lifts the clear intellect above the distractions of daily affairs—that bidding it strive for the good of the whole world exempts it of course from all thought of individuals. I begin to fear also, that this amiable child hasn't the brain I imagined, she doesn't understand me—can't see that my scheme is the sole hope of society. Sabina, I must say, has profounder perceptions, she does me justice ; but then she's so old, and Milly's so young, so much of that nature one desires in a pupil, so budlike, so fresh. Terrible struggle, one would wish to be refreshed with the bloom of the rose ; one can scarcely get tender over the thorns of a cactus.

(he saunters off, R. U. E.)

MOLEHILL comes from the house.

MOLE. The blow is struck. She's got my letter, Griffiths has delivered it ; and then, seeing Miss Crickhowel coming into the park, he ran off with her's. I was in a terrible fright, though, as I was putting them up ; for just as I got the envelopes, Miss Trevor came up, and her curious enquiries confused me so much—I hardly knew which was which ; but it's done, the plunge is made, and now, what is to be my fate ? I suppose I ought to go home and wait for an answer ; but I'm in such a tremor I can't, I really can't ; I really couldn't feel worse if I'd committed a burglary—an absolute coward ; the song may well

say "None but the brave deserve the fair." None else can get 'em. She's coming, thinking over the letter, so, I suppose she has decided, or will do so soon. What shall I do? watch her a moment—perhaps I shall learn—yes, either enough to bring me down to her feet, or tell me to make the best use of my own.

(he retires to the back—MILDRED comes from the house with a letter and its envelope).

MIL. This is addressed to me; Griffiths gave it, and yet, it's very clear it's not written to me—this was meant for Miss Crickhowel.

MOLE. *(at back)* Courage, Molehill, courage; no retreat now.

MIL. And yet, what a secret, what a fact it reveals to me, that for my sake, my welfare, he would have made such a sacrifice.

MOLE. Now the moment's come—advance; know the worst.

MIL. That to redeem certain letters, which threatened my happiness, he would have sacrificed willingly hundreds of pounds.

MOLE. Life or death, have it over. I'll meet her, if she gives me the glare of a tigress. *(he advances)* Miss Pendarvis—

MIL. Oh! Mr. Molehill!

MOLE. *(aside)* Come that's not very savage. I trust, Miss Pendarvis, you are not greatly offended with me?

MIL. Offended with you; why?

MOLE. Why—why. *(aside)* Molehill, she says why? Why what a reptile you are? Do you hear she says, why?

MIL. *(aside)* And all this unknown to me, and whilst I thought him so estranged.

MOLE. I see, Miss Pendarvis, you *have* read that letter.

MIL. And do you know it? Is it possible you sent it then?

MOLE. I—I—did.

MIL. And I see your intention. Oh! how many thanks I owe you.

MOLE. You do?

MIL. Must I not, when it conveys to me a secret so dear to my happiness.

MOLE. *(aside)* I'm getting rather faint.

MIL. A secret of such deep—such unspeakable pleasure. *(she kisses the letter passionately—he slides into a chair)*

MOLE. Heartshorn, sal volatile—too weak—aquafortis!

MIL. Why, what's the matter?

MOLE. And is it possible you really entertain such warm feelings?

MIL. And are they not natural?

MOLE. Well, I suppose so—you ought to know best.

MIL. They have only one alloy—the doubt whether I ought to have received such a letter.

MOLE. (*rising*) Received it, why not; I sent it—I proclaim it—I'm proud to proclaim it.

MIL. Very true; only as you know this was meant for another, as it comes from Mr. Spalding, and was addressed to Miss Crickhowel. (*she shows it to him*)

MOLE. Miss Crick—

MIL. Why what's the matter now?

MOLE. Is it possible that in my confusion I?—(*he falls into the chair again, crossing his fingers*)

MIL. Do speak, I desire you.

MOLE. And she's got the other—that woman—my horror—an offer of marriage!

MIL. What can be this mystery, Alice, love—Alice? (*she enters the house*)

QUILLET *advances from R. U. E.*

MOLE. I was calling for hartshorn—prussic acid by the quart.

QUIL. Prussic acid by the quart!—a-hem, Mr. Molehill.

MOLE. If she accepts it I must have her, for she has a brother a duellist—it's either her or a bullet.

QUIL. You've sent a letter to Miss Crickhowel, she's now in the park and will feel obliged if you'll step to her, and afford an explanation.

MOLE. (*aside*) She's willing—she's willing, and I'm a doomed man!

QUIL. (*aside*) That letter was rather fortunate; Sir Dormer was wavering, and the fact of a rival brought him at once to the point.

MOLE. Well, I'm punished—rightly punished. Scoundrel that I am—can I deny that that letter ought to have gone to Miss Trevor?

QUIL. (*aside*) Miss Trevor! well, so I thought. Poor devil! I wonder if I couldn't manage to send it to her still.

MOLE. She stood by as I enclosed it, and her look sealed my ruin.

QUIL. Her look sealed your ruin! and now perhaps you'll come?

MOLE. (*rising*) Yes, sir; I'm ready. I go to execution.

QUIL. You go to execution! you think Hymen a hangman?

MOLE. I awake as from a dream, like a culprit on his last morning. Awake and walk off to make a public atonement.

He turns, goes a few steps, falls on QUILLET, *who assists him off, R. U. E.*

MILDRED and ALICE *come from the house.*

ALICE. Yes, Milly, yes. Uncle heard it all from Mr. Grain-

ger, and for a moment I thought he'd have fallen to the ground; but then had you heard how he spoke of Mr. Spalding. Oh! are you not happy?

MIL. Happy when he has left us, when you tell me yourself with all papa's search for him he's nowhere to be found!

ALICE. Not so, Milly, for here is Mr. Spalding.

She runs off, R. U. E.

SPALDING *advances from L. U. E.*

SPALD. Miss Pendarvis, you know all.

MIL. All—all!

SPALD. Then I can reduce to few words the pain of this last duty.

MIL. To leave us who know you—merely because you have been wronged by those who do not—to succumb to the voice of pride, though you know not its feeling.

SPALD. Nay, I have pride—a keen one; think not that feeling is proper only to birth—it belongs to the humblest who would win his way upward by earnest endeavour and honourable aim. There is the pride of right motive! there is the just sense of character, which one man establishes, which another inherits; this is my heritage, all my distinction—is it so strange—then I tremble when that distinction's attacked.

MIL. No, no!

SPALD. I go, then, to resume my appointed place in the world—to take my part in its toils—not ashamed of my fate; conscious that efforts even as poor as my own may not want their share in the great conquests of time. I go well repaid, for have I failed in the purpose which brought me beside you—the peace of those dear to us? have I failed in what I hoped—dared to hope, even of you?

MIL. Oh, speak!

SPALD. When I first saw you, I felt all the claims of your birth; how great was your right to command all those stores of enjoyment and lustre which wealth and an honoured name had heaped up about you; but I felt also—I could see—there was more in your nature than the mere grace of indulgence; there was a spirit that could grasp the great duties of life—that could share in its struggles—that could combat its storms; and I said if it were possible to make that spirit come forth—to arouse it—and to leave you free, strong, self-reliant—I should do more than establish the happy calm of this home, since I should build up in yours its best symbol and safeguard.

MIL. And was it well? was it generous to propose all these aims when she they drew towards you, you would only uplift to abandon.

(she turns away, L., weeping)

PENDARVIS *returns*, R. U. E.

SPALD. Miss Pendarvis, what have I heard? do not deepen my misery; speak to me, I implore you.

PEN. (*advancing*) And if not for his sake, speak to him for mine.

MIL. My father!

(*he draws her to his bosom, and then transfers her to SPALDING, who leads her to the back. GRAINGER comes from R. U. E.*)

GRAIN. I've delivered your message; Mr. Spalding senior will be with you in less than an hour.

PEN. Thank you, friend; thank you.

GRAIN. And I have heard some news, which I fancy will not be displeasing; our borough member has signified his intention of retiring, and what do you think, sir? Mr. Spalding declares that he'll start his own son.

PEN. What, for parliament?

GRAIN. Yes, sir; he's the sort of man we want there, all vigor, all brain, he'll work when he gets there—work, and not talk like too many we've sent to it.

PEN. He'll rise there—he will; that fellow will be a baronet before he's done yet.

SIR DORMER and MISS CRICKHOWEL *advance from R.*

MISS PEN. Cousin Pen—

PEN. Oh! Sabina, glad to see you, and you, Sir Dormer, again; now I can shake your hands heartily, and from what I observe—I hope you mean to grasp each other's for the rest of your days.

SIR. D. Well, I trust so; identified in principle, we should be so in life; my dear Sabina will soon have a just sense of my theory, if not exactly curvilinear, she shares my central idea—we agree as to a prison, we start I may say on the basis of jail.

MISS C. And, cousin, allow us both to congratulate you; we're so delighted at this discovery, which, I more than suspected; I always felt that Mr. Spalding was more than a mere Mr. Brown—I've not the least doubt he belongs to a good family, the Spaldings, of Derbyshire.

PEN. Well, I'm sure I don't know—and what's more I don't care.

MISS C. I'm almost sure of it, cousin—if the registers could be consulted a few centuries back. I shouldn't be surprised if they'd shew that he'd very good blood in him.

PEN. And on the very same grounds you might make out a claim for half the people in England; we're all of us noble, if you only go back far enough.

MOLEHILL *and* ALICE *come from R. U. E., followed by* QUILLET.

MOLE. Mr. Pendarvis.

PEN. And here's Molehill to join the party; but heyday, what is this—what does my little niece do so close to your side?

MISS C. Allow me, cousin Pen, to explain that phenomenon—Mr. Molehill has long had a regard for our dear Alice, though prevented expressing it by recent events; to-day, however, he ventured to put his wishes on paper—he sent her a letter, which she has shewn me, and will shew you, and which will convince you of his claims to possess such a treasure.

(ALICE *runs to her uncle, and hiding her head, gives him the letter*—MOLEHILL *advances with* QUILLET)

MOLE. (*aside*) Quillet, you're a wonderful fellow; how the deuce did you manage it?

QUIL. I had an envelope in my pocket, and I borrowed a pen at the lodge.

MOLE. Quillet, you're a genius, I'm bound to acknowledge; you shall take the first step in my forthcoming happiness—you shall make my will. I've done with envelopes—plain paper hereafter;—I'm going into marriage—the universal enclosure.

SPALDING *advances with* MILDRED—ALICE *runs to her.*

PEN. Well, I suppose we've all got our troubles; the great voyage of life is not to be made in a pleasure-boat—and sorrows have their use—Spalding will say that.

SPALD. They have, sir; they're a discipline we must test by their gains; are not our sorrows the mould in which our virtues take shape?

PEN. And more than half of 'em we might avoid by knowing each other;—intercourse, I begin to think, is among the best steps to quiet.

SPALD. True, sir—to grasp hands is at least to avoid stumbling.

SIR D. And Time, the great harmonizer, who brings every thing round——

MIL. Yes time, the true friend, who robs us of no treasure he does not replace—who wakes from no dream, but for a nobler reality—Time—the great tide—which if it fails not to engulph our follies, errors, chimeras—only renders more buoyant the lasting good of humanity.

Curtain.

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LONDON.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE.

*First performed at the Strand Theatre,
November 1858.*

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| MAJOR CHOKER | Mr. BLAND. |
| MR. JOHN PARKER | Mr. SWANBOROUGH. |
| MR. LIONEL LARKINS | Mr. CLARKE. |
| JONATHAN, <i>the Major's Servant</i> | Mr. TURNER. |
| LADY BARBARA CHOKER | Mrs. CHARLES MELVILLE. |
| KATE DALRYMPLE | Miss M. WILTON. |

SCENE.—Interior of a Country House at Bagshot.

MODERN COSTUMES.

THE LITTLE SAVAGE.



SCENE.—*A Handsomely Furnished Apartment, at Major Choker's—door, C., with open French window on R. side, showing garden beyond—doors, R. and L.—table sofa, R. chairs,—all very handsome. At L. U. E., a fireplace, with looking glass over it.*

MAJOR CHOKER *discovered, in his morning gown, tying his cravat, before the glass—JONATHAN in the Major's livery, seated on sofa, reading the paper—the Major's coat hanging over the back of a chair.*

MAJOR. (L., *finishing tying his cravat*) There, that will do very well. (*turning round and showing a very red face, and a very high stiff white cravat*) Not quite starch enough perhaps, but it will do. Now, Jonathan, help me on with my coat. (*taking off morning gown and holding out his arms for the coat*)

JONATH. (R., *spelling paper*) Y-o-r-k—York.

MAJOR. Jonathan! I asked for my coat!

JONATH. Ees, zur! R-a-c-e-s—York Races!

MAJOR. (*turning and seeing JONATHAN on the sofa*) Well! 'pon my life, what next I wonder? So, sir, I'm to stand shivering here in my shirt sleeves, while you are reading the paper! Get up directly!

JONATH. Now, don't'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man has been in better sarcumstances—

MAJOR. There—there's the old story! I suppose I'd better make up my mind at once to groom my own horse, brush my own clothes, and polish my own boots and shoes,

because you happen to have been in better *sarcumstances*, as you call it. Help me on with my coat!

JONATH. Ees, zur! (*helping MAJOR to put on coat*)

MAJOR. Halloa! didn't I order you to take this coat to the tailor's to have it fresh lined?

JONATH. Ees, zur, you did.

MAJOR. And you haven't done so?

JONATH. No, zur, I han't.

MAJOR. Psha! idiot!

JONATH. Now don't 'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man has been in better *sarcumstances*—

MAJOR. Hold your tongue, and get out of my sight!

JONATH. Ees, zur. (*going—returns*) Please, sir, what answer be I to give to the lad as brought the letter for 'ee just now?

MAJOR. What lad?

JONATH. Why, Mr. Larkin's servant!—he be a waiting outside in the garden all this time, and must be almost fruz.

MAJOR. "Fruz!" Didn't I tell you to show the young man into the kitchen?

JONATH. Ees, zur, you did.

MAJOR. Then why the devil didn't you?

JONATH. Well, zur, I'm sure I don't know—but you see, when a man has been in better *sarcumstances*—

MAJOR. Oh, lud! Oh, lud! (*takes letter out of his pocket*) I'm sure I don't know what answer to give my old friend Larkins.

JONATH. I do, sir, if I understand the rights of it—and I pumped it all out of the young man over a mug of your honor's strong ale.

MAJOR. I thought I told you never to touch my strong ale again, without my permission,

JONATH. So you did, zur.

MAJOR. Then how dare you disobey me?

JONATH. Well, zur, I'm sure I don't know—but, you see, when a man has been in better *sarcumstances*—

MAJOR. (*shouting*) Hold your infernal tongue about your *sarcumstances*!

JONATH. Better hear what I've got to say, zur. Well, if I knows the rights on it, your old friend Larkins—

MAJOR. *Mr. Larkins, if you please!*

JONATH. Mr. Larkins, if you please, wants you to let his son, Master Larkins, come a courting to your niece, Miss Kate.

MAJOR. *Exactly.*

JONATH. Then, my advice is, let 'em come and do it.

MAJOR. How the deuce can I, when here's Mr. John Parker, the nephew of an equally dear friend, actually in the house for the same purpose, and with my permission, too? I confess I wish he was out of it.

JONATH. So do I, zur. He and his London servant have turned the house quite topsy turvy, upside down, and everybody in it—missus especially—one might as well live in a nest of wapses.

MAJOR. (*disgusted*) Wapses! Where is Mr. Parker now?

JONATH. Gone a shooting! and I'll take short odds he brings down more dogs than partridges. (*gun fire, L. U. E.*) There he be! (*running to window*) And what do you think he be at? Shooting at the little soldier a-top of the pigeon house!

MAJOR. Shooting at a soldier on the top of my pigeon house!

JONATH. Ees, zur, the weathercock. (*gun fires again L. U. E.*) Darned if he arn't knocked it clean off!

LADY BARBARA. (*without, L. C.*) This is intolerable, unbearable, insufferable!

Enter LADY BARBARA, C. from L., and KATE from door, R.

MAJOR. (*L. C.*) What's the matter, Lady Barbara?

KATE. (*R.*) Yes, Aunt Barbara, what's the matter?

LADY B. (*C.*) Matter—Mr. John Parker's the matter!—*your* Mr. John Parker, he's not only blown the weathercock to atoms, but he's killed three of my favourite pigeons! pouters every one of them! You hear, Major, pouters every one of them!

JONATH. (*L.*) You hear, Major, pouters every one of them!

MAJOR. Hold your tongue! I'm sure I'm very sorry, Lady Barbara, but after all, pouters are but pouters!

KATE. Yes—and think, dear aunt, what a delicious pie they'll make!

LADY B. Pshaw! But that's not all, for while I was upbraiding Mr. John Parker for his cruelty in slaughtering my pouters, my poor dear, harmless, innocent, little lapdog, flew at his leg, upon which the inhuman Parker kicked poor little Pompey into the middle of the fish pond!

JONATH. (*with a horse laugh*) Ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. Hold your tongue!

KATE. Well, aunt, I think a cold bath will do Pompey a world of good. And as for the old weathercock, uncle, I'm sure that was of no use whatever—for no matter in what quarter the wind was, it always pointed in the same direction—you know it did. (*goes up to R. table*)

JONATH. Ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. Will you be quiet? Go and bring in the breakfast!

JONATH. Ees, zur!

MAJOR. (*angrily*) Why the devil don't you go?

JONATH. I be going! But don't 'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man—

MAJOR. Get out!

Exit JONATHAN, L. D.—KATE comes down, c.
Depend upon it, my dear girl, that Mr. John Parker is not the husband for you. Let me ask you, does he ever pay you proper attention?

LADY B. (R.) Whenever *you* sit down to play the piano, doesn't *he* immediately begin playing with the cat?

MAJOR. Yes! And when you propose taking a walk, doesn't he invariably prefer taking a nap? A girl with ten thousand pounds in her pocket has a right to something better than Mr. John Parker!

KATE. (C.) Well! but after all, these are only little trifling defects of which you could easily correct him, if you'd try.

MAJOR. Pooh! not I, indeed!

LADY B. Nor I!

KATE. No! Not for my sake? (MAJOR and LADY

BARBARA *turn away*) my sake! (*gently turning both round*)

MAJOR. Ah, Kate, you rogue, there's no resisting you. (*kisses her*)

LADY B. No, that there is not! (*kisses her*)

MAJOR. So we'll give Mr. John Parker a few days more fair trial, and if that fails, I'll send off for young Larkins at once.

KATE. Young Larkins! And pray, uncle, who may young Larkins be?

MAJOR. Who? Ha, ha, ha! (*knowingly*) Why a certain young gentleman who is anxious to pay his addresses to a certain young lady.

KATE. Indeed!

MAJOR. Yes. His uncle, whose nephew, by-the-bye he is, tells me he's a fine, dashing fellow, and very accomplished—has been in the army—is a bit of a poet—a bit of an artist—a bit of a—in short a bit of everything.

KATE. Well, of course I needn't say that it's a matter of perfect indifference to me whether I marry Mr. Parker, or Mr. Larkins, or neither, or both.

(*goes up R., and looks out window.*)

PARKER. (*without.*) Ha, ha, ha! here's a fuss about a trifle!

PARKER *enters C. from L., with his back towards the Audience*
He is in a shooting costume, and carries a game-bag over his shoulder, and a double-barrelled gun.

wrap him up in flannel and lay him before the fire, and if that won't do, pop him in the oven.

LADY B. (R.) Mercy on us! Pop who into the oven!

PARK. (C.) Your unhappy little dog. His cold bath doesn't seem to have agreed with him, for he's gone into a sort of fit.

LADY B. A fit! Pompey?

PARK. I have just left him making frantic efforts to bite off his own tail! I'm afraid it's all over with poor Pompey.

LADY B. Was there ever such a brute!

PARK. That's what I say! How you could ever take a liking to him I can't imagine!

KATE. (*R. C. aside to PARKER.*) Ahem! (*pointing to his hat, which he still wears.*)

PARK. (*aside, not understanding her*) Humph?

KATE. Your hat.

PARK. What's the matter with it?

KATE. Take it off!

PARK. Eh! Oh, yes of course. (*takes off his hat*) Famous shower just now, Major—almost wet me through. (*shaking hat over LADY BARBARA, R. and the furniture*)

LADY B. What are you about, sir?

PARK. Beg pardon, I'm sure. (*puts his hat on polished table—KATE hastily snatches it off*)

KATE. (*aside to him*) Why don't you say something to uncle?

PARK. I will. (*aloud*) Major!

MAJOR. Well, sir!

PARK. How are you? (*taking his game-bag off and throws it on sofa—KATE hastily snatches it off—MAJOR crosses to R. to LADY B.*) By the bye, Major, has that gamekeeper of yours been long with you?

MAJOR. (*R.*) Ever since he was a boy. He's a capital fellow, and I wouldn't part with him on any account.

PARK. I'm sorry to hear that.

MAJOR. Why?

PARK. Because I've just shot him!

LADY B. }

MAJOR. } Shot him!

KATE. }

PARK. Don't be alarmed—I haven't killed him! Oh dear no! merely lodged a few shots in his left leg—skin deep, that's all. I'll tell you how it happened—I was one side of the ditch, he on the other—for instance, I'm here, (*to MAJOR*) you're the ditch, and Lady Barbara the gamekeeper—well, I was carrying my gun so—(*pointing the muzzle of his gun at MAJOR'S body*)

MAJOR. Be quiet, will you? (*KATE snatches the gun out of PARKER'S hands and puts it down*)

PARK. However, I sent him off to the doctor, and gave him a ten guinea note into the bargain (*crosses to L.*)

KATE (*down C.—aside to MAJOR*) Ten guineas! There, uncle doesn't that show what a kind heart he's got?

MAJOR. (*to PARKER*) You've not breakfasted, of course?

PARK. No, not exactly breakfasted—I had a snack before I started—the remains of a pheasant pie, which I found in the larder.

LADY B. (*aside*) And which I had especially reserved for my breakfast.

PARK. You'll excuse me while I change my coat? I shan't keep you a minute.

Going L., meets JONATHAN, who enters C. from L, carrying a tray with breakfast—the teapot is knocked off, and broken to pieces.

LADY B. (R.) There! there goes my favourite Dresden-china teapot;

PARK. (*to JONATHAN.*) Don't you hear what her ladyship says—there goes her favourite Dresden teapot. (*to MAJOR.*) I shouldn't be surprised if he said it was my fault!

MAJOR. (*significantly*) No more should I.

JONATH. (*to PARKER*) It be all your fault.

PARK. There, there—what did I say, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*giving the MAJOR a poke in the ribs—to JONATHAN*) Well, what do you stand staring there for? Why don't you pick up the bits?

KATE. (*kindly, crossing at back, to JONATHAN*) Yes, Jonathan, why don't you pick up the bits?

LADY B. What an awkward, clumsy creature!

PARK. (*to JONATHAN, who is picking up the bits.*) You hear what your mistress says, Jonathan? you're an awkward, clumsy creature! But we mustn't lose our breakfast.

LADY B. I shall breakfast in my own room.

Exit, R. D., with a withering look at PARKER.

MAJOR. (*crossing to L.*) And I shall do—ditto.

Exit L. D., looking at PARKER.

KATE. (*following the MAJOR to door*) But uncle—dear uncle!

JONATH. (*after picking up pieces, is going out, C. to L. half bellowing.*) It warn't me as broke the teapot.

PARK. That's right, Jonathan! Stick to it, Jonathan! Go along, sir!

JONATH. Now, don't speak unkindly to me, 'cause, when a man has been in better sarcumstances.

Exit, c. to L.

PARK. *(falling into chair)* Ha, ha, ha! famous! capital! Nothing could be better! ha, ha, ha!

KATE. *(stopping at door, L., and overhearing)* What can he be laughing at?

PARK. I've got rid of them all. *(seeing KATE)* Zounds! no I havn't! The old birds have flown, but the young one remains—so, egad, then, I must beat a retreat!

(about to go out c. D.)

KATE. Mr. Parker!

PBRK. *(stopping)* Yes, miss!

KATE. You seem to be in a violent hurry.

PARK. No—but, as everybody seems to be going—

KATE. I am not going.

PARK. Ain't you? Very well. *(going, c.)*

KATE. Stay! I want to speak to you.

PARK. With me?

KATE. *(taking a chair, L.)* With you—so take a chair.

PARK. Very well! *(laying hold of a chair)* Where shall I take it to?

KATE. *(aside)* How stupid he is, to be sure. *(aloud)* Bring it here, close to mine.

PARK. Very well—there!

(putting down chair, with a bang, close to KATE.)

KATE. *(impatiently)* Well, sit down.

PARK. Very well! *(sits down)*

KATE. *(aside)* His vocabulary seems limited to two words—"Very well." *(seeing PARKER, who has taken up a cup and ball from table—as he tosses it, and is spinning the ball, KATE snatches it out of his hand, and puts it into her pocket—PARKER begins to whistle in an under tone)* Don't whistle!

PARK. *(smiling)* Very well.

KATE. *(aside)* "Very well" again. *(as she turns her head, she meets PARKER's eye, who immediately looks up at the ceiling)* I am given to understand, Mr. John Parker, that your object in coming here was to make yourself agreeable to me.

PARK. Yes, I believe that's what I was sent for.

KATE. Then, allow me to tell you, Mr. John Parker, that you have not exactly taken the right road.

PARK. I beg your pardon—if I hadn't taken the right road I shouldn't have got here.

KATE. I mean, Mr. John Parker, the right road to please me.

PARK. No? Oh, very well.

KATE. (*aside*) Those "very wells" of his are irritating in the extreme. (*aloud*) In the first place, when you *did* arrive here, three days ago, the first thing you asked was to be shown to your room.

PARK. I was tired.

KATE. And you had no sooner swallowed your dinner, than you fell fast asleep.

PARK. I was tired.

KATE. And, in the evening, out you went for a stroll, and you didn't return until supper time.

PARK. Well, what was I to do? Your uncle and aunt were playing at backgammon,

KATE. But *I* wasn't playing at backgammon. I could have shown you the garden—uncle's splendid celery, especially, that he's so proud of—and my carnations, which I flatter myself are the most beautiful in the county.

PARKER. I'm sure if I had known— (*aside*) She's really a nice little sort of a girl enough!

KATE. And then, Mr. Parker, instead of paying uncle and aunt, those little attentions which old people expect and are entitled to, you really seem to me to do all you can to annoy and vex them—this morning for instance!

PARK. Come, I'm sure I've done nothing this morning.

KATE. Oh, dear, no—nothing at all. You've only half drowned a dog, and shot a gamekeeper—that's all! I call that pretty well for one morning. And then, let me ask you, how did you come into the room just now?

PARK. How? I walked in!

KATE. Yes, with your hat on, instead of taking it off as you entered, and bowing to my aunt, as you ought to have done.

PARK. Oh! I ought to have bowed to the old lady? This sort of thing? (*bowing*)

KATE. Lower than that. (*he bows*) That's better. Now, you'll remember this another time, won't you, for my sake?

PARK. (*in an altered tone and manner*) For your sake, I'll do anything. (*takes her hand*)

KATE. (*aside*) There, he's improving already, rapidly improving. I knew he would. (*PARKER kisses her hand*) Oh! dear, he's improving a great deal too rapidly! (*withdrawing her hand*)

PARK. (*aside*) As I said before, she's a remarkably nice little sort of a girl. Can I have been deceived—imposed upon?

(*loud noise of voices disputing heard without, L. U. E.*)

JONATH. (*without*) Don't tell me, I saw 'ee do it!

JONATHAN enters hurriedly C. from L. at the same moment

LADY BARBARA also hurries on, R. D.

KATE. What's the matter now, Jonathan?

LADY B. Yes! what's the matter!

JONATH. Pigs is the matter?

KATE. (L.)

LADY B. } Pigs!

PARK.

JONATH. (*to PARKER*) Yes, your saucy jackanapes of a servant has let all the pigs into the garden, and there they be grubbing up master's salary, and your tarnations! (*to KATE—goes up C.*)

KATE. My poor, beautiful flowers? (*trying to restrain her tears*) But no matter! (*forcing a smile*)

PARK. (*to KATE eagerly*) I'm sorry—very sorry, indeed I am—the scoundrel! I'll discharge him this instant! (*going—returns*) Say you forgive me! I'll kill him on the spot! Where is he? *Rushes off C. to L.*

Enter MAJOR, L. D., hurriedly.

MAJOR. He's come! he's come!

LADY B. (R.) Who?

MAJOR. Young Larkins!

KATE. (C.) Then I'll go!

MAJOR. (*stopping her*) No, no, I was just writing to Larkins, senior, to defer the visit of Larkins, junior, for a

few days, when in the young gentleman walked, pleaded the natural impatience of a lover, and all that sort of thing. In short, as I said before, he's come!

KATE. Then, as I said before, I'll go! (*about to go*)

MAJOR. Nonsense (*stopping her*) here he is!

Enter LIONEL LARKINS, L. D., he is in a modern fashionable costume, rather outre, and has on a light drab paletot, the back of which is smeared with mud, KATE hastily takes up her crochet and begins working with great earnestness, at table c.

LIONEL. (*L. seeing MAJOR*) Oh, there you are! not very civil of you, Major, to run away from me the moment I arrived as if had been a wild bullock! I repeat, it was not civil of you Croaker.

MAJOR. Choker!

LIONEL. Choker—but I see how it is—you come to announce my arrival to the ladies (*crosses to c. bows to LADY BARBARA, then to KATE, bowing to her—she looks up, and stares at him, and then quietly goes on with her work—aside*) She's working a black and white poodle, or rather pretending to work a black and white poodle (*aloud*). Yes, Major, you came to announce me to the ladies—to prepare them for the shock, I mean the pleasure—quite right Smoker!

MAJOR. (*L. impatiently*) Choker! (*introducing ladies*) Lady Barbara, Mr. Lionel Larkins—Mr. Lionel Larkins Lady Barbara!

LIONEL. Your ladyship's most obedient.

MAJOR. (*introducing KATE, who rises unwillingly.*) My niece, Miss Kate Dalrymple.

LIONEL. (*bows*) Oh dear no! that won't do, Croaker—

MAJOR. (*shouting*) Choker! That won't do? What won't do?

LIONEL. Why this can't be your niece, because my father told me that I should find her decidedly good looking—now she's nothing of the sort (*MAJOR. LADY BARBARA, and KATE astonished*) No! she's an angel.

LADY B. (*aside to KATE*) There, Kate, there's a compliment! that's more than Mr. John Parker would have said to you. (*contemptuously*)

KATE. For Mr. John Parker's sake, I hope it is.

LIONEL (*aside*) I've been studying that speech for the last three hours and a half, and she doesn't take the slightest notice of it, but sticks to her black and white poodle, as if her life depended on it. Perhaps she's hard of hearing.

MAJOR. Well, and how is your father, my old friend Larkins (*slaps LARKINS sharply on the shoulder, he winces*)

LIONEL. Thank ye—he's hearty (*slapping MAJOR on shoulder*). Indeed, to use a strong expression. I may say, he's jolly! (*giving MAJOR another violent slap on the shoulder.*)

MAJOR. Well, I hope you won't be dull here! for certainly Bagshot is rather an out of the way place.

LIONEL. You may say that—for on leaving the train at Woking, I found myself under the disagreeable necessity of hiring a horse, and as I had got a carpet bag in front of me, a portmanteau behind me, an umbrella under one arm, and a hat-box under the other—I wasn't sorry when the journey was over, especially as about half way here my horse took it into his head to commence a series of evolutions of the most extraordinary, and I may, say painful description, concluding his performances by suddenly standing bolt upright on his hind legs!

MAJOR. I dare say he heard the fox hounds—they were to throw off, there this morning.

LIONEL. I don't know where the hounds threw off, but I can show you the exact spot where my horse threw off, because I left a full length impression of my figure in the mud (*turning round and showing his back covered with mud.*)

MAJOR. Ha. ha! But egad, you must be hungry after your ride.

LIONEL. Hungry! you forget, Smoker, that I have been feasting on a delicious banquet of grace and loveliness for the last quarter of an hour (*with an admiring look at KATE, who again looks at him, and then goes on with her work—aside*) She is either a deafy, or that black and white poodle monopolises her entire mental faculties.

MAJOR. True! and what is a little privation after all? Nothing! and you'd say so if you had been a soldier.

LIONEL. I *have* been a soldier !

MAJOR. Have you, my hero ? (*slapping him on back*)

LIONEL. (*wincing—then giving the MAJOR a terrific slap on the back*) Yes, my Trojan ! in the militia ! and remarkably well I looked in my regimentals, at least so the ladies said, (*pointedly to KATE, who looks up at him again, and then quietly resumes her work—aside*) If ever that black and white poodle falls in my clutches, I'll tear him piecemeal. (*aloud.*) But you'll allow me to retire, and make myself a little more presentable. Lady Barbara, (*bowing*) your most obedient ; Miss, (*to KATE, bowing*) your most devoted (*KATE looks up, and then goes on quietly with her work*), she seems to me to be not only a deafy, but a dummy. (*going L., stops*) By the bye, I met the postman coming towards the house, so I took charge of the letters (*presenting them to LADY B.*)

LADY B. Oh, thank ye. (*to KATE*) For you my dear, (*giving her a letter*) Why don't you thank Mr. Larkins ?

LIONEL. Oh dear, no ! (*KATE looks up at him, and again goes gently on with her work*) she's decidedly a dummy. (*crosses to L.*)

MAJOR. (*to LARKINS as he is going*) You won't be long, Larkins ! (*slapping him on the shoulder*)

LIONEL. (*wincing again, and giving the MAJOR a thundering slap on the shoulder*) Decidedly not, Smoker.

MAJOR. (*forcing a laugh, and rubbing his shoulder*) Ha, ha, ha ! (*at side*) Damn the fellow, how hard he hits. (*aloud*) Lady Barbara ! (*crossing to LADY B.*) Allow me, (*offering his hand to her*) Good bye Kate. I don't wish to influence you, the least little bit in the world, but Larkins is a trump !

LADY B. (*disdainfully*) Yes, rather a superior article to Mr. John Parker !

Exeunt MAJOR and LADY BARBARA, R.

KATE. Poor Mr. Parker ! he's not at a premium with uncle and aunt, that's very clear ! he may be reserved and shy, and not polished—in short he may not be a *trump* like Mr. Larkins, not that I know what a *trump* is, but for all that, if I—pshaw, let me read my letter. The London post mark !—from my dear cousin, Jane Lorimer, I declare (*opens it—reads*) “ Dearest Kate, I have found the inclosed amongst my brother's papers,

(*shewing note*) and as its contents materially concern yourself, I lose no time in forwarding it." (*looking at the note—reads*) "Dear Tom" and signed "John Parker." Then he knows Jane's brother! Oh! what nice writing, to be sure! as straight as a line, and not a "t" or an "i" that isn't crossed and dotted! I shan't be sorry to judge of his style—especially as he, most probably says something about me. (*reads*) "Dear Tom, when you receive this I shall be on my way for Bagshot; but you'll never guess the object of my journey to that outlandish place." Outlandish, indeed! I'm sure it is nothing of the sort, we've a circulating library—one ensign, and twenty-seven men of the Surrey Militia quartered in the town, and a Hunt Ball once a year! (*reads*) "But you'll never guess." &c. &c. &c. "I'll tell you, in a word then, I am ordered to Bagshot, by my uncle, who insists on me marrying the niece of an old friend of his, a certain Major Choker, residing there. A very likely matter, eh, Tom? that I shall give up my bachelor life, and bury myself alive at Bagshot, with a little simpleton of a country Miss for a wife!" Well I'm sure. (*reading again*) "some rustic beauty, no doubt, all dimples and freckles with very rosy cheeks and red elbows." What impertinence! and whom I most cordially detest already (*stops, and reads again with emotion, which she endeavours to conceal.—reads*) "whom I most cordially detest already"—(*sighs, then forcing a laugh*) Ha, ha, ha! (*reads*) "No! I have hit upon a plan to make myself unpopular with the grotesque old Major," (poor dear uncle) "and his pompous old wife, (poor dear aunt) "and thus escape the honor of a union with their niece, the little" (what's that?) "the little savage of Bagshot." That's me!—so then, his rough uncouth language and awkward manners are only assumed, and while I was kindly endeavouring to correct them—he was laughing at me all the while—Ha, ha, ha! (*with an hysterical laugh*) How very absurd! (*seeing the MAJOR and LADY B. coming*) My uncle and aunt! (*hastily hides the letter and assumes a cheerful countenance, up c.*

Enter MAJOR and LADY BARBARA, R.

MAJOR. (*crossing to L.*) As I said before—Larkins is a trump! did you hear what he said of my celery?

LADY B. And how he admired Pompey?

MAJOR. Swore it was the largest he had ever seen!

LADY B. Vowed he had never seen anything so small before; (*to KATE*) depend upon it, my dear, he's the husband for you!

PARKER *enters unperceived at c.—advances.*

MAJOR. (L.) Yes, as Lady Barbara very properly observed just now, he's rather a superior article to Mr. John Parker—(*turns and finds PARKER on his R. c., face to face*)

LADY B. (R.) I should think so, indeed! What girl in her senses could reject so refined and accomplished a lover for the coarse, awkward, ungainly, and unpolished Park—(*turns to L. c. face to face with him*)

KATE. (R., *seeing PARKER—aside*) He's here—so much the better. (*aloud, and with emphasis*) True, dear aunt, the gentleman you allude to is very agreeable indeed; and believe me, I appreciate his superior qualities quite as much as you do. (*aside*) There, I wonder how he likes that!

LADY B. (*delighted*) And you consent to marry him?

KATE. (*with another look at PARKER*) Most willingly, dear aunt!

PARK. (C., *astonished*) What do I hear?

MAJOR. Sufficient, I hope, Mr. Parker, to render any lengthened explanation unnecessary. In a word, our neice is about to be married.

PARK. Married! to whom? (*violently to MAJOR, who retreats alarmed*)

KATE. To one, sir, who thinks it no humiliation to ally himself to the family of Major Choker, and is content to bury himself alive at Bagshot, even with a little simpleton of a country miss for a wife. (*curtsies to PARKER, and going, R.*)

PARK. (*earnestly*) Stay, I beg! Major, (*violently to MAJOR, who retreats L.*) I appeal to you—you know that my good old uncle's most ardent wish is—

KATE. To secure his nephew's happiness! he will, therefore, no longer insist on your wasting your time at so outlandish a place as Bagshot, when it may be so much more profitably and agreeably employed elsewhere.

(*going R.*)

PARK. Once more I beg—I entreat!

KATE. Sir! (*drawing herself up, and then making a formal and stately curtsey—aside*) That's over; and I feel so perfectly satisfied with myself—so, so happy—so very happy, that I'll go and lock myself up in my room and have a good cry. *Exit R. D.*

PARK. She's gone—without one word of regret. (*violently to MAJOR, who retreats*) This is your doing.

MAJOR. No, no, Kate is her own mistress, I assure you. (*soothingly.*)

PARK. (*violently*) No such thing! (*suddenly grasping the MAJOR's arm, and then LADY B.'s, looking at them alternately, to the great alarm of both*) You are prepared to assert, affirm, make oath, and declare, that in rejecting my suit, and accepting that of my rival, (*savagely*) whoever he is, your niece has followed her own unbiassed inclinations?

MAJOR. (L.) }
LADY B. (C.) } We are!

PARK. That's enough! (*violently letting go of MAJOR and LADY B., and sending them both spinning round*) I have no longer any business here; and I can only regret I can't leave this house this very moment.

MAJOR. So do I—no, I don't mean that—unfortunately I've no conveyance. (*aside*) Egad! well thought of—there's Larkins' horse! the very thing! (*aloud*) By-the-bye, there's a horse in the stable!

PARK. Then go and saddle him this moment! (*pushing him towards C.*) Why don't you go and saddle him?

MAJOR. (*calling at C.*) Jonathan! (*louder*) Jonathan, I say!

JONATHAN appears C. from L.

JONATH. Ees, zur!

MAJOR. Saddle the horse this moment, and bring him round to the front door!

JONATH. Ees, zur, I will, when I've done my dinner.

MAJOR. Dinner! confound your dinner! do as I bid you, sir! (*furiously*)

JONATH. Now, don't'ee speak unkindly to me, zur, 'cause when a man—

MAJOR. Go along!

Threatening him—he disappears C. to L.

PARK. (*aside*) After all, what right have I to complain? I am only justly served! (*to MAJOR, and taking his hand*) Major Choker, in leaving your house, I trust that time and occupation will efface from my memory the motives which led me here; I also hope that yourself and Lady Barbara will not bear in mind the many unpardonable follies and improprieties of which I have been guilty, and which, believe me, I regret and deplore from the bottom of my heart.

(*presses the MAJOR's hand respectfully, kisses the hand of LADY B., then bows and exits, c. to L.*)

MAJOR. (L., *after a pause*) Lady Barbara!

LADY B. (R.) Major!

MAJOR. There's a change!

LADY B. A change? it's a revolution, both in language and manners. Never mind! we've got rid of him, and Pompey is avenged.

MAJOR. Yes, and so is my celery! Nevertheless, the young fellow quite affected me—he did, upon my life! (*going, c.*) There he is—the horse is brought out—he jumps into the saddle, and he's gone.

Enter LARKINS, hastily, L. D., very much agitated, and excessively pale.

LIONEL. (L.) My eyes can't have deceived me—no, it was Parker I saw—John Parker I saw—John Parker, that I flattered myself was safe in London—second floor—forty miles off—Chancery Lane. Luckily he didn't see me!

MAJOR. (*comes down*) He's out of sight. Egad! and no wonder, considering the awful pace he started at. (*sees LARKINS, L.*) Holloa!

LIONEL. He's out of sight! Who's out of sight?

MAJOR. Why, a young fellow that came down here to court our Kate, but it was no go!

LIONEL. It was no go! What was no go?

MAJOR. Why, *he* was no go! She refuses him—yes, regularly snubbed him, and on your account. (*slapping him on the shoulder*)

LIONEL. Go along, Smoker! (*giving him a violent slap on the shoulder*)

MAJOR. Yes, Larkins, Kate consents to be yours—so, egad! the sooner the wedding takes place the better.

JONATHAN. (*without, L. c.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear!
Where's master? where's missus!

Enter JONATHAN, C. from L.

MAJOR. Well, what's the matter?

JONATH. Oh, sir, poor Mr. Parker!

LIONEL. Then it *was* he! (*aside*)

MAJOR. Well?

KATE appears at R. D.

JONATH. (*blubbing*) Well, sir, Mr. Parker scampers down the avenue on Mr. Larkins' horse.

LIONEL. Holloa—holloa! *my* horse!

JONATH. Ees; and 'cause the gate warn't open, he tries to clear it, when down he comes, and breaks both his knees!

MAJOR. Whose knees? Mr. Parker's?

JONATH. No, Mr. Larkins's horse's knees!

KATE. (*coming forward*) Never mind Mr. Larkins's horse!

LIONEL. (*L.*) But I beg your pardon—I've hired that animal, and I'm responsible for that animal.

KATE. Pshaw! what of Mr. Parker?

JONATH. He beant worth eighteen pence! (*going up C.*)

KATE. Mr. Parker?

JONATH. No! Mr. Larkins's horse! Oh, here he comes.

LIONEL. My horse?

JONATH. No! Mr. Parker!

LIONEL. The devil! he musn't see me!

Exit hastily L. D.

MAJOR. (*looking out, L. c.*) There he is, poor fellow!

The MAJOR and JONATHAN meet PARKER, who is assisted in by a SERVANT. The MAJOR and JONATHAN help in depositing PARKER in an arm chair.

MAJOR. (*L.*) I hope your're not much hurt?

PARK. (*C., with a violent bound in arm chair*) Oh!

LADY B. (*R.*) Is it you head—or—your back, or—

PARKER. (*with another tremendous jump*) Oh!

MAJOR. We must send for a doctor. Jonathan! run for a doctor!

JONATH. (*R., of chair, very quietly*) E'es zar!

MAJOR. (*impatiently*) Well, why the devil don't you go?

JONATH. Now don'tee speak unkindly to me, zur!
'cause when a man—

MAJOR. Go along! (*drives JONATHAN off, C. to L.*)

LADY B. Poor young man, he must be put to bed directly! Major, wheel him into the next room. (*as the MAJOR is about to take hold of the chair—PARKER gives another violent plunge, keeping the MAJOR off*) Never mind—(*crossing to L.*) come with me, and get the room in order. Kate dear, stop where you are, we'll soon return! now, Major, make haste; how slow you are (*pushing MAJOR off before her, L. D*)

KATE. *going towards PARKER* He's very quiet; perhaps he's fallen asleep! (*taking two or three steps on tip-toe towards PARKER, who suddenly jumps up, and runs to KATE who screams*) Ah, don't come near me! (*running back to R., very much frightened*)

PARK. Hush! Don't be alarmed, I beg—

KATE. What arn't you dead?

PARK. (*smiling*) Not that I am aware of.

KATE. No bones broken?

PARK. Certainly not!

KATE. Nor even hurt?

PARK. Not in the least!

KATE. Then I've been frightened for nothing—how very provoking! (*pouting*)

PARK. Indeed! Then all I can do, under circumstances, is to apologise to you for not having broken my neck.

KATE. No, no! but explain—what does it all mean?

PARK. That I was determined to see you once more, and as nothing more simple or effectual suggested itself, than a fall from my horse, I risked my neck to effect my object—Miss Dalrymple, this letter (*producing letter*) which, by your orders, was placed in my hand on leaving the house—

KATE. (*coldly*) Was written, I believe, sir, by you.

PARK. It was; but under circumstances which, I trust, will at least palliate, if not excuse the contents. An impudent coxcomb, whom, I am ashamed to say, I admitted to my friendship, and to whom I communicated my uncle's wish that I should marry you, had, doubtless for his own purposes, so foully misrepresented you and your worthy uncle and aunt, that smarting under the

irritation of the moment, I wrote that letter. It is true that I came here with the full intention of forcing you to reject me, by the assumption of a character which was foreign to me. It is also true that, in your kindly efforts to extenuate faults and correct defects that were only assumed, I first saw how grossly I had been deceived, and just learned, too late, perhaps, to love you. (*kneeling*) Kate—dear Kate, say you forgive me.

Enter JONATHAN, C. *from L., running.*

JONATH. (L.) Doctor be come. (*seeing PARKER on his knees*) Holloa!

PARK. (C., *jumping up and seizing him*) Silence!

JONATH. I won't silence! (*shouting*) Master, here be dead man come to life again!

PARK. (*shaking him*) Hush!

JONATH. I won't hush! (*looking out*) Ah, there be Mr. Larkins—I'll call 'un. Mr. Larkins—here!

PARK. Larkins! (*throwing him aside*) Yes, 'tis he!

KATE. He—who?

PARK. Who? why, the very identical coxcomb I was speaking of just now—he who imposed upon my credulity, by drawing such a remarkably flattering portrait of you.

KATE. Mr. Larkins! oh, impossible!

PARK. On the contrary, now that I know he is a suitor for your hand, his motive is at once made clear, evident, palpable—he hoped to prevent my coming here—the rascal! and thus secure a clear stage for himself—the villain!

KATE. I cannot believe what you say!

PARK. Will you believe Larkins, if Larkins himself confirms what I say of Larkins?

KATE. (*quickly*) Yes, yes!

PARK. And then you'll reject him with the contempt he deserves?

KATE. Oh, dear no! *he* must reject *me*—I have my plan.

PARK. Where?

KATE. “In my mind's eye. Horatio!”

PARK. He's here! Quick into your room, and listen.

Exit KATE, R. D.

(*he takes hold of* JONATHAN, *and while speaking places him*

R. of chair) Now listen to me, Jonathan—far be it from me to alarm you, Jonathan, but if you dare to speak, move, think, or even wink, I'll break every bone in your body.

(falls into arm chair, c.)

LIONEL. *(peeping in, c.)* There he is! I'm not naturally of a ferocious disposition, but if, instead of breaking my horse's knees he had broken his own neck, it would not have broken my heart. *(down L.)* Who'd have thought of his coming down here after the description I gave him of Choker and Co.? I must make some excuse or other for having humbugged him, or he'll be furious. *(advances, sees JONATHAN, and beckons to him)* Hist! hist!

JONATHAN *is about to go to him, when he is stopped by PARKER, who shakes his fist at him.*

LIONEL. Is he asleep?

(in a loud whisper to JONATHAN, who is about to answer, when he is stopped by a threatening motion from PARKER—LARKINS advances cautiously, and peeps over the back of Parker's chair.)

PARKER. *(with a violent start, and a tremendous bound in his chair)* Ah! *(LARKINS runs away, dreadfully alarmed—PARKER starts from his chair and rushing after him, grasps him violently by the arm, looking earnestly in his face)* Yes, 'tis my long lost uncle! No, no, no! *(in a plaintive tone.)*

LIONEL. *(aside)* He's delirious! *(in a soothing tone to him)* How do you feel now?

PARK. Better—much better, since I have seen you, my mother. How is the Archbishop of Canterbury?

LIONEL. *(dreadfully alarmed, and imitating him)* Better—much better! *(aside)* I wish I was well out of this! *(retreating, and looking anxiously at c. d.)*

PHRK. *(suddenly, and with a violent exclamation)* Ah! *(then quietly holding out his hand to him)* How are you, Larkins?

LIONEL. *(half alarmed, at length gives his hand to him)* Pretty well, Parker—I hope you're dreadfully injured—I mean, I trust you're not much hurt.

PARK. Oh dear, no!

LIONEL. What a pity! no, I don't mean that! *(aside)* He seems glad to see me—that's a good sign.

PARK. Ah, my dear Larkins, how refreshing it is to see something human and civilised in this outlandish place—

or as you very properly called it, this wretched hole.
(raising his voice, and looking at R. room, the door of which slowly opens—aside) She's listening!

LIONEL. Not so loud!

(pointing to JONATHAN, who appears astonished at Parker's speech)

PARK. Never mind him—he's deaf!

LIONEL. Deaf! *(aside)* It seems to run in the family.

PARK. And as stupid as an owl, into the bargain.

LIONEL. He looks like it.

(JONATHAN is astounded, and is about to speak, but is kept quiet by a threatening look from PARKER.)

PARKER. But insufferable as the place is, the people in it are still more so, if possible—such a collection of curiosities—ha, ha! old Choker, for instance—you might well describe him “that dreadful old guy of a major—ha, ha, ha! *(in a loud voice towards R. D.—JONATHAN looks thunderstruck)*

LIONEL. No, no! *(looking about him uneasily)*

PARK. Yes, you did! I remember your very words.
(in a loud voice) “You'll find that dreadful old guy of a major,” says you, “only surpassed in absurdity by his stiff, formal, pompous, old frump of a wife,” says you—ha, ha, ha!

(JONATHAN stands aghast, but is again kept quiet by another look from PARKER.)

LIONEL. Well—but you're sure he's deaf?

(pointing to JONATHAN.)

PARK. Deaf as a post.

LIONEL. I certainly did call the old lady a frump, and you found her so, eh? ha, ha, ha!

PARK. Yes, and then the young lady herself, eh? If she had sat to you for her portrait, you couldn't have described her more to the life “a little, awkward, gawky, sheepish, ignorant chit—in short, a perfect little savage.”

LIONEL. *(in a fever)* No, no! I didn't!

PARK. I beg your pardon—those were your very words when you proposed her health at the last supper I gave. Don't you remember?

LIONEL. Yes, that is—you're quite sure he's deaf?

(pointing to JONATHAN.)

PARK. If he was inside Big Ben itself, he couldn't hear it strike! "Gentlemen," you said—

LIONEL. "I beg to propose the health of Parker's intended—the Little Savage of Bagshot!" Ha, ha, ha!

PARK. Ha, ha, ha!

(JONATHAN *lifts up his hands, astounded.*)

LIONEL. Then what has brought you down here?

PARK. Because my uncle insisted upon it. And you?

LIONEL. Because my father insisted upon it—on account of the lady's fortune.

PARK. (*very loud, and towards R. D.*) Oh! I see, you came here to marry her for her money.

LIONEL. Yes—that's all!

PARK. Although she is a "Little Savage!" eh?

LIONEL. Yes—ha, ha! (*the R. door is seen to close violently—JONATHAN, quite overcome, falls exhausted on sofa*)

MAJOR. (*without, L.*) Very well, doctor.

LIONEL. Here's the Major!

PARK. (*very loud*) The dreadful old guy—eh?

LIONEL. Hush!

Enter MAJOR., L. D.

MAJOR. (*crossing to c.*) Well, my poor young friend, how are you?

PARK. Better—much better!

MAJOR. But you must be bled, for all that—so come along. (*takes hold of PARKER*)

LIONEL. (*L.*) Of course, take him away and bleed him—bleed him profusely.

PARK. But I tell you—

MAJOR. And I tell you you're to have a basin of gruel—put your feet in hot water, and go to bed!

LIONEL. Of course, give him a basin of hot water, and put his feet in gruel, by all means.

PARK. Nonsense!

MAJOR. (*forcing him off*) Pshaw! come along!

The MAJOR and JONATHAN force PARKER off, L. D.

LIONEL. Ha, ha, ha! Go and be bled, and put to bed, my dear friend, and stop there till I've wooed and won my charming Kate—not a little gawky, awkward, ignorant miss, as you believe her to be—but an elegant,

amiable, and accomplished young lady—at least, so my father says. (*here a prelude is heard on the piano, R.*) That's she! She's going to sing! Oh, what charming matrimonial duets we shall have! (*KATE singing without, very loud, and out of tune, and banging the piano violently*)

“It's the last rose of summer left blooming alone.
All her lovely companions are faded and gone.”

LIONEL. (*making a wry face*) That's very beautiful.

Enter KATE, R., with a sheet of music, which she holds before her—a skipping rope over her arm—singing very much out of tune.

KATE. (*sings*) “No flower of her kindred—no rosebud” Oh, bother (*tossing the music in the air*) I shan't practice any more—I'll have a skip! (*skips round the stage, till at length she throws the skipping rope over LIONEL, and finds herself face to face with him—looks stupidly at him, and then giggles*)

LIONEL. (*aside*) What an intellectual countenance! (*makes KATE a low bow, she giggles again, and then bobs a curtsey—aside*) And what a graceful curtsey! (*aloud*) My dear Miss Kate! (*about to take her hand*)

KATE. (*suddenly snatches away her hand, and hitting LIONEL over the fingers with the handle of her skipping rope*) Come, I say, hands off!

LIONEL. (*aside*) Playful trifle! (*aside, and rubbing his hand*) Rather a nuisance. (*aloud, and tenderly*) I'm delighted to see you alone.

KATE. (*giggling*) He, he, he!

LIONEL. Because I've something to say to you!

KATE. Oh, oh, oh! (*knowingly.*)

LIONEL. Something very particular!

KATE. Ah, ah, ah!

LIONEL. (*aside, and imitating*) He, he, he! Oh, oh, oh! Ah, ah, ah! rather an original style of conversation. (*aloud*) Of course you know what brought me here?

KATE. Yes, your horse—he, he, he! (*swaying the skipping rope round, almost within an inch of his nose; he retreats*)

LIONEL. Exactly—but my motive? I repeat my motive? (*very tenderly*)

KATE. Lor' ! how should I know ? he, he, he ! (*giggling*)

LIONEL. (*aside*) She seems to me to be slightly stupid. (*aloud*) In a word, your Uncle Choker, I mean Smoker, —never mind—tells me—

KATE. Hush ! don't move ! (*pretending to catch a fly on LIONEL's cheek, he jumps aside*) I haven't got it—go on—you were saying something or other !

LIONEL. Yes, your uncle tells me you have dismissed my rival !

KATE. Oh, yes, and a very nice young man too—handsomer than you, by ever so much. (*swinging skipping rope round again to the great annoyance of LIONEL*) He, he, he ! you're frightened ! Well, it wouldn't be pleasant to get a crack on the nose, would it !

LIONEL. (*aside*) A crack on the nose ! what a very peculiar phraseology. (*KATE has thrown away the skipping rope, and has taken the cup and ball from her pocket, and begins playing with it, LIONEL turns and sees her—aside*) Something else now ! she must carry a toy-shop about her ! (*aloud and conceitedly*) However, though he was such a “ nice young man,” you preferred me.

KATE. No ! I didn't, it was all along of uncle !

LIONEL. (*aside*) What does she mean by “ all along of uncle ? ”

KATE. (*who by this time has taken a large apple from her pocket out of which she takes a very large mouthful, and consequently speaking in the most unintelligible manner*)—Yes, you see ! uncle said to me, says he—

LIONEL. I beg your pardon ; but I don't exactly hear what you say. (*imitating*)

KATE. It is not me—'tis the happle ! (*almost choking herself*)

LIONEL. (*aside*) What can she mean by the “ happle ? ”

KATE. (*taking another bite*) Well then, as I was saying, says uncle to me, says he—take a bite ! (*offering apple.*)

LIONEL. No, thank you.

KATE. You'd better, it is such a jolly one !

LIONEL. (*aside*) A jolly one ! she certainly has a most vigorous style of expressing herself ! (*aloud*) But—you were about to observe—says uncle to you—says he !

KATE. “ I want you to marry young Larkins ”—says

he—"All right," says I, "on condition," says I—don't move! (*again suddenly catching an imaginary fly on LARKIN's cheek, and making him start violently*)—I've got it—He, he, he, he! (*jumping with joy*) Such a great big blue bottle, he, he, he!

LIONEL. (*aside*) She's half an idiot! I suspect that Parker is well out of this, and that I have taken *myself* in—(*aloud*) But you were saying you consent to marry me on one condition.

KATE. That you take me to concerts and operas, and all the Theatres!

LIONEL. (*aside and disgusted*) The-a-tres! (*aloud*) Yes!

KATE. And balls—balls especially for I do love a dance, and (*beckoning LARKINS, who hesitates to approach her, she beckons again, stamping her foot impatiently—LARKINS approaches cautiously*) As you are to be my hubby, I don't mind telling you, (*in a loud whisper*) I can dance it.

LIONEL. Dance it! dance what?

KATE. Hush! (*in a very mysterious manner*) The Polka! yes. Ensign Griffin of the militia taught it me, he, he, he! he used to come here when uncle and aunt were gone to market, and gave old Sukey a new gown, not to say nothing to nobody—he, he!

LIONEL. (*aside*) I don't half like this! (*aloud*) And so you can dance the polka, can you?

KATE. Can I—look here! (*suddenly swinging LARKIN's hands, and whirling him rapidly round the stage,—she mixes the Polka with other steps, sometimes stopping altogether—then suddenly starting off again, almost dancing LARKINS off his legs.*)

LARKINS. (*out of breath*) Stop, stop! (*KATE suddenly lets go his hands, and he staggers helplessly against the table, falling forward on it, and clinging to it convulsively—during the dance PARKER has appeared at C., and laughs at LARKINS—then takes advantage of LARKIN's exhaustion, he suddenly advances, seizes KATE's hand, kisses it, and again retreats behind the chair.*)

LIONEL. (*to KATE.*) You don't dance the polka right. Ensign Griffin was a muff. This is the way! (*about to put his arm round KATE*)

KATE. Be quiet, sir.

LIONEL. But I tell you—(*about to repeat the action*)

KATE. Oh, you will, will you! Then, take that, and that, and that! (*slapping his hands violently*)

LIONEL. Come, I say. (*rubbing his hands*) I repeat, you can't dance the polka—you don't keep time.

KATE. That's right, (*beginning to cry*) find fault with me do you horrid ugly little creature you! Oh, oh, oh! (*hubbbering*)

LIONEL. Hush! (*soothingly*) Don't make such a row.

KATE. (*still crying*) I know I'm not as clever as Cousin Jane.

LIONEL. Cousin Jane! Who's she?

KATE. Uncle's other niece—though, I daresay, you wouldn't care about that, if I had ten thousand pounds as *she* has.

LIONEL. Ten thousand pounds! (*aside*) I see it all—my stupid old father has made a mistake, and proposed for the wrong niece. (*aloud*) And where does Cousin Jane live?

KATE. Up in London.

LIONEL. Whereabouts?

KATE. I don't know exactly—but it's either the British Museum, or Westminster Abbey.

LIONEL. Pshaw! she's a perfect idiot.

KATE. An idiot! Uncle! Aunt! Aunt! Uncle! (*shouting at the top of her voice*)

Enter LADY BARBARA, MAJOR, and JONATHAN, L., *who crosses to R.*

MAJOR. } Well, what's the matter?
LADY B. }

KATE. Mr. Larkins says I'm an idiot.

LIONEL. No, no!

PARK. (C., *suddenly advancing*) You did, sir! I heard you, sir.

JONATH. Ees, and he called you, sir, (*to MAJOR.*) a dreadful "old Guy," and missus a ridiculous "old Frump."

LADY B. (L. C.) Let me get at him! (*advancing to LARKINS, R.*)

MAJOR. No, no! (*pulling LADY B. round to L., and advancing to LARKINS, R.*) I'll have satisfaction'

PARK. (*pulling the MAJOR back, and taking his place*)
So will I, sir.

LADY B. (L.) And so will I, sir. (LARKINS gets behind JONATHAN, R.)

KATE. (*interposing*) Nay, don't you see that it is only a ruse on Mr. Larkins part.

MAJOR.

PARK. } A ruse?

LADY B. }

LIONEL. (*eagerly*) Yes, of course, a rooze, a rooze!
(*aside*) What does she mean by a rooze?

KATE. Yes, on discovering that his dear friend, Mr. John Parker, was his rival, he nobly determined, by a pretended insult to you, uncle, to my dear aunt, and to myself, to secure the rejection of his suit.

MAJOR. (*crossing to LIONEL, R., and shaking hands*)
Generous Larkins! I thank you. (*back to L.*)

PARK. Magnanimous Larkins! so do I!

(*shaking hands, and back to L. C.*)

LIONEL. (*with pretended emotion*) Don't thank me—I am sufficiently rewarded already.

KATE. Then you shall be my partner for the first dance at our bridal ball. (*giving her hand to PARKER*)

LIONEL. Thank you! but you've trod on my toes quite enough already. (*imitating her style of dancing*)

KATE. Nay, if you refuse me, I shall fret and pine.

(*singing with feeling and expression.*)

“Like the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.”

LIONEL. (*aside*) Holloa!

KATE. At any rate, *this* I'm sure you'll do—you will preside at the wedding supper, and drink health and happiness to your friend, John Parker, and his bride—“The Little Savage of Bagshot.”

JONATHAN. LIONEL. KATE. PARKER. LADY B. MAJOR.
R. L.

CURTAIN.

JESSIE BROWN;

OR,

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

DION BOUCICAULT,

AUTHOR OF

London Assurance, Old Heads and Young Hearts, The Irish Heiress, Used Up, The Corsican Brothers, Love and Money, The Willow Copse, The Life of an Actress, The Phantom, Andy Blake, The Chameleon, Victor and Hortense, Genevieve, The Young Actress, Louis the Eleventh, The Knight of Arva, Faust and Marguerite, Janet Pride, George D'Arville, The Poor of New York, Belphegor, Napoleon's Old Guard, Love in a Maze, Alma Mater, A Lover by Proxy, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Giralda, Sixtus the Fifth, The Prima Donna, Bluebelle, The Cat Changed into a Woman, Una, The Fox Hunt, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,*)

LONDON.

*As performed at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth,
November, 1858.*

~~~~~  
A NEW, GREAT, AND ORIGINAL PLAY,

Which has been several weeks in preparation, founded on the beautiful episode in the present Indian War, and written by DION BOUCICAULT, Esq., for Wallack's Theatre, New York, where it was played upwards of 80 nights, under the title of

## JESSIE BROWN;

OR, THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

The New Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM CHANNING. Costumes by Mrs. WATSON.

The following account is taken from the letters of a lady, one of the rescued on the 26th September, when Lucknow was relieved by the forces under Sir Colin Campbell.

"Death stared us in the face. We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The Engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially on that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the ploughing.' She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Aye, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! we're saved, we're saved.' Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, 'Courage, hark to the slogan of the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'. Here's help at last.' To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a

moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually however there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked out began anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few minutes more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—‘Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are comin’. D’ye hear, d’ye hear?’ At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the bagpipes of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, would come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in the softer tones, seeming to promise succour to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed bagpipe. To our cheer of ‘GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!’ they replied in the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, ‘SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT,’ &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed.”

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#### NATIVES.

|                                                 |                 |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------|
| THE NANA SAHIB ( <i>Rajah of Bithoor</i> )..... | Mr. G. ELLIS.   |
| ACHMET ( <i>his Vakeel</i> ) .....              | Mr. F ALLEN.    |
| MAHOOH } .....                                  | { Mr. WESTLAND. |
| HAKEEN } .....                                  |                 |
|                                                 | { Mr. EVERIT.   |

#### BRITISH.

|                                                           |                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| RANDAL MACGREGOR { <i>Officers in the</i> }               | Mr. W.S. BRANSON. |
| GEORDIE MACGREGOR { <i>English Service</i> }              | Mr. J. F. WARDEN. |
| REV. DAVID BLOUNT ( <i>Chaplain, 32nd Regiment</i> )..... | Mr. STEPHENSON.   |
| SWEENIE ( <i>a Private, 32nd Regiment</i> ).....          | Mr. BRIDGEFORD.   |
| CASSIDY ( <i>a Corporal, 32nd Regiment</i> ) .....        | Mr. C. LLOYDS.    |

*Soldiers, Highlanders, Sepoys, and Hindoo Servants.*

|                                                  |                   |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| JESSIE BROWN ( <i>a Scotch Girl</i> ).....       | Miss M. EBURNE.   |
| MRS. CAMPBELL ( <i>Widow of an Officer</i> ) ... | Miss KATE CARSON. |
| CHARLIE } .....                                  | { Master WHITE.   |
| EFFIE } .....                                    |                   |
| ALICE ( <i>her Sister</i> ) .....                | Miss F. MORELLI.  |
| MARY .....                                       | Mrs. G. ELLIS.    |

SCENE—LUCKNOW, in the PROVINCE of OUDE, INDIA.

TIME—THE SUMMER OF 1857.

## Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

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### ACT I.

The **BUNGALOW**; or, Country House of Mrs. Campbell,  
Lucknow in the distance—Jessie Brown the pet of the Regiment,

### THE ALARM. THE MUTINY.

Preparation for Flight—Treachery of Nana Sahib—Attempted  
Assassination of Randal Macgregor.

Nana Sahib Plots to Murder the Women and Children,

### INTERIOR of the BUNGALOW,

The Highlanders—Thoughts of Home—"Auld Lang Syne."

### THE CHILDREN'S SLEEPING ROOM

WITH DISTANT VIEW OF LUCKNOW BY NIGHT,

Nana Sahib appears—he confesses his love for Mrs. Campbell—  
she spurns him—his threat to Murder her Child unless she consents  
to become his—arrival of Jessie Brown—she seizes the knife and  
stabs Nana Sahib—devotion of Sweeney.

### ATTACK UPON THE BUNGALOW

Repelled by Jessie and Ladies—Escape of Randal.

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### ACT II.

### MOSQUE IN THE CITY OF LUCKNOW,

Jessie a Prisoner, chained to the Wall—Lucknow in the Hands of  
the Sepoys—harrowing details of the dastardly

### MURDER OF 200 WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

*By the Wretch, NANA SAHIB.*

Appearance of Sweeney and Cassidy—the Surprise—the Flag of  
Truce—the Sepoys lure their Victims to surrender and then destroy  
them—the Mine—the Prisoners—the Release,

*Achmet about to Fire the Mine—he is Seized by Cassidy,*

### TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

---

### ACT III.

### RUINS OF THE BRITISH ENCAMPMENT,

**FAMINE IN THE BRITISH CAMP,**

The British Soldiers refuse their Rations to give them to the  
Women and Children,

**JESSIE'S DREAM,**

PREPARATION FOR A GRAND ASSAULT,

**THE ATTACK**

*REPELLED BY BRITISH VALOUR.*

THE WOMEN LEFT to LOAD the GUNS,

THE REBELS ARE BEAT BACK AGAIN,

THE

**RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,**

GRAND AND IMPOSING TABLEAU OF

**The Arrival of Havelock.****Costumes.**

RANDAL.—Red coat, plaid trowsers and scarf, broad sword, white cotton toupee, with lappet round the neck.

HAVELOCK.—Blue frock, cocked hat, dark trowsers, and gauntlets.

GEORDIE.—Red coat, plaid trowsers, scarf, &c., like Randal.

BLOUNT.—Black cut-off coat, trowsers, broad brimmed hat, white cravat, and grey hair.

SWEENIE and CASSIDY.—Red coats, white trowsers, and white cotton toupees.

SOLDIERS.—Uniforms of different regiments.

HIGHLANDERS.—Full Highland uniforms.

MRS. CAMPBELL.—White muslin dress.

ALICE and MARY.—White muslin dresses, straw hats, and parasols.

CHARLIE and EFFIE.—Neat white dresses.

JESSIE.—Grey stuff dress, light paid scarf, and hood

NATIVES.—All have dusky complexions.

NANA.—White turban with jewels, white tunic and trowsers, red morocco shoes, yataghan. *Second Act:* Morocco boots, sword and pistols.

ACHMET.—Red turban, shirt and trowsers of a bold stripe—the same pattern not worn by any other character.

REBEL SEPOYS.—Red coats, white trowsers and shakoes.

SERVANTS.—White turbans, shirts, and trowsers, and leather slippers.

## JESSIE BROWN.

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### ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Exterior of the Bungalow of Mrs. Campbell, R. 3 E.—Lucknow in the distance, seen over a low parapet wall at back. Table laid on R. side, under a tree, with viands upon it. Native SERVANTS in attendance.*

*Music.*—Enter GEORDIE MC GREGOR, with ALICE and MARY, L. and ACHMET from the house, R.

GEORDIE. Here we are at last. What can induce Mrs. Campbell to live a mile from Lucknow?

ALICE. You are a pretty soldier—you cannot march a mile without a murmur.

GEORDIE. On my own native hills in bonnie Scotland, with my hound by my side, I have walked a dozen miles before breakfast; but under this Indian sun——

MARY. And with only a pretty girl by your side——

ALICE. Say two pretty girls. Don't be bashful Mary—include me.

*Enter MRS. CAMPBELL, R. 3 E.*

GEORDIE. Oh, Mrs. Campbell, look here! I am besieged—Delhi is nothing to the condition I shall be in if you don't relieve me.

ALICE. Mrs. Campbell, please, he won't tell us which of us he is in love with.

MRS. C. I will tell you: with neither. He is in love with his new uniform; he only received his commission two months ago, and every officer is for six months in love with himself.

GEORDIE. After that I'll take a glass of sangaree.

MRS. C. Where's Randal?

GEORDIE. My fiery brother, "the Mc Gregor"—as Jessie will insist on calling him—is, as usual, inspecting his men.

MRS. C. Jessie is right; for your brother, Randal McGregor, is one of the noblest men that ever breathed the Scottish air and made it purer. But tell me, what news from Delhi? (*they sit*)

GEORDIE. Oh, the siege continues; but it will be taken, of course—these black rascals are mere scum.

(ACHMET, C., who is serving GEORDIE, R. C. looks round)

ALICE. *There* is one who disagrees with you on that point.

GEORDIE. Does he?

ACHMET. No, sahib, Allah Akbar! it is so—we *are* scum. Lady, in Hindoostan there are one hundred millions such as am, and there are one hundred thousand such as you; yet for a century you have had your foot on our necks; we are to you a thousand to one—a thousand black necks to one white foot. Allah is great, and Mohammed is his prophet. We are *scum*!

GEORDIE. I can't answer for the truth of your calculation, but I agree in the sentiment—you *are* scum. (*drinks*)

ACHMET. Sometimes the scum rises.

GEORDIE. Yes, Dusky, and when it does, the pot boils over and puts the fire out; so the scum extinguishes the element that made it rise.

ACHMET. I cannot reason with a European.

GEORDIE. No, nor fight with one; by your own calculation, it takes one thousand of you to do either one or the other.

*Exit* ACHMET, R. 3 E.

MRS. C. (R.) Beware of that man, Geordie; I did not like the expression of his face as you spoke.

GEORDIE. Bah! there is virtue enough in one red-coat to put a whole army of them to flight.

MRS. C. Have you ever been in battle?

GEORDIE. Never. But when I'm on parade, and hear the drums and see the uniforms, I feel like the very devil.

ALICE. There is no chance of the war coming here—is there?

GEORDIE. Not the slightest. London itself is not more peaceable than yonder city of Lucknow; the native regiments here are faithful as dogs. You need not fear danger.

MRS. C. The rebellion is still far. But when I think of the atrocities already perpetrated by the Sepoys—when I think of my two little children—oh, why do I remain here in the midst of such scenes of horror?

GEORDIE. Because you are in love with my brother Randal; the feelings of the mother urge you to go and the feelings of the woman command you to stay.

MRS. C. (*rising*) Geordie, there is more truth than kindness in what you say.

GEORDIE. (*holds her*) Stay, Amy, I'm a thoughtless fool.

MRS. C. Yet you wrong me a little—I was betrothed to Randal; we quarrelled, as lovers will, and parted;—in that moment of anger I accepted the hand of Colonel Campbell.

GEORDIE. At the siege of Sebastopol, Randal became your husband's most devoted friend, and watched over him like a brother.

MRS. C. Oh, it was a noble reproof to my falsehood.

GEORDIE. And at the charge of the Highlanders, when

Campbell was struck down mortally wounded, and the command devolved on my brother, Randal carried him in his arms, at the head of the regiment, into the redoubt, so that none of the glory of that day should be lost to his rival.

MRS. C. Should I not be ungrateful to my dead husband if I did not love Randal McGregor as I do?

(JESSIE, *outside L., sings—GEORDIE goes up*)

MARY. (C.) Hush, listen!

ALICE. (R. *of her*) What is that?

GEORDIE. What is it? why it is a sprig of heather from the Highland moors. It is a slogan on the Scotch pipes that nature has put into the prettiest throat that ever had an arm round it. It is the pet of the regiment.—It is Jessie Brown.

MRS. C. (R.) Yes, 'tis Jessie; here she comes up the hill with her two lovers.

ALICE. Two lovers! that's extra allowance.

GEORDIE. She might have eight hundred if she liked, for that is the strength of the 78th Regiment, and there's not a man in it that would not stake his life for a blink of her blue eye.

MRS. C. Jessie is a good girl, as honest and true as steel; she is betrothed to Sweenie Jones, a private in the 32nd.

GEORDIE. An ugly, wiry little fellow, but a smart soldier, and as brave as a terrier.

MRS. C. But she is also followed by a soft, good-natured Irish corporal named Cassidy, the bosom friend of Sweenie, and to see these two men so devoted to each other, and yet so fond of the same girl, is a picture too like my own history not to fill me with interest and emotion.

(*Music—Scotch air—very piano*)

GEORDIE. She belongs to our clan.

ALICE. Here she comes.

MRS. C. And here come my darling ones.

*Enter SWEENIE, L., carrying CHARLIE on his back, and CASSIDY carrying EFFIE on his shoulder.*

CHARLIE. Wo, hossey! come up! (SWEENIE *tries to salute* GEORDIE; CASSIDY *salutes him*)

EFFIE. (*beating CASSIDY with her parasol*) Go along, hossey.

CHARLIE. Oh, Sweenie, you'll have me down! hold me up, sir.

*Enter JESSIE, L.,—music ceases.*

JESSIE. Dinna ye hear the bairn, ye lout?—hau'd him up.

SWEENIE. How can I, when I must salute my officer?

JESSIE. Eh, sirs, it's maister Geordie—gude day, leddies—eh.

my certie, how braw a chiel he is in his red coat and his gou'd lace. There's McGregor in every inch of him. Eh why wasn't I the Queen of Scotland to make a king of him!

GEORDIE. Don't be a fool, Jessie,—you talk just as you did when we were children.

JESSIE. And why shouldn't I, Geordie? In the days of Auld Lang Syne, when we played together on the craigs o' Duncleuch, you aye used to kiss me when we met and parted—you do so now when there is nane to see—are you ashamed of those days when we were children, Geordie? I'm not.

GEORDIE. No, Jessie, and I'll kiss you now if Sweenie does not mind.

SWEENIE. No, your honour, if Jessie says all right, so it is.

CASSIDY. We give our consent.

ALICE. (*vexed*) Jessie has three lovers instead of two, it seems.

JESSIE. Eh! (*aside*) Yon lassie loo's him, I spier it in the blink o' her e'e. She'll be fashed wi' him for kissin' me.

GEORDIE. (*aside*) Alice is furious. (*aloud*) Come, Jessie, for Auld Lang Syne.

JESSIE. (*snatching CHARLIE from SWEENIE—aside to SWEENIE*) Say ye nae like it.

SWEENIE. (*puzzled*) Eh,—what! Hold your honour, I ax pardon, but—

JESSIE. Sweenie's jealous.

CASSIDY. We are chokin' wid it, plase your honor.

MRS. C. (*who with MARY has watched this scene, and understood JESSIE's motives, advances*) Go along, all of you, take your sweethearts into the kitchen. Jessie, leave the children here.

JESSIE. 'Tention 32nd! fa' in. Reeht face—March!

*Exeunt SWEENIE and CASSIDY following her word of command, R. 3 E.*

MRS. C. (*laughing*) There girls, there's a pair of lovers reduced to discipline!

ALICE. Yet people say that now-a-days the chivalry has left the officers and is to be found in the ranks.

MRS. C. No, Alice—Jessie is beloved, because all men worship what is brave, gentle, and good, because she shrinks from hurting another's feelings, even in jest, as she did yours just now.

JESSIE. Nae, my leddy—I knaw nout o' what yer spierin at.

MRS. C. Then take that blush away.

(*JESSIE running out, R. 3 E. stops and returns timidly to ALICE*)

JESSIE. (*in a low voice*) Ye are nae angry wi' puir Jessie.

ALICE. (*turns and throws her arms round her neck and kisses her*) No. JESSIE runs off, R. 3 E.

MRS. C. Now, Geordie, you can take Jessie's kiss where she has left it, and I am sure you will hurt nobody's feelings.

ALICE. Oh, Amy. (GEORDIE crosses to ALICE)

MRS. C. Come girls, take Geordie in, I would be alone.

*Music, exit GEORDIE, ALICE, and MARY, R. 3 E.*

MRS. C. Randal is coming, I cannot hear his footstep, but the air he breathes conveys his presence to me, as it flutters through my heart.

*Enter RANDAL MC GREGOR, L.*

RANDAL. Amy.

MRS. C. Ah, I knew it.

CHARLIE. Oh, dere's Randal.

EFFIE. No, Charlie, me first, kiss Effie first. (*they run to him, C.*)

RANDAL. There, that will do, run along, go Charlie, go Effie, you tease me. (*the CHILDREN shrink back to R.*)

MRS. C. Come away, dears; you are tired, Randal.

RANDAL. No, but the sight of those children pains me.

MRS. C. They remind you that I have been unfaithful—oh Randal, do not visit the fault of the mother upon these innocent children.

RANDAL. Amy, your repentance wounds me, and your memory of that fault is a reproach to my love. Oh, let it be buried in the grave of your noble husband.

MRS. C. Forgive me.

RANDAL. Charlie, come here, Effie, come. (*they cross C., he kisses them*) Amy, I have bad news, the rebels are at Cawn-pore, not fifty miles from hence, and a report has just arrived, that tells of horrors committed on our countrymen, their wives, their children, that makes my blood freeze and my heart groan.

MRS. C. Randal, Randal, are we in danger here? my children, are they safe?

RANDAL. Hush! one cry of alarm, one look of fear, and we are lost. Of our regiments in Lucknow, four will mutiny, one only will remain faithful—to-night you must leave this place.

MRS. C. Is peril so near.

*Enter two native SERVANTS, R. 3 E., who remove the service, R.*

RANDAL. Hush. (*sings as he dances CHARLIE.*)

There is nae luck aboot the hoose.

There is nae luck awa', &c.

(MRS. CAMPBELL *leans, trembling, over the child at her side.*)

*Exeunt NATIVES, R. 3 E.—Randal lets his voice sink gradually.*

MRS. C. They are gone.

RANDAL. Regain you courage, think of these children.

MRS. C. Randal, you exaggerate the danger; look around you—all is at peace, the people are kind and gentle—not a

look of anger or of hate in any face; our servants are devoted to us.

RANDAL. Fatal security! Yonder country to you seems in repose—to me it seems like a sleeping tiger. Death is lowering in the air. You say your servants are faithful—there is one of them watching us now—we are watched—don't turn—a tall black fellow in a crimson turban. (*all this time he plays with the children*).

MRS. C. Achmet.

RANDAL. Listen, without betraying any emotion. At midnight I shall bring down fifty men—be ready to start without delay; take nothing with you—make no preparation.

MRS. C. Why cannot we fly now, at once?

RANDAL. Because your own servants would assassinate you, and join the enemy. (*night begins*)

MRS. C. May they not do so ere to-night.

RANDAL. No; I gave Cassidy and Sweenie leave to come here, and sent Geordie on—that makes three, and you have only thirty servants; the natives dare not attack at such odds.

MRS. C. Does Geordie know our peril?

RANDAL. No; nor is it necessary, until the hour arrives. He is young, and might lack coolness.

MRS. C. Why do you suspect my household of treachery?

RANDAL. (*drawing out a paper*) Do you know the Rajah of Bithoor?

MRS. C. Nana Sahib—I saw him at Benares, at the feast of Mohammedah, a year ago. I might not have recollected him, but he followed me with so strange a gaze that he almost terrified me.

RANDAL. Do you understand Hindoostanee?

MRS. C. No.

RANDAL. I do. (*as he reads, ACHMET glides on behind, and creeps to his shoulder*) This letter was intercepted at Secunderabad, to-day. Listen as I translate: "My faithful Achmet—to-night, at one hour after the set of moon, I shall be at the Martiniere with five hundred men; when the Feringhee woman is in my Zenana, to you I give a lac of rupees. Destroy the children—they are giaours. Nana Sahib."

MRS. C. My children!

(*Music.—ACHMET raises a knife over RANDAL, she sees him and utters a cry; ACHMET drops his knife, runs up and leaps over the parapet, at back, L. C. RANDAL turns, draws a pistol and fires at him, as he disappears. The above conversation is held in a low and earnest tone, but with a light and careless manner as if subjects of trifling importance were spoken of.*)

*Re-enter* GEORDIE, ALICE, MARY, JESSIE, SWEENIE, and  
CASSIDY, R. 3 E.

RANDAL. Do not be alarmed. 'Twas only—a jackal; I fired and scared him away.

CASSIDY. A jackal is it—then, be jabbers, here he comes back again—and on his hind legs.

*Enter* BLOUNT, with his hat smashed, L. U. E.

ALL. Mr. Blount!

RANDAL. The chaplain of our regiment.

CASSIDY. His riverence!

BLOUNT. Good evening, my friends. May I suggest that the next time you throw a fellow six foot high over a wall, you should intimate your intentions to peaceable persons below.

CASSIDY. A jackal, six foot high!

GEORDIE. Are you hurt, sir?

BLOUNT. No; fortunately I received the thing on my head—from whence it bounded off, and rolled down the hill-side into the jungle.

RANDAL. Return to the house, all of you. (*Exeunt all but* MRS. CAMPBELL, R.) Mr. Blount, stay! one word—you are a clergyman; but once you were, I believe, an officer in Her Majesty's Carbineers.

BLOUNT. (L.) I quitted the army from conscientious scruples.

RANDAL. (C.) Are you a coward?

BLOUNT. A coward! I think not—that is—well—no; for when I read the accounts of these atrocities, I feel in me an emotion that is evil, very evil—a sinful desire to smash the heads of these wretches, who butcher women and infants. I know the feeling is horrible; I ought to forgive and pray for them. I have bound the devil in me, but he leaks out.

RANDAL. If you saw these little ones in peril, would you fight?

BLOUNT. Fight! young man—my dear Randal—I kill human beings! a clergyman destroy lives! what do you take me for?

RANDAL. I take you for a brave man. You were born a warrior, but your more gentle nature refused to war against any creatures but the wicked, and you could not shed blood except in the cause of humanity. Don't deny it; you retired from the army and became curate of a poor Scotch village near my home; from your lips I first learned what war was.

BLOUNT. I portrayed its horrors—its wickedness.

RANDAL. I only saw its glory; I only saw your face lighted with the animation of the charge—you fired my soul and made me what I am.

BLOUNT. Heaven forgive me ; I ruined the boy.

RANDAL. I entered the army—you followed me.

BLOUNT. Did I not promise your dying father to watch over you ? and here's how I did it.

RANDAL. Listen, my dear old tutor. You are brave and cool, and to you alone I can confide the defence of this house to-night.

BLOUNT. To me—good gracious !

RANDAL. You will be surrounded by Nana Sahib's troops ; his design is to murder all its inmates except Amy, whom he destines for his zenana.

BLOUNT. The demon ! May his infernal spirit roast in—what am I saying !—May a merciful father forgive him ! This is horrible.

RANDAL. At midnight summon all the household, and start for the city ; I will precede you, gather a guard, and hasten back to meet you,

MRS. C. Do you go alone ?

RANDAL. My horse is at the foot of the hill, picketed in the copse ; once on his back, I am in Lucknow. Farewell.

(*Music.—He embraces MRS. CAMPBELL*)

MRS. C. Oh, Randal, shall we ever meet again ?

RANDAL. We sleep to-night in yonder city or in heaven.

*Exit RANDAL, L.*

BLOUNT. Stop, Randal, my dear boy ; I can't do it. He is gone—what shall I do ?—Mercy on me ! What arms are there in the house ?

MRS. C. Two double guns, a rifle, my late husband's swords and a brace of pistols.

BLOUNT. A clergyman—a minister of peace—what will become of me ! Have you any powder ?

MRS. C. A small keg of cartridges.

BLOUNT. These poor children ! I tremble in every limb. Have you any caps ?

MRS. C. A box or two.

BLOUNT. The old devil is kicking in me—my blood beats hot.—Get thee behind me, Satan ! Oh ! if I could only see these deluded murderers, to speak with them, to prepare their erring souls, before I sent them to ask for that mercy in heaven which, by the way, they never show on earth. (*music*) My respected and dear friend, we are engaged in a wicked deed—I feel it—come, let us see your ammunition. *Exeunt, R. 3 E.*

SCENE SECOND.—*An Apartment of the House—a verandah, C. Night—(2nd grooves.)*

*Enter SWEENIE and CASSIDY, R.*

CASSIDY. Whist ! Sweenie, come here—spake low ! D'ye

see that wood beyant? there's fifty black devils hidin' in it, and here's one of their raping hooks I found in the grass.

SWEENIE. Rebels here!

CASSIDY. I was watchin' the Capting; as he hurried down they crept afther him. He has come to grief, Sweenie, for yonder is the road to Lucknow, and his horse has not passed down it yet. Oh, wurra, wurra, what will we do?

SWEENIE. Give me that sabre; stop here, Cassidy, I will creep down and see what is going on below; don't say a word to frighten the women, but if I don't come back in ten minutes, conclude I'm dead; then, in with ye, barricade the doors, and tell Master Geordie.

CASSIDY. Sweenie, avich, let *me* go. Oh, murdher! you'll be killed and Jessie will never forgive me for not goin' in your place.

SWEENIE. Cassidy, if the rebels are here in force, I shall fall; and as the savages spare neither women nor children, I'll see ye both in heaven before morning, so I won't say good night.

*Exit, L.*

CASSIDY. Heaven speed ye, Sweenie, an keep ye.

*Enter JESSIE, R.*

JESSIE. Who is that—Cassidy!

CASSIDY. Meself, darlin'.

*(distant shot)*

JESSIE. What's that!

CASSIDY. *(aside)* It's murdherin' the Captain they are, I dar'nt tell her. *(aloud)* That, that was Sweenie, sure he's gone down beyant, may be, that is by accident, his swoord went off on half cock.

JESSIE. His sword!

*Enter GEORDIE, R.*

GEORDIE. Jessie, come here; eh, who's that—Cassidy?

CASSIDY. *(aside)* What'll I do at all? if he knew that Sweenie was gone to get killed for his brother.

GEORDIE. Go in, Cassidy; leave us.

CASSIDY. I'm off, your honour. *(going)* Five minutes are gone, I'll creep afther Sweenie. If I had a bagginit, or a taste ov a twig itself, but I've nothin' in my hand but my fist.

*Exit, L.*

JESSIE. Did ye ca' me.

GEORDIE. Come here, you little puss, now you shall give me that kiss I did not get this afternoon.

JESSIE. Geordie, you have been drinking.

GEORDIE. And if I have. Wine lets out the truth, Jessie and the truth is—I love you.

JESSIE. Eh! didna ye always loov me?

GEORDIE. No, I love you as you deserve to be loved, and I can't bear to see such a pretty girl as you have grown, throw yourself away on those common soldiers, like Sweenie and his comrades.

JESSIE. Oh, Geordie! Sweenie loves you—he would dee for you or for Randal.

GEORDIE. Oh, devil take Sweenie! all our mess say you are too good for him. You are the prettiest girl in Lucknow.

JESSIE. Let us gang awa in, Geordie, dear.

GEORDIE. (*taking her in his arms*) No, you shan't—come, don't be foolish, Jessie. Could you not be happy with me?—don't you like an officer better than a vulgar, common soldier?

JESSIE. Oh, Geordie! oh, Geordie! (*buries her face in her hands*)

GEORDIE. Look up, Jessie.

JESSIE. I canna, I canna.

GEORDIE. Why can't you look up into my face?

JESSIE. I'm lukin far awa—far awa, upon craigs of Duncleuch; 'tis in the days of auld lang syne, and the arm of wee Geordie McGregor is round the waist of Jessie Brown, for he is saving her life in the sea. Na, don't tak yer arm awa, Geordie, dear. I'm lukin, still. Geordie is a laddie noo, and he chases the deer on the craigs of Duncleuch; beside him is poor Sweenie—poor faithful Sweenie, that follows the McGregor like a dog; Geordie drives a stag to bay; the beastie rushes on him and throws him doon—anither minit and Geordie will na see Jessie mair—but Sweenie's dirk is quicker than that minit! the brute fell dead, but not before he gored poor Sweenie sorely. We watched by his bedside—d'ye mind the time, Geordie? your arm was round me then—na, dinna tak it awa noo.

GEORDIE. Oh, Jessie! oh, Jessie!

JESSIE. Luk up, Geordie.

GEORDIE. I cannot.

JESSIE. Why canna ye luk up into my face?

GEORDIE. Because I'm looking far away, far away into the days of auld lang syne, and they make me ashamed of what I am.

JESSIE. The blush of shame never crossed the brow of a McGregor. Na! na! you may kiss me now; but listen, Geordie; whisper—

(*sings*) Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind,

Should auld acquaintance be forgot

And the days of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear,

For auld lang syne,

Then tak a kiss of kindness yet

For auld lang syne.

*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Interior of the Bungalow; night. A room serving for a nursery—large opening at the back, with muslin curtains, discover a distant view of Lucknow, brilliant with lights.*

MRS. CAMPBELL, CHARLIE and EFFIE, ALICE and MARY  
*discovered.*

MRS. C. No, I shall not undress the children. Take Effie with you, Alice.

ALICE. Poor child, she is almost asleep now.

CHARLIE. Mamma, I want to go to bed. Where is Jessie?

*Enter JESSIE, R.*

JESSIE. Here, my precious one.

*Exit ALICE and MARY, with EFFIE, R. 2 E.*

MRS. C. Place him in his cot; do not remove his clothes. *(walks up and down. Aside)*—I have calmed the agitation of the poor old chaplain, but my own overpowers me.

CHARLIE. Jessie, sing me Charlie; you are not tired, are you?

JESSIE. Nae, darling; I'm never tired o' teaching ye the airs o' Scotland. *(sings a verse of "Charlie is my Darling.")—He falls asleep*

MRS. C. Can I entrust the secret to this girl? *(going to her)* Jessie!

JESSIE. Aweel, my lady.

MRS. C. *(in a distinct whisper—taking her arm)* There's danger near—don't start, don't cry—to-night this house is to be surrounded by the rebels—our murder is planned, but so is our escape.

JESSIE. *(rising)* It canna be!—wha tauld ye this?

MRS. C. Randal McGregor.

JESSIE. Then it's true.

MRS. C. Hush! five hundred men will attack us.

JESSIE. Mercy on us! what will become of us?

MRS. C. Randal has promised to rescue us.

JESSIE. *(resuming her calmness)* The McGregor has said it; dinna ye fash yersel—gin he said it, he'll do it. *(returns to the cot)*

MRS. C. Go, Jessie, see to the fastenings of all the doors, but show no fear, excite no suspicion.

JESSIE. I hae no fear. Has not the McGregor gi'en his word to coom back? He'll tak it up, and under his claymore there can nae fear.

*Exit hastily, L.—Music.*

MRS. C. This girl gives me a lesson in courage—what reliance, what noble confidence she has in Randal—how calm she

turned, when she heard he had given his word to secure our escape.

(NANA SAHIB and ACHMET appear at the verandah, on the balcony. ACHMET points to MRS. CAMPBELL. The NANA enters the chamber. ACHMET creeps along the verandah, and off, R.)

What is the hour? (*looks at her watch*) It is now past eleven. Randal must have reached the city by this—it is time to prepare. (*she turns and sees the NANA beside her*) Mercy!

NANA. (R. C.) Be silent—You know me.

MRS. C. (C.) The Nana Sahib.

NANA. The officer who intercepted my letter to Achmet, is my prisoner. My men are now surrounding your park. Escape is hopeless.

MRS. C. (*aside*) Randal taken prisoner! then we are lost.

NANA. Listen! I saw you at Benares—your soul entered through my eyes into my heart, and thrust out my own. I followed you, until like the sun you passed away where I could follow no more; I went to Bithoor, and my wives offended your soul in me. I gave them riches and sent them away—my Zenana is cold—I am there alone; it awaits the form to which the soul here belongs.

MRS. C. You would murder my children and dishonor their mother.

NANA. Your children shall be mine, princes of the Maharatta; follow me and no blood shall flow. I will withdraw my men. Lucknow shall be spared, and peace restored.

MRS. C. England would spurn the peace bought thus with the honour of one of her people. (*goes to R.*)

NANA. (*approaching the bed—L. of it*) This is your child?

MRS. C. (R. of cot) My child.

NANA. (*draws his yataghan*) No cry! or this steel is in his throat!

*Enter JESSIE, L.*

CHARLIE. Mamma, oh, dear mamma, help me.

MRS. C. Hush, Charlie, my own one, don't cry, hush. Oh, Rajah spare my child; yes, I consent. I will follow you—spare——

(JESSIE snatches the knife from the NANA, and stabbing him with it suddenly)

JESSIE. Drop that bairn, ye black deevil! (NANA drops the child, whom JESSIE catches to her breast; he staggers a moment and falls on couch, C.—Tableau).

NANA. Tehanum possess ye—mine then you shall be by force—none under this roof, but you, shall see to-morrow's sun.

(*distant shots—cries within—ACHMET appears at C. from R.*

NANA and ACHMET draw their scimeters and leap over the balcony)

*Enter GEORDIE, ALICE, and MARY, R. 1 E.*

GEORDIE. What shots were those?

ALICE. What has happened?

MRS. C. The Nana Sahib with five hundred rebels, besiege us in this house. Randal is their prisoner. Randal who promised to rescue us.

JESSIE. Prisoner or free, the Mac Gregor will keep his word.

MRS. C. The impassibility of that girl drives me mad.

*Enter CASSIDY, running, L.*

CASSIDY. He's comin' thunder and turf, he's fightin' like a cat wid tin legs and fifteen claws on aich fut.

ALICE. Who?

CASSIDY. The captain; Sweenie is fightin' beside him. (*shots outside*) Hurroo! they're at it.

(*runs up, GEORDIE follows to verandah at back*)

GEORDIE. There they are in the copse.

CASSIDY. Where's a gun, oh a gun for the love o' heaven.

JESSIE. Here is one.

(*shots*)

CASSIDY. Hoo! there goes a bullet through my leg. (*GEORDIE staggers back to R. very pale. JESSIE runs up with the gun*) The devils see us by the light here, and they're pepperin' us handsome.

JESSIE. Look, Cassidy, look! there's a big fellow makin' for Sweenie, quick.

CASSIDY. (*fires off C. to L.*) Hoo!

JESSIE. Here they come—(*calls to them*) quick, by this ladder.

*Enter SWEENIE, and then RANDAL over the verandah. JESSIE comes down and soothes CHARLIE and EFFIE.*

RANDAL. Cast down that ladder, Cassidy, and stand to your arms.

CASSIDY. Ay, your honor.

MRS. C. Oh, Randal, you have escaped!

JESSIE. I told you the Mc Gregor would keep his word.

RANDAL. I was taken prisoner, by about fifty men, who are posted just this side of the bridge, their main force is still beyond the river, they are led by some Rajah of rank.

MRS. C. By the Nana in person, he was here.

ALICE. Here!

MRS. C. He came by that ladder, and fled when wounded by Jessie.

JESSIE. Na! the deevil had a steel jacket on, the blow slipped awa.

RANDAL. Nana Sahib! then the whole force of the rebels is in the neighbourhood—Lucknow is threatened—the garrison will be taken by surprise, where is Geordie?

GEORDIE. (*advancing*) Here, Randal.

RANDAL. How pale you are, are you wounded?

GEORDIE. No—it is nothing.

RANDAL. A scratch I suppose. Geordie, a dispatch must be carried to the city; I will write it, and you must bear it.

MRS. C. But can Geordie escape through the lines of the enemy who surround us? Death must be nearly certain.

RANDAL. Death is nearly certain, and therefore I pick my own brother for the service; besides, he is an officer, and claims the post of danger as his right.—Do you forget the name we bear? Alice, return to the interior of the house. Come, Amy, give me paper and ink. Geordie, while I am gone, see to your arms.

*Exeunt all but GEORDIE and JESSIE, R.*

GEORDIE. (L.) Death—he said that death is nearly certain.

JESSIE. (R. C.) How pale he is! Geordie, speak—are you hurt.

GEORDIE. Oh, Jessie!

JESSIE. I saw ye flench from the shots—you came back white as snaw. You tremble—what is it, Geordie dear?—tell me.

GEORDIE. I can't, Jessie. My tongue fails me—as my limbs do—oh, Jessie—I feel I cannot face the fire.

JESSIE. What say ye?

GEORDIE. I am a coward. (*falls on sofa, C.*)

JESSIE. (*runs to him*) Hush, dearie; there's nae drop of coward bluid in the Mc Gregor—tak' time, Geordie.

GEORDIE. I cannot help it, Jessie; the passion of fear is on me—I cannot stir.

JESSIE. Oh, my heart! oh, my heart! My Geordie, think of what Randal will say if he sees ye so—his ain brither—his ainly one! Think, dearie, there are women here—and bairns, puir helpless things—and if ye flench noo, they will be killed!

GEORDIE. I know it—(*hides his face and his hands*)—but I am paralyzed.

JESSIE. Think of the auld mither at hame, Geordie—the proud one that nursed ye, Geordie—the leddy that awaits her twa boys cumin' back fra' the wars—what! will ye bring yer mither back a blighted name? Oh, hae courage, for her sake!—oh, for mine, Geordie! (*throws her arms around him*) Oh, why canna' I gang beside ye, to show ye how to bleed for the auld braes o' Scotland?

*Enter* BLOUNT, L.

Wha's there?—gang awa'—oh, 'tis the minister.

BLOUNT. Is he wounded? my poor boy, is he hurt?

JESSIE. Oh, sir, help him; his heart fails—it is his first fight, and he flenches.

GEORDIE. This terrible sense of fear which paralyzes me will pass away. 'Tis a spasm—it cannot be that my father's son my brother's brother, can be so miserable, so contemptible a thing as this!

BLOUNT. The boy has conscientious scruples, like me.

GEORDIE. No, no; to you—to you alone, companions of my childhood, let me confess——

BLOUNT. No, dont; you sha'n't say a word—you don't understand; I know all—first powder smells sick; but after you see a few men fall, that goes off.

JESSIE. Yes, it clears awa'.

BLOUNT. Take your lip between your teeth and choose your man.

JESSIE. Think o' the bairns they've slaughtered in cauld bluid.

BLOUNT. Don't trust to pistols—I always preferred steel, it's more reliable and doesn't miss fire; use the point—it kills ten when the blade throws open your guard, and only wounds one. Lord forgive me! I am teaching this boy how to murder.

*Re-enter* RANDAL, R., with the order, followed by SWEENIE.

RANDAL. Here is the despatch. Where is my brother?

JESSIE. He is here, but stay a wee. (*aside*) Oh, what can we do?

RANDAL. (R. C.) How's this? what has happened?

JESSIE. Naething. (*aside*) He blenches, he canna' do it. (*aloud*) Randal, I have asked Geordie a favor, and he has granted me. That order—winna' the soldier that bears it safe to the General get advancement?

RANDAL. My brother will win a brevet rank of lieutenant.

JESSIE. Na; your brither is rich and can buy his rank, but my Sweenie is puir, and Geordie has consented to let Sweenie tak' his place and win his sergeant's stripes.

SWEENIE. Oh Master Geordie! do you so? Heaven bless ye! there's not a prouder boy in the Queen's uniform to-night than I am!

GEORDIE. (C.) Jessie! Jessie!

JESSIE. (L. C.) Dinna' speak.

BLOUNT. (*aside*, L.) She puts her own lover in the jaws of death! Poor girl—good girl! good girl!

RANDAL. It is better so—I have other work for Geordie.

Quick then, Sweeney; at the copse, near the brook, my horse is tied to a tree. Can you ride?

SWEENIE. (*L. of JESSIE*) I can hold on.

RANDAL. This letter to the General. I will defend this house till he comes to relieve us, or we are buried under its ruins. The alarm guns which will be fired from the fort when your news is known will apprise us that you are safe in Lucknow, and have escaped. We can both see the flash and hear them from here. Away with you.

JESSIE. Heaven be wi' ye, Sweeney. Heaven be wi' ye, laddie. (*throws her arms round him*)

SWEENIE. I'll deserve ye this time, Jessie; ye'll be proud of me, dead or alive. (*goes up—JESSIE falls on her knees*)

BLOUNT. What are you about? you are not going by that road, you will be seen.

SWEENIE. I know it—they'll fire—'tis ten to one they'll miss me; but I'll fall into the garden as if I was shot, and while they are thinking me stiff, I'll be creepin' down to the horse and off to Lucknow.

RANDAL. Well, let me see you try it.

JESSIE. (*raising her hands*) Oh! my loov! 'tis for Geordie's sake. (*RANDAL and SWEENIE go into the balcony*)

MRS. C. But why should Randal go?

BLOUNT. To lead his man—habit.

(*A shot—SWEENIE falls over as if shot—a cry from JESSIE*)

RANDAL. (*after watching, returns*) 'Tis all right, he has escaped.

JESSIE. But he may be wounded?

RANDAL. I think not, unless there were two bullets. I have got one here. (*takes off his cap—his temple is bleeding*)

MRS. C. Randal!

RANDAL. Tut! we have other things to do. (*draws out a handkerchief, presses his forehead; and replaces his cap*) Now, Amy, to work, there are but three of us here, Geordie, Cassidy, and I.

BLOUNT. You may say four! I will lay aside my conscientious scruples, and like my namesake, David, I will smite the Philistines.

RANDAL. You have three native servants, who I think may be trusted. There are not more than fifty Sepoys on this side of the bridge—now if we can destroy that bridge, we shall divide our foes and hold our own for a few hours.

BLOUNT. There's a keg of powder down stairs, I'll take it down under my arm, and blow up the bridge. This enterprise is bloodless, it suits me exactly.

RANDAL. You propose with your form to creep down unobserved, you would be cut to pieces.

BLOUNT. But if the piece of me that held the keg got there, I might acromplish the good deed. (*aside*) I'm afraid he'll send Geordie.

RANDAL. Geordie, quick, you and I will see to this.

GEORDIE. (*rises*) I am ready. (RANDAL *embraces* AMY)

JESSIE. He's ganging, look, look, he goes bravely, the McGregor bluid is in his cheek, the dark fire is leched.

GEORDIE. Bless you Jessie. (*aside to her*) Sweenie has not been sacrificed in vain. I'll not belie your love, Jessie, farewell.

*Exit* GEORDIE and RANDAL, L.

JESSIE. He's gane, he's gane, baith gane—and Sweenie—and my courage has gane too.

*Enter* ALICE, MARY, and the children, R.

ALICE. All is quiet.

BLOUNT. That's a bad sign. But let us extinguish the lights—they serve the enemy. (*he puts out the lamp—stage dark*)

MRS. C. (*kneeling R. and praying, her children grouped round her, their little hands clasped*) Oh, Heaven protect us in this dark hour of peril, preserve my poor little children.

BLOUNT. Amen! (*goes up*) They come! I see white figures in the garden.

JESSIE. My Sweenie, have they killed my poor Sweenie? Oh, this suspense is worse than death.

BLOUNT. The house is surrounded, the whole collection is here.

MRS. C. Cassidy, fire, why don't you fire on them.

CASSIDY. (*looking in from balcony*) Plase yer honor, ma'am, them savages is like birds—firin' frightens them away, and if we coax them here awhile, sure they won't be seeing afther the Captain Randal.

BLOUNT. Good heart, noble heart, oh merciful Father in heaven, it is a pity such good people should die. Have pity on us, have pity on these weak ones, and upon these little ones.

JESSIE. Oh! protect my puir Sweenie; don't let his bluid lie on my hands—and break puir Jessie's heart.

(*a distant explosion—music*)

CASSIDY. (*at back*) D'ye hear that? It's the bridge! the devils are skelping back again to see what kind of hell is behind 'em (*sounds of conflict*)

BLOUNT. They are coming! I hear Randal's voice.

RANDAL. (*without, L. U. E.*) Cassidy! Cassidy!

CASSIDY. That's me! here I am, your honor. Hoo!

(*leaps over the balcony and disappears*)

BLOUNT. The door, the door is fast inside. (*runs out, L.*)

JESSIE. No alarm guns from the city! the time is passed;

no sign that he has escaped, and I sent him, I sent him. Oh, Sweenie, Sweenie!

MRS. C. They come—they are safe.

*Enter RANDAL, bearing GEORDIE in his arms, L.—he places him on settee, C.*

RANDAL. See to the doors.

ALICE. He is dead!

JESSIE. Dead! wha's dead? (*sees GEORDIE, and utters a scream of grief and horror*) Geordie! what have ye done? ye have killed the bairn. Stand awa, a' o' ye. Geordie, Geordie, look to me. Oh! I did it—I killed him—only for me he wad nae have gane. Geordie! (*she kisses his face*) Speak to me, dear! Oh, I shall go mad, Geordie, if ye dae not answer me—if ye do not luk to me. (*GEORDIE raises himself at this moment. A flash of a gun is seen from the distant city*)

RANDAL. Ha! the alarm gun from the city. (*a second gun is heard—all turn towards the back*)

GEORDIE. Jessie, Jessie, do you hear those guns? Sweenie has escaped, and after a', Geordie is not a coward.

(*he faints—JESSIE supports his head—tableau and*)

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The interior of a Mosque in Lucknow; curtains at back, C. JESSIE chained, L., to a pillar. GEORDIE is lying on a pallet, R., chained also. REBEL SEPOYS at the back; a divan, L. Stage sombre.—Music.*

GEORDIE. (*awaking*) Where am I? Oh, these chains, those dark walls, those darker faces—I am a prisoner—why did I awake?

JESSIE. (L.) Geordie, dear, you are better noo, the fever has left ye.

GEORDIE. Jessie, are you there? come near me.

JESSIE. I canna, dearie, the savages have tied me like a dog to the wall.

GEORDIE. What place is this?

JESSIE. It's a church where they worship the deevil.

GEORDIE. How long have I been here.

JESSIE. For six lang weeks.

GEORDIE. Does the Residency still hold out against the rebels?

JESSIE. I dinna ken. I have been here a' the time.

GEORDIE. Were you taken prisoner when I fell into their hands?

JESSIE. Na! but when we heard that you were dying here, for want of Christian help, I cam' across to nurse ye.

GEORDIE. My poor girl! But they will murder you; they show no mercy for age or sex.

JESSIE. I ken it weel; here is the Calcutta News. It is fu' o' the bluidy wark the Nana made at Cawnpore.

*Enter NANA, followed by ACHMET, with a paper, C.*

Ee! talk o' the deevil——

NANA. (C.) Sahib, open your ears. Your countrymen are dogs. They still lie howling in the Residency—they dare not come forth—Inshallah!

GEORDIE. They look for aid.

NANA. Their hearts lie, and hope will not feed them; their food is out, they cannot live on air.

JESSIE. Ye mistak'! they are living on an air noo, and it's ca'd, "the Campbells are coomin'." And oh, could I but hear one screel of the pibroch—could I see the wavin' o' the bonnie tartan, and the braw line o' the shinin' steel, I'd na gie ye twa minits, but ye'd find the deevil before ye could say "Cawnpore."

NANA. Woman, be silent, read your printed words, and leave men to speak with men. (to GEORDIE) Your countrymen are in our hands. Beneath this mosque, even below our feet, we have a mine, it passes beneath the fort commanded by the Sahib, your brother. Behold, the powder is laid, the match is ready; we can destroy him utterly—his fort once taken, the Residency is ours. Bismillah! have I defiled my tongue with lies?

GEORDIE. The Redan fort is the key to our position.

NANA. Enough blood has been shed—let him yield—his men shall go forth unharmed, we will pour the oil of mercy on their wounds.

JESSIE. (*reading the paper*) "And under these conditions Cawnpore was surrendered; the garrison marched out, and entered the boats provided for their safe transport."

NANA. You say your countrymen still look for aid, but they know not that the Sahib Havelock was defeated by my troops. From Lahore to Alahabad, Hindoostan is ours; you shall write these things that they may know; they will believe your word, and they will yield. Inshallah! they shall go forth safely; we will show mercy—on my head be it.

JESSIE. (*reads*) "No sooner were the boats containing the troops, the women and children, in the midst of the stream

than the enemy opened a murderous fire, and a work of slaughter began."

NANA. What woman is that? What writing has she in her hand? Tear it away! (ACHMET *tears the paper from* JESSIE) What says the pen there?

JESSIE. (*rising*) I'll tell ye in broad Scotch. It says that you have taught baith women and children to fecht, for you have found something that they fear more than death.

ACHMET. What's that?

JESSIE. The mercy of Nana Sahib!

NANA. Let my Ferooshees come here.

(ACHMET *goes to back and beckons—enter two* HINDOOS, C.)

Take that woman and let her die.

GEORDIE. Stay, Rajah, you would not kill that poor child.

*At a signal from* ACHMET *two cords descend from the roof.*

NANA. You would have her life? Give me the letter to your brother; she herself shall bear it to the Redan fort (*they unbind* JESSIE)

GEORDIE. That letter will not serve you. You do not know Randal McGregor—he will die, but will never yield.

NANA. Be it so. (*rising*) Achmet, cut off the right hands of these prisoners, and let their bodies swing from the heights of this mosque.

ACHMET. On my head be it.

JESSIE. Geordie, Geordie! (*goes to him, R.*)

GEORDIE. No, Nana, do not give me the death of a dog. Spare that poor child.

NANA. Stifle the howling of that hound.

JESSIE. Geordie, far'weel, Geordie!

GEORDIE. Hold! what would you have me do?

NANA. (*returning*) Do you see yonder ropes? they ascend to the minaret of this mosque. (*to* ACHMET) Prepare the means in yonder room to write. (*exit* ACHMET, R. 1 E.) Behold! write as I have said or give your neck to the cord. Choose—I have spoken. *Exit* NANA, R. 1 E.

JESSIE. Ay, but you have spoken to a McGregor!  
(*they unbind* GEORDIE)

*Re-enter* ACHMET, R. 1. E.

GEORDIE. (*aside*) One day more—aid may come. Havelock, Outram, cannot be far.

JESSIE. (*aside*) He hesitates—if he pens that letter a' is lost again, yet if I speak the deevils will murder me.

GEORDIE. (*aside*) She shall not die.

*Exit, GEORDIE, R. 1 E., followed by* ACHMET *and the* HINDOOS. *Stage dark.*

JESSIE. (*looking off, R.*) He will do't; to save my life, he will write down his ain infamy; nae if I bear it to the fort, I can tear it up on the way, but then they will kill him after a', and I ainly can be saved. Yonder he sits, he taks the pen—his hand shakes, but still he writes; 'he writes, oh, what are the words? words of infamy, that will gae hame, and fill the faces of a' the Christian world wi' shame. Oh, could I reach his heart, I could stay his hand, but that black Beelzebub is wi' him. Eh, haud a wee, I'll speak to him (*sings*)

“ Oh, why left I my hame,” &c.

(*after first verse*) He stops, his head fa's in his hand—tears, tears, —he minds me, he minds me (*she falls on her knees and sings the second verse*) He knows what I mean! (*a portion of the floor gives way, R. C., and falls in*) Ah! (*starts back to L.*) What is that?

CASSIDY *puts his head through the orifice.*

CASSIDY. Pooh! what a dust. Cheu! (*sneezes*) That was a big pinch of snuff anyway.

JESSIE. What's that? 'Tis Cassidy's voice.

CASSIDY. I'll call Sweenie!

(*SWEENIE'S head appears through the orifice, beside CASSIDY'S*)

JESSIE. Sweenie!

CASSIDY. Sweenie!

SWEENIE. What's the matter?

CASSIDY. Matther! Bedad, there's an echo here that spakes first—a Hindoo echo that takes the words out av yer mouth.

JESSIE. Hush, 'tis I, Jessie.

SWEENIE. Jessie!

CASSIDY. Hoo! “Garry Owen” yer sowl! Hurroo!

JESSIE. Hush! gae down quick, they are coomin'.

(*CASSIDY and SWEENIE disappear, JESSIE draws the nussmud or turkish carpet of the Divan over the orifice*)

*Enter ACHMET with a light, R. 1. E.*

JESSIE *sings*, “My boy Tammie!” *with affected unconcern.*

ACHMET *examines the place, holds the light to her face, and goes out, R. 1 E.* JESSIE *withdraws the carpet.*

JESSIE, Hush, silence, whesper.

(*SWEENIE and CASSIDY re-appear*)

CASSIDY. Where the divil are we at all.

JESSIE. This is a mosque, they ca' it. It is my prison and Geordie's. How did you get here?

SWEENIE. We were working in the counter mine, ordered by the Captain, when we struck right into the mine prepared

by the rebels to blow us up, we removed their powder, of which we were running short, and then Cassidy and I took a stroll along their mine, to see the country.

CASSIDY. The road was mighty dirty, but the view at the end of it, is worth the walk.

JESSIE. Then this passage goes under ground to the fort.

CASSIDY. Bedad, Sweenie, we niver thought of that! it comes this way, but I don't know if it goes back the same.

JESSIE. D'ye see yon ropes danglin' there, they are ready for me and Geordie. Twa hours mair, and ye'd been too late, down wi' ye noo, don't stir, until I tell ye.

CASSIDY. We'll be as dumb as oysters.

*(they disappear, JESSIE replaces the carpet)*

*Enter the NANA and ACHMET, R. 1 E. Drums without—  
SEPOYS enter at back, C.*

ACHMET. *(who has spoken with a Sepoy)* A flag of truce from the fort.

*Enter RANDAL and BLOUNT, C., from back, preceded by a  
NATIVE with a white flag.*

JESSIE. (R.) The McGregor!

RANDAL. (C.) You are the Nana?

NANA. *(seated, L.)* I am he.

RANDAL. I command the Redan fort. I come to offer you an exchange of prisoners. We have taken sixty of your men.

NANA. They are in your hand, Inshallah! Death is their portion. To each man his fate.

*Exit ACHMET, R. 1 E.*

RANDAL. We fight our foes, we do not murder them.

BLOUNT. (R. C.) Stay, Randal, don't be so fiery, let me speak to the Rajah. Salam, Aleikoom!

NANA. Allah, Resoul Allah! speak! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet.

BLOUNT. There I can't agree with you, and I shall feel pleased to discuss that question at any time your leisure may permit. I am a minister of peace and a herald of mercy. Let me touch your heart. Our Heavenly Father, whom you call Allah, has given you rule and power over men; you have used it so cruelly, that all the world will shudder at your deeds of blood. This girl came here on a mission of mercy, she is not your prisoner; in every religion, and of all time, the weakness of woman protects her life, and makes her safety sacred.

NANA. The shepherds from the hills of the Himmalayah came to me and they said, Behold the tigers come out of the jungle and prey upon our flocks, and we fear. Which hearing, I arose; I sought the lair of the noble beast. I found there the tigress and her cubs. I struck them, until they died; but,

lo, the tiger came, but did he whine and weep, saying, Sahib, you have done evil, my mate and my little ones are sacred, their weakness should protect them?

BLOUNT. Are *we* tigers?

NANA. The tiger was placed here by Allah; he eats for his hunger, and kills that he may eat. Did Allah send the Briton here to make us slaves, to clutch us beneath his lion's paw, and to devour the land. Inshallah! The voiceless word of Allah has swept over the people, and it says, Sufferers, arise, ye shall be free!

RANDAL. Freedom was never won by murder, for heaven never yet armed the hand of an assassin.

NANA. What, dogs are you, to judge the ways of Allah?

*Enter ACHMET with a letter, R. 1 E.*

Has the English prisoner written as I have said?

ACHMET. 'Tis done!

JESSIE. Na, it canna be!

NANA. The officer, your brother, knowing the folly of further resistance, writes here to you Sahib, and counsels you to yield.

JESSIE. Oh, I dar' na luk' at Randal.

RANDAL. (*striding up to NANA*) You lie!

BLOUNT. Randal, forbear, perhaps Geordie has been misled, deceived?

RANDAL. Deceit can make a man a fool, but not a coward.

*Enter GEORDIE, R. 1 E.*

GEORDIE. Randal!

RANDAL. Stand back! Lieutenant McGregor! the Rajah of Bithoor declares, that in this letter to me, you have counselled us to surrender. (*a pause*) You are silent.

GEORDIE. Randal, you will forgive me when you know all but now, and here, I dare not speak.

NANA. The proud brow of the Englishman, our tyrant, can be bowed down with shame. Achmet, read the letter.

GEORDIE. No, no, not here.

ACHMET. I cannot; it's in a foreign tongue.

BLOUNT. (*looking over it*) 'Tis in Gaelic, the native tongue of Scotland; I do not understand it.

JESSIE. Eh! I do; let me see. There's nae words in Gaelic that would serve a coward's tongue. Let me see (*music—reads low*) Eh, sirs, it is pure Gaelic and rins so. (*to NANA*) Open yer lugs, ye deevil, for here's porridge for ye, hotter than ye can sup it, may 'be. (*reads*) To Captain Randal McGregor, Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders: "My dearest brother, the Nana Sahib has doomed me to the death of a dog.—My execution will take place at seven o'clock; you can spare our mother

that grief and me that disgrace.—Jessie will point out to you the window of my prison—it looks over the Redan Fort, and is within gun-shot of our men. As the clock strikes six, I will be at the window; draw out a firing party, and let them send an honest volley through my heart. Heaven bless you; give my love to Alice and Mary; remember me to all the fellows of our mess—let them give me a parting cheer when I fall. Your affectionate brother, Geordie McGregor.”

RANDAL. Geordie, my brother! my own brother!

GEORDIE. (R. C.) Randal! (*they embrace*)

BLOUNT. (*bursting into an ecstasy of delight*) I can resist no longer. (*shouts*) God save the Queen.

(*embraces JESSIE, R., NANA goes up with ACHMET—artillery heard without*)

RANDAL. What guns are those?

NANA. My artillery cover the advance of the faithful on the Redan fort. Bind these men. Your hours are numbered.

RANDAL. Traitor! we are protected by a flag of truce.

NANA. Your flag of truce shall be your winding sheet. Swing their bodies to the Minaret, through the dome above. (*he points upwards, C.*) As the hour strikes seven let it be done. (*the SEPOYS seize RANDAL, GEORDIE and JESSIE*) Let the old man go, that he may bear witness over all the earth, and strike the hearts of England white with terror, when they hear the vengeance of Nana Sahib.

*Exit, C. to L.*

BLOUNT. Don't! Hang me too, hang me! I'll be hung, if I die for it.

ACHMET. Slaves, see the Nana's order done; on your heads be it.—On the stroke of seven, draw the ropes! my duty calls me to the mine. The mine below your countrymen. In five minutes the match will be lighted, and as you hang in the air will be able to see your soldiers blown to the skies.

*Exit ACHMET, C. to R. The SEPOYS having placed a noose round the necks of GEORDIE and RANDAL, and bound BLOUNT and JESSIE, exeunt, C. to L.*

JESSIE. (*calling*) Sweenie, Cassidy, quick.

(*CASSIDY throws back the carpet.*)

CASSIDY. Here I am! (*appears in the orifice*) I'm nearly choked wid keepin' the fight in me. (*jumps up*)

BLOUNT. Where do you come from?

CASSIDY. From the mine, alanna! Sweenie has run down below to look after the naygur, that's gone to blow us up, he's got a word or two to say to him.

RANDAL. Quick, cut these cords, the executioners hold the other end, outside, and at the stroke of seven they will run us up. (*CASSIDY cuts the cords, aided by BLOUNT.*)

GEORDIE. Free!

SWEENIE. (*below the orifice*) Come along, it's no use kicking.

RANDAL. Sweeney!

SWEENIE. All right your honour. (*salutes RANDAL*) I've got a Hindoo Guy Fawkes, matches and lantern all complete.

CASSIDY. Come up asy, darlint.

(SWEENIE and CASSIDY pull ACHMET, gagged and bound, through the orifice, L. C.)

RANDAL. Secure that fellow, so that he may not give the alarm.

CASSIDY. Never fear, Captain. (*guns outside*)

RANDAL. The attack has commenced! To the Redan, Geordie, to the Redan.

(GEORDIE and RANDAL disappear down the orifice, R. C.)

BLOUNT. Sweeney, spare that man! shed no blood, boys; do you hear me.

CASSIDY. All right, yer riverence.

BLOUNT. Bind him fast, but let him live. (*he descends*)

SWEENIE. Here is a rope, tie him with this.

(ACHMET struggles and tries to speak, they throw him down.)

CASSIDY. He's as lively as a cock salmon. Hould quiet ye divl, he's tryin' to spake.

JESSIE. (*aside*) That rope—they dinna ken what it is there for.

CASSIDY. Tie him tight, and for fear he'd get the gag out and cry murdher, give the rope a hitch round his neck.

JESSIE. Stop, release him, that cord is held by the executioners outside, and at the stroke of seven—(*the great clock of the mosque strikes*) Ah! mercy.

CASSIDY. What is it?

(*The body of ACHMET is suddenly carried up, and disappears above through the roof. CASSIDY and SWEENIE look amazed. JESSIE utters a cry and kneels, hiding her face.*)

END OF ACT II.

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## ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Redan, a fort commanding a certain part of the City of Lucknow, and forming an outpost work near the Residency. A breast work of gabions, fascines, and other military appliances embraces the stage. Through embrasures four pieces of artillery are placed, one of them is dismounted as if by a cannon ball. In the distance is seen the encampment of the rebel Sepoys, and three forts similarly constructed to the*

*Redan, and mounted with artillery. The scene generally bears marks of a severe attack, both of musketry and cannonade. Groups of LADIES with CHILDREN, wounded SOLDIERS, on guard, and some asleep. CASSIDY, smoking a pipe, sits beside JESSIE, who is asleep, her head resting on his knapsack, and his grey coat spread over her. SWEENIE, with his head bound and wounded, leans on his musket. MRS. CAMPBELL and her two children on the L., a grey cold light thrown over the scene, indicates the dawn of day. GEORDIE at the back is looking through a field glass, examining the position of the enemy—music and tableau.\**

MRS. C. Geordie, what can you see?

GEORDIE. I can see the road to Alumbagh, from whence we expect relief, but there is no sign of troops there.

MRS. C. Day after day we hope, until hope itself dies away—for three long months we have resisted.

CHARLIE. Mamma, I am hungry.

MRS. C. Heaven help you my poor child.

GEORDIE. *(to the men)* Lads, here's a little child starving, is there a crust among ye?

SWEENIE. *(saluting)* Not a crumb, your honor, except it's in Phil Regan's kit, he died an hour ago. There he lies. *(points, R.)*

GEORDIE. Search and see.

*Exit SWEENE, R.*

*Enter RANDAL, L. 1. E.*

RANDAL. What news of the night?

GEORDIE. Nine men dead of their wounds. Six gone into the hospital.

RANDAL. Inglis is hemmed in—can scarcely hold his own, like us, can scarcely sustain himself from hour to hour. If the columns of General Havelock's force do not appear to-day, we must make Lucknow our permanent residence, Geordie.

GEORDIE. You mean that you will die at this post?

*(SWEENIE re-enters, R., with a morsel of bread, and hands it to*

MRS. CAMPBELL. *She gives it to CHARLIE, who is going to eat it, but, hesitates, breaks it in half and places one half of it in the hand of EFFIE, who still sleeps, then the child eats)*

MRS. C. How is Jessie? *(GEORDIE kneels beside JESSIE)*

SWEENIE. She sleeps, the long weeks of suffering have worn her spirit out at last.

RANDAL. Poor Jessie, has she too lost her spirits?

CASSIDY. Lost her sperrits! Behad, yer honor, the biggest keg of whiskey will give out at last if ye go dhrawin' at it

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\* In this Act, the appearance of all concerned should present a marked change, the women should seem pale and worn; the men, wan and overfatigued, their beards should be long and their dresses soiled and torn.

ev'ry minit, an' afther Jessie cam' back, she tuk no rest, night or day, what wid nurse-tendin' the woundid men, an' comfortin' the wimmin an' childer, an' cookin', an' kaping up the sperrit of the boys at the guns. When the hunger was in her mouth, she'd always have a song in id about the ould counthry that warrum'd our hearts, or a gay word to throw us in passin, that ud fetch the tear into our eyes. Lost her sperrits, oh, ahone! them sperrits was brewed in heaven above, they nivir touched the head, but the heart of a man could get dhrunk upon 'em.

MRS. C. Poor Jessie! she has been in a state of restless excitement through all the siege, and has fallen away visibly during the last few days. A constant fever consumes her, and her mind wanders occasionally, and when recollections of home seem powerfully present to her. Overcome by fatigue, she has lain there since midnight, wrapped in her plaid. Poor child! it is strange, Randal, to see those rough men watch over her with the tenderness and grief of a mother over a sick child.

*Enter BLOUNT, L. 1 E.*

BLOUNT. No news of relief?

RANDAL. None yet, but our fort here is cut off from the Residency, and Colonel Inglis may have despatches.

BLOUNT. Cheer up, lads, there's a good time coming. The old folks at home will long remember the defence of Lucknow, and every man here will be a hero in his own native village.

CASSIDY. Except me, your riverence; divil a native village I've got. I was born under a haystack; me father and mother had crossed to England for the harvest.—Me mother died of me, and me father bruk his heart wid dhrinkin', so when they sent me home to Ireland, my relations wouldn't own me, becase I was an Englishman.

BLOUNT. My good Cassidy, hearts like yours are never without a home, while there is goodness in earth and mercy in heaven!

CASSIDY. I'm content, sir! If Jessie was not sick, and I'd an ounce of baccy, I wouldn't call the Queen me uncle. (*he draws the coat over JESSIE*)

GEORDIE. Here's the rations for the day.

*Enter a SERGEANT with a tin vessel containing the food, L.*

RANDAL. Now, lads, there's no bugle to call ye to breakfast, so fall in and fall to. This is the last of our food, so make it go as far as you can. (*the food is divided amongst the MEN—they form a group and whisper*) As soon as the sun is up, we shall have warm work. So buckle your belts tight. (*a distant gun*) There goes a how d'ye do from the rebels.

SWEENIE. (*advancing and saluting*) Please your honor, the

men wants to know very respectfully sir, please if this here ration is the last of our food—what's the children and ladies a' goin' to have sarved out?

RANDAL. That is a mutinous question, sir, fall in your ranks.

SWEENIE. Ax your pardon, please sir—the men won't eat their rations till they know. They say they wouldn't fight no how, sir, anyways comfortable, if they ain't allowed to share all fair with the women and the little 'uns.

ALL THE MEN. Share alike! Share alike!

RANDAL. Silence in the ranks! fall in, my good lads. Listen: for eighty days we have held this fort against fifty thousand rebels; from week to week our numbers have been thinned off, until few indeed remain; a few hours more, and General Havelock may arrive, (*a gun*) but those few hours will be terrible. The rebel Sepoys grown desperate by repulse, will try to overwhelm us with their whole force. (*a gun*) To preserve the lives of these weak ones, you must have strength to repel this attack—you are starving; the food you eat is their protection.

(*the MEN whisper again*)

SWEENIE. Please, Captain, the men say they'd feel worse after such a meal.

RANDAL. Do as you will, there is a Captain above who commands your hearts. Break ranks.

(*the MEN hasten to the various groups of WOMEN and CHILDREN, and divide their rations with them*)

BLOUNT. The Lord is with us.—His spirit is amongst us?

GEORDIE. (*to BLOUNT*) Will you not eat, sir? (*offering him food*)

BLOUNT. How can I, boy? my heart is in my mouth, I have food enough in that. (*to the groups*) Stay, my dear ones! the food is poor, but let us not forget Him who gave it. (*each person arrests his hand at the moment of eating—raising his hat and hand*) May He bless us, and give us strength in this dark hour of our lives!

JESSIE. (*waking*) I'm cauld—I'm verra cauld.

CASSIDY. Cowld, darlin'! sure it's September, and as hot as blazes—the Lord be praised.

MRS. C. Jessie, are you better?

JESSIE. (*looks round eagerly*) I maun get my father's breakfast; the gude man will be back soon frae the field.

CASSIDY. What is she talking about?

SWEENIE. Eat, Jessie, dear, we have kept your ration till you awoke.

JESSIE. Eat, na—ah! (*rejects the bread*) dinne ye see? there's bluid upon it!

CASSIDY. Blood!

GEORDIE. Jessie!

MRS. C. Jessie! (*crosses hastily to her*) Jessie, you are ill?

Look at me—speak to me—do you not know me? (*kneels beside her*)

JESSIE. Knae ye! knae ye! Nae, but I ken a bonnie song—a song of Scotland—it's made o' heather and bluebells, woven in a tartan, and it is so gladsome that it makes me weep.

MRS. C. Randal, Randal, her senses have gone—her mind wanders.

CHARLIE. Jessie, my own Jessie! don't look so.

JESSIE. We'll gang hame. Coom to me—what's yer name?

CHARLIE. Charlie Fergus Campbell.

JESSIE. Then ye'ar Scotch—Scotch to the core of the heart. Listen. (*sings*) "In winter, when the rain rained cauld," &c.

SWEENIE. Jessie, Jessie, dear? Don't you know me? Sweeney.

JESSIE. Sweeney! where is he? He'll be outside the byre, doon by the gates. After melkin the coos, I'll coom t'ye, my lad. I'll steal away to the trystin, Sweeney. Fear nought. (*sings*)

Oh, whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad,

Tho' feyther and mither and aw should goe mad;

Oh, whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad.

RANDAL. Do not weep, Amy. She is happier so—and if we fail in repulsing the rebels to-day, or if we are not relieved by sundown, her madness will be a blessing—she will be insensible to her fate.

MRS. C. Has the last hour come, Randal?

(*three guns are heard in quick succession*)

RANDAL. Hark! the batteries are opening their fire. Fall in, men. Geordie, repel any advance by the left. I will hold the front.

CASSIDY. (*who has been looking over the back*) Plase your honor, here come the black divils—they're upon us.

RANDAL. Steady men, no hurry.—Sweep them down.—Forward!

*Music.—Exit, R. U. E, with MEN—exit GEORDIE, L. U. E. with MEN—sounds of musketry—cannon outside—drums.*

BLOUNT. To your knees!—to your knees!—and pray!—this hour may be our last. Oh, if my scruples did not weigh so heavily upon me, I could strike for my country.

(*takes out a book*)

JESSIE. (*who has been recovering her senses, as she listens to the conflict, at first with surprise, then with awakening comprehension*) Ah! I mind it all—I am awak! where's Sweeney?

BLOUNT. Let me read aloud to you, the words of peace and comfort. (*JESSIE turns and sees the heads of some of the SEPOYS at the embrasures, two of them are trying to escalate the breast-work*) Look! look! they come! (*the WOMEN utter a cry of dismay*)

BLOUNT. The enemy! (*pockets the book, and seizes a gun rammer*) In the name of the Lord and of Gideon!

(*he advances to the back—the two wounded SOLDIERS rise, and crawl to the guns—JESSIE runs to a bombshell, that lies, L., and finding CASSIDY'S pipe where he has thrown it still alight, she lights the fuse, and carries it with great difficulty to the breastwork, toppling it over—BLOUNT standing on a disabled gun, deals ponderous blows right and left, with the rammer, and knocks over the SEPOYS as they appear—the wounded SOLDIERS, JESSIE, ALICE and MRS. CAMPBELL, draw in the other gun, load it, and run it out again—the bomb is heard to explode outside, followed by cries and Hurrahs—MRS. CAMPBELL applies a port fire to the gun, and fires it—another shout—JESSIE leaps on the gun—the CHILDREN bring hand grenades, and roll in a cannon ball—RANDAL and GEORDIE re-appear, R. and L. leading back their men, some wounded—groups are formed—the LADIES tear their dresses and make bandages for the wounded SOLDIERS. Tableau*)

RANDAL. Well done, bravely done! The enemy is repulsed, it was hot work.

BLOUNT. Hot! it was terrible! I'm afraid I have killed somebody. I fear I have sent some sinners to their last account up there. (*points up*)

CASSIDY. (*taking his arm and making him point it down*) No, that's the way they wint. Bedad but ye made that shillelah dance over their heads—they wint down by dozens, it was illegant.

BLOUNT. I'll have to answer for this hereafter.

CASSIDY. Oh, make yer mind asy! Divil the question, y'ell ivir be axed about it.

GEORDIE. Who sent that bomb, it fell into their advancing column and exploded with terrible effect?

MRS. C. 'Twas Jessie.

SWEENIE.

CASSIDY.

RANDAL.

GEORDIE.

} Jessie!

(*they look round, JESSIE is discovered crying bitterly, seated on the breastwork—they bring her forward.*)

MRS. C. Jessie, what ails you? why do you weep? (*to the rest*) I never saw her cry before.

ALICE. Dearest Jessie, are you wounded?

JESSIE. Na, na, but I canna help it. The clouds in my brain are pourin' oot, an'—an'—an'— (*falls into hysterics*)

ALICE. She is weak, poor child, hunger and fear have killed her.

BLOUNT. No! this spasm of tears relieves her overburdened brain—she will recover.

MRS. C. Leave her to Alice and me.

CHARLIE. Jessie, dear, don't 'ee cry, don't cry.

(JESSIE embraces the CHILDREN, R. C.)

RANDAL. (*taking BLOUNT and GEORDIE aside, L.*) We have repulsed the first attack, but the enemy is too strong for us, they will try a second and a third—we have now only twenty men left—their next attack will succeed.

BLOUNT. The Lord's will be done. Let us thank Him that we are prepared to die. Yes, it is with joyful thankfulness that I say it. There is not one human being here, that has not shewn a noble, beautiful and Christian spirit, except me. I have been led away. The shepherd has killed his flock.

RANDAL. No, he has only driven the wolf away.

BLOUNT. Let us hope that it may be forgiven me. Now what shall we do.

GEORDIE. Alice, Amy, and Jessie, must they fall into the hands of these wretches? Oh, Randal, remember Cawnpore!

BLOUNT. Let *them* decide. Let them know the worst, that they may prepare to meet their fearful fate.

RANDAL. I cannot speak it. I can face the enemy, but I cannot look into the pale faces of those women and tell them that my arm is powerless to defend their honor and their lives.

(*goes up and seats himself dejectedly on a gun carriage*)

BLOUNT. This is my mission I will speak to them; heaven inspires me with courage! Geordie, tell me when the last moment is come. (*sits L., and takes out his book*) Let me know when our death is near.

MRS. C. Her temples throb and burn. My poor Jessie, lie down awhile and rest your head in my lap.

GEORDIE. (*near BLOUNT*) What are you reading?

BLOUNT. (*looks up*) The prayers for the dead!

(GEORDIE goes up, and leans on the breastwork. The MEN are reposing in groups)

ALICE. How she trembles! her hands are icy cold.

MRS. C. Jessie, are you cold?

JESSIE. (*sings in a low voice*)

"In winter, when the rain rained cauld," &c.

ALICE. Her senses wander again.

MRS. C. Jessie, my dear Jessie, try to rest your wearied brain—try to sleep.

JESSIE. Sleep! Aye, let me sleep awee—but you will awake me when my feyher cooms frae the ploughin'.

MRS. C. Yes, Jessie, when the gude man comes home, I will awake you. (*aside*) Heaven help her!

JESSIE. I'm his only bairn, and he loos me weel. (*sings slowly the first few bars of "Robin Gray," as she falls asleep*)

GEORDIE. (*advancing to BLOUNT*) The enemy are moving, sir—the time has come.

BLOUNT. (*closing the book*) I am ready.

(*rises. Distant drum is heard, very low*)

RANDAL. The enemy! Fall in, men!

(*eight MEN rise and form with SWEENIE and CASSIDY at back—RANDAL counts them*)

RANDAL. Ten! ten men alone are fit for service—ten men to repulse a thousand! (*turns aside*)

BLOUNT. My gentle friends—to you, weak in body but so strong in soul, I speak. It is fitting that you should know that the last hour has arrived. (*drums. A gun*) The last earthly hope is gone—let us address ourselves to heaven.

ALICE. (R.) Will these men desert us?

BLOUNT. In an hour not one of those men will be living.

MRS. C. (R. C.) But we shall be living. Oh, recollect Cawn-pore! these children will be hacked to pieces before our eyes—ourselves reserved for worse than death, and then mutilated, tortured, butchered in cold blood. Randal, will you see this done—will you not preserve us from this fate. (*kneels*)

(*ALICE weeps on GEORDIE'S breast, R.*)

RANDAL. (*up, C.*) Amy, my heart is broken. What can we do?

MRS. C. Kill us. Put us to a merciful death ere you fall. Oh, Randal, do not turn away from me—think of the fate reserved for her you love. Oh, death, death! a thousand times death! You are going to die—take us with you, Randal; if you leave us here, you are accessories to our dishonour and our murder.

BLOUNT. They come, they come—already they begin to ascend the hill.

ALICE. Geordie.

MRS. C. Quick, or it will be too late. Quick, Randal—oh, remember we are cowards—we are women, and we may not have the courage to kill ourselves.

RANDAL. I cannot, Amy, I cannot.

MRS. C. Lend me your dirk, then. Rather than see my children mutilated, tortured, they shall die. Our Father will forgive a mother when her children plead for her.

BLOUNT. (*at back*) They are here, Randal—they are here.

RANDAL. Murderers! they come for their prey. (*dashing down his bonnet*) Yes, I will tear them from their rage. Soldiers, one volley—your last—to free your countrywomen from the clutches of the demons. One volley to their noble and true hearts, and then give your steel to the enemy. Load.

(*the SOLDIERS bite off the ends of their cartridges and load their muskets, L. The WOMEN cast themselves into each other's arms and form a group, R.*)

BLOUNT. (L. C., *begins to read the service for the dead*) In the midst of life we are in death.

(*a distant wail of the bagpipes is heard. JESSIE starts from her sleep*)

RANDAL. (L. C.) Shoulder arms. Ready!

*(another wail of the pipes is heard)*

JESSIE. Ah! *(utters a cry)* Hark—hark—dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay! I'm no dreamin', it's the slogan of the Highlanders! we're saved—we're saved! *(throws herself on her knees, R. C.)* Oh, thank Him! whose mercy never fails the strong in heart, and those that trust in Him.

RANDAL. Relief! no! it is impossible! *(guns outside)*

JESSIE. I heard it! I heard it!

GEORDIE. Here comes the enemy.

JESSIE. To the guns, men, to the guns! Courage! Hark to the slogan. 'Tis the slogan of the McGregor, the grandest of them a'. There's help at last. Help! d'ye hear me? help!

RANDAL. There is no signal from the Residency. Jessie, your ears deceive you.

MRS. C. She is mad.

JESSIE. I am not daft, my Scotch ears can hear it far awa'. *(bagpipes sound nearer)* There again—there—will ye believe it noo—d'ye hear—d'ye hear—d'ye hear?—"The Campbells are comin'!"

*(the bagpipes swell out louder, but still distant. Distant musketry is heard to roll. Shouts)*

GEORDIE. See, the flag runs up at the Residency! *(cannonade)*

RANDAL. To arms! men! One charge more, and this time drive your steel down the throats of the murderous foe. *(musketry)*

JESSIE. Ha! they coom! they coom! yonder is the tartan. Oh! the bonnie Highland plaid. *(she stands on a gun, R. C., and waves her tartan plaid)* You have nae forgotten us. *(the pipes here change the air to "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot")* D'ye hear! d'ye hear? "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." Noo lads, here come the rebels. It will be yer last chance at them. *(she leaps down)*

RANDAL. Steady, lads! *(the SEPOYS appear at back)*

ALL. Hurrah!

*(they dash up the breast work and after firing, club their guns and disappear fighting, driving the SEPOYS down. Shouts and musketry and cannonade, grow furious. The back scene is covered with a red glow; explosions, as from mines, are heard, through all of which the bagpipes continue, now very loud and near. The SEPOYS appear fighting, and driven in at the back. They fall over the breast-work; GENERAL HAVELOCK (who remains on breast-work, C., to end) and the HIGHLANDERS, with their piper, charge up the breast-work and crown it in every direction, bearing down the SEPOYS with the bayonet. GEORDIE and his men enter, L.; CASSIDY and SWEENIE from R., with others of the men, and face those of the SEPOYS, who are driven over by the HIGHLANDERS—Grand Tableau and)*

# HAROLD HAWK

OR

## THE CONVICT'S VENGEANCE

AN ORIGINAL DOMESTIC DRAMA

IN

### TWO ACTS

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF

*Captain Stevens—A Day in Paris—Unfinished Gentleman—An Hour in Seville—Catching an Heiress—Married Rake—Widow's Victim—Rifle Brigade—Tutor's Assistant—Jacques Strop—Hunting a Turtle—Dancing Barber—King's Gardener—Fairy Lake—Lord Bateman—Behind the Scenes—New Footman—Marceline—Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament—Boots at the Swan—King Richard ye Third—Rival Pages—Peggy Green—Mysterious Stranger—Valêt de Sham—Irish Dragoon—Lioness of the North—Taming a Tartar—Phantom Breakfast—White Sergeants—Hotel Charges—Antony and Cleopatra—Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled—Taken In and Done For—Chamber Practice—Witch of Windermere—Fire Eater—Ask no Questions—Judgment of Paris—Out on the Sly—The Elves, or the Statue Bride—My Friend the Major—Robert Macaire—Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials—Drapery Question—Last of the Pigtails—Bonnie Fish Wife—My Aunt's Husband, &c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND.

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

*First performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre,  
On Monday, 27th September, 1858.*

(Copy of Original Bill.)

# Act First, - - ENGLAND.

## Vice and Dissipation.

Leonard Lincoln .. (a Young Soldier, beloved by Jessie) .. Mr. FERNANDEZ.  
Joe Lobkins .. (a Boy with a Giant's Heart) .. Mr. H. WIDDICOMB.  
Harold Hawk (the Dissipated—the Scamp of the Village) Mr. SHEPHERD.  
Leveret } Poachers and Companions { Mr. PERFITT.  
Lurcher } of Harold { Mr. BUTLER.  
Countrymen, Constables, &c., &c.

Jessie Gray .. (the Village Maiden) .. Mrs. HUDSON KIRBY.  
Mrs. Gray .. .. (her Aunt) .. .. Mrs. ATKINS.  
Becky Dimple { Maid of All Work at the Wheatsheaf, } Miss CUTHBERT.  
the Beloved of Joe }

## EXTERIOR OF THE WHEATSHEAF!

The Lonely Fields and Miller's Copse! Part of Woodlands Dell!

A Lapse of Four Years is supposed to take place between the Acts.

# Act Second, - AUSTRALIA.

## The Bushranger and the Emigrant's Wife.

Leonard Lincoln .. (a Wealthy Australian Farmer) .. Mr. FERNANDEZ.  
Joe Lobkins .. (a Married Man) .. Mr. H. WIDDICOMB.  
Harold Hawk .. (a Bushranger and Escaped Convict) .. Mr. SHEPHERD.  
Serjeant Howth Mr. DAVY. Soldiers, &c.  
Mrs. Lincoln (Formerly Jessie Gray—the Emigrant's Wife) Mrs. HUDSON KIRBY.  
Becky .. (Joe's Better-half) .. Miss CUTHBERT.

## THE FARM HOUSE OF LEONARD LINCOLN IN AUSTRALIA!

### COSTUMES.

LEONARD LINCOLN.—Blue military trousers, with a red stripe down the seams, red cavalry shell jacket, forage cap. *2nd dress.*—Light fustian coat and waistcoat, leather leggings and breeches, drab felt hat.  
JOE LOBKINS.—Short corduroy trousers, red striped waistcoat, short-tailed blue jacket, scrubby light hair, and small wideawake hat, grey worsted stockings, and thick ankle boots. *2nd dress.*—A long green smock frock and a fur cap.  
HAROLD HAWK.—Green velveteen shooting jacket, corduroy breeches, flowered waistcoat, blue and white spotted neckcloth, long leather gaiters, broad brimmed black hat, red hair, and large whiskers. *2nd dress.*—"Rags and tatters"—the

remains of a convict's yellow jacket, with a number on the left arm, a checked shirt, flesh body seen through it, grey frieze trousers, torn to ribbons, fleshings seen through, large shoes, tied on with string, long hair, beard and whiskers, face pale and ferocious.

LEVERET AND LURCHER.—Fustian coats, leggings, and wideawake hats.

Mrs. GREY.—Brown stuff modern farmer's wife's gown, white apron and cap.

JESSIE GREY.—Chintz gown, white petticoat, short blue cloak, straw hat—for 2nd scene. 2nd dress.—Dove coloured stuff modern gown, cap with pink ribbon.

BECKY DIMPLE.—Brown gown, with a large coarse canvas apron tied behind, grey worsted stockings, and thick laced boots, long red hair, and night cap. 2nd dress.—A man's drab driving coat, with capes, a man's hat, worn over a night cap.

# HAROLD HAWK;

OR,

## THE CONVICT'S VENGEANCE.



### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*The Interior of a roadside Inn, R. (2nd grooves), with the sign of the "Wheatsheaf" hanging over it.*

LURCHER and LEVERET discovered, seated at a table under a tree near the house, drinking ale in mugs.

LEVERET. Well, Master Lurcher, we'd better be jogging; we've a deal of work afore us, you know. (*looking round*) Halloa! where's Harold?

LURCHER. Oh, he's in the house—the love-sick donkey—trying to wheedle himself into the good graces of pretty Jessie Grey, the "Wheatsheaf's" daughter.

LEVERET. Bah! she's no mate for him; young Leonard Lincoln's the favourite there.

LURCHER. Of course! everybody knows that; but, you see, Leonard's away with his regiment, and that silly fool, Harold, thinks that he'll be able to cut him out. (*pointing through window of house*) Look at him! There he sits, staring at her with eyes goggling like an owl, and drinking glass after glass, till he's as drunk as a piper.

LEVERET. We must have him out—it's getting late, and the long-tails are waiting for us. (*rising, and calling at house door*) Halloa! halloa! Harold! we're going.

HAWK. (*without*) Halloa! stop a minute—stop a minute—must finish my glass.

LEVERET. No, no, come directly, or we'll go without you.

HAWK. (*without.*) Now that's unfriendly—

HAWK enters from house, drunk, with a glass in his hand.

Very unfriendly! Where's your hurry? why can't you be sociable and wait a bit? I won't keep you five minutes. (*reeling back to house*) I just want to—

LEVERET. No, no, not another instant; come along, or we'll leave you. (*going, L.*)

HAWK. (*with drunken gravity*) Very well, very well, gentlemen, then go; I don't choose to be dictated to, nor fettered by anybody! I wish to stay five minutes, and I'll stay five minutes, and no man shall dare to tell me I *shan't* stay five minutes—so, if you won't wait five minutes, you may go! Good evening! good evening!

LEVERET. Oh, good evening! good evening!—pleasant walk across the forest—good evening!

*Exeunt LEVERET and LURCHER, L.*

HAWK. Good evening! Confound the forest! what do I care for the forest? I'm not afraid of the forest—no, no—(*getting a little alarmed*) I rather like to walk through it at night—it's so still, and the trees wave so—pleasantly—and the wind howls so charmingly, and the chains of the murderer's gibbet clank so musically—no, no, I'm not afraid of the forest—no, no, damme! what made those cowards think so? (*calling*) More brandy, there! (*sits at table, sullenly, musing, and showing symptoms of increasing drunkenness*) She doesn't care for me—no, no, she hates—she detests me! (*striking table, and calling loudly*) Are you bringing that brandy?

*Enter BECKY DIMPLE from the house, with a glass of brandy and water, which she places on table.*

BECKY. What a hurry you be in, surely; you don't give a body time to turn oneself round.

HAWK. (*angrily, striking the table.*) Be off!

BECKY. The money first, if you please?

HAWK. (*throwing down a shilling*) Ough! there, you harpy! Begone!

BECKY. Come, I say, don't 'ee call names! Harpy yourself—though I don't know what it means, but I'm sure it's something bad, or you wouldn't say it. (*with great contempt*) You come courting Miss Jessie! You! Do you think she'd ever demean herself by looking at such a low fellow? Harpy! am I? (*in a great rage*) You—you drunken hedgehog! I'll find a man to teach you manners! *Exit into house.*

HAWK. (*drinking*) She despises me! Yes, yes, I see it in every look—feel it in every word—and why? Am I old? am I ill-looking?—no, no—then why should she refuse to listen to

me—why should she treat me with such scorn, such detestation? Because I'm fond of drink?—(*violently*) because I've lost my friends?—because I'm poor?—no, no, it's that smooth-tongued Leonard Lincoln! (*furiously—drinking*) he's the cause of my being rejected—but (*ferociously*) I'll settle with him—yes, yes, he shall pay dearly for crossing me—he shall—he shall!

JOE LOBKINS. (*without, L., singing*) Tol lol de rol de riddle de! News—news—glorious news!

*Enter JOE LOBKINS, L., in great joy, dancing and singing.*

Second edition! News—news—glorious news!

HAWK. Halloa, Joe! what's the matter?

JOE. (*dancing up to him*) News—news—glorious news! (*calling at door*) Missus! Miss Jessie! Becky! the cat, the parrot, and all the establishment! News—news—glorious news! (*dancing and singing*) Tol lol, &c.

*Enter MRS. GREY, JESSIE, and BECKY, from the house—*

*HAWK conceals himself behind the tree.*

MRS. G. Heyday Joe! what's the matter?

JOE. News—news—glorious news! Oh, missus! oh, Miss Jessie! oh, Becky! (*singing and dancing*) Tol lol, &c.

BECKY. Drat the boy, he's betwattled! (*holding him*) Keep still, wal 'ee?

JESSIE. What is it, Joe? Any tidings of Leonard?

JOE. Yes, Miss Jessie, yes. Oh, such news—such glorious news! (*beginning to sing and dance*)

BECKY. (*holding him*) Be quiet, you fuile! if thee dances again, I'll fettle thy legs wi' the rolling pin. Out wi' the news at once; don't 'ee see we are all three of us ready to faint away with curiosity?

JOE. Well, then, Miss Jessie, Leonard's got his discharge from the regiment, and is coming home. Ain't that glorious news, eh, Becky? (*dancing and singing*) Tol lol, &c.

BECKY. Yes, Joe, yes; I don't mind thee singing now.

*(taking his hand, dancing and singing with him.)*

JESSIE. Oh, my dear aunt, this is, indeed, happiness! But how did you learn it, Joe?

JOE. Why, you see, miss, I went to the post office, over at town, to inquire for letters—when who should come up, just at the moment, a-horseback, but Leonard's captain, Sir James—well, he knew me directly, and he sung out—"Halloa! you young shaver, come here." Of course I took off my hat, and went. "You're Mrs. Grey's boy?" says he. "Yes, Sir James," says I, making my best bow, "I are" "I thought so," says he, a-gunning me all over, from my highlows to my wide awake.

"Well, and how is Mrs. Grey?" says he. "Pretty middlingish, Sir James," says I, scraping my leg, in my mannerish way, "thanking you for asking—so is Miss Jessie and Becky, and the—" "That will do," says he, cutting me short with a quick nod, and a flick o' his whip. "Certainly, Sir James," says I. "Well," says he, a-feeling in his pockets, "I've got a letter for your young missus." "Have you, Sir James," says I—"who from?" "What's that to you, you booby?" says he. "No offence, Sir James," says I. "Confound it!" says he, a-fumbling in all his pockets, "what have I done with it? I'm sure I had it somewhere." "Take your time, Sir James," says I, "I'm in no hurry." "Deuce take it," says he, "I must have left it at home—never mind, tell Miss Jessie, with my compliments, that I've got Leonard his discharge from the service, and he's now on his way home." There, Miss Jessie, isn't that glorious news? and moreover, there's a letter I got from the post to comfort you till you get the captain's.

JESSIE. Dear Leonard! (*kissing letter and reading it hastily*) See, see, dear Aunt, he will be here to-morrow. (*reading*) "My dearest Jessie—my letter—"

JOE. Yes, miss, go on—we're all attention—

JESSIE. Well, well, you shall share my happiness.

JOE. Thank you, miss—listen, Becky, it's just the sort o' letter that I'd send to thee.

BECKY. Go along wi' ee, and be a man first.

JESSIE. (*reading*) "My letter by Sir James—"

JOE. Which you won't get till to-morrow—because—

BECKY. Hold thee noise, do!

JESSIE. "Informed you of my good fortune, in obtaining my discharge—"

JOE. It didn't do nought o' sort, cause you didn't get it.

BECKY. If thee opens thy ugly mouth again I'll—Go on miss—

JESSIE. "The necessary forms have been completed sooner than I expected, and with my heart almost bursting with joy, I write these few lines to inform you that I shall be with you, dearest Jessie, to-morrow morning, never, never to part again."

JOE. Hurrah! tol lol, lol, de riddle de! (*singing and dancing*—BECKY joins him, and they foot it joyfully) that's something like a love letter—Eh, Becky? like me—short and sweet. (*kissing her*)

BECKY. Drat 'ee, if thee does that again I'll make 'ee remember it.

JESSIE. My dear aunt—Oh, I'm so happy!

JOE. So am I miss, and so is Becky, and so is everybody—

ha, ha, ha! (*joyfully rubbing his hands.*) Between Sir James and me, and the post, we haven't had a bad innings to-day—eh, Becky, (*poking her in the ribs*) my lass?

BECKY. Once for all I warn 'ee. I don't stand no nonsense from imperent boys. (*goes up with JOE*)

JESSIE. I must run over to the mill, and tell my dear friend, Ellen, the good news. Fetch me my cloak and bonnet, Becky.

BECKY. Yes, miss. (*going*)

JOE. And I'll come and keep 'ee company.

*Goes off with BECKY into house.*

MRS. G. No, no dear Jessie, wait till the morning—it's too late to cross the fields alone.

JESSIE. Psha! it's only a step, and Ellen will be so delighted.

*Enter BECKY with cloak and bonnet.*

BECKY. Here be cloak and bonnet, miss. (*assists her to put them on.*)

JOE. (*calling without*) Becky! oh, oh! come here! here's summut wrong in cellar—make haste!

BECKY. Drat the boy! I dare say he's upset the mash tub. Oh, you fuile! (*runs into house*)

MRS. G. Pray don't think of going, Jessie! it's highly dangerous for you to cross the fields without company.

JESSIE. (*laughing*) What should I fear; everybody knows me, and I am sure no one would dream of harming me.

MRS. G. Don't be too certain of that. There have been some ugly stories flying about lately—of robberies and house-breakings, and all sorts of dreadful things. Don't go, dear Jessie, pray don't.

JESSIE. Psha! you frightened goose! I've left here later than this. Many and many's the moonlit flit I've had across those meadows, and no one has ever met me, nor followed me, nor thought of me. Good bye, dear aunt—I shall soon be back—good bye—good bye!

*Runs off, L.*

MRS. G. Silly girl, silly girl! I'm very nervous about those fields—but psha! I'm alarming myself for nothing—there's no danger.

*Exit into house.*

HAWK. (*advancing*) Alone—crossing the fields! Suppose I—no, no—yet, shall I see her the wife of Leonard—damnation! No, no, proud girl, you shall scorn me no longer.

*Exit, L.*

*Re-enter MRS. GREY, from house.*

MRS. G. I don't somehow feel easy about that girl's crossing those fields by herself. I'll send Joe after her. (*calling at house*) here! Joe! Joe! where are you? I want you!

JOE. (*without, in the cellar*) Hollo! what's the matter? I'm busy in the cellar, and can't come!

MRS. G. You must! Get your hat and stick, and come here directly.

JOE. I can't! The tap's out of the ale barrel, and I'm stopping it with my thumb!

MRS. G. Silly blockhead! tilt it up, and come here directly.

JOE. Well, if the beer's lost, it's your fault. Lend me a hand here, Becky. Heave ho—yo, ho—there, it's all right. I'll get my hat.

MRS. G. It's true, he's but a boy; but anything will be a protection.

*Re-enter JOE, with his hat and a thick stick.*

JOE. Here I be misses. What be I to do?

MRS. G. Run as fast as you can after Jessie, and tell her I've sent you to see her safe home. Run! there's a good boy!

JOE. Like a lapwing, misses. I love Miss Jessie, for she's so civil and kind to me. I'll see that no harm comes to her. My stick's a man if I'm not, and (*striking his heart*) here's something that's as big and as strong as a ten foot giant. Don't be afraid, misses, I'll take care of her. *Exit, L.*

MRS. G. Good boy—good boy! Now my mind's easy, I'll go and look after the supper. *Exit into house.*

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SCENE 2.—*The Fields—a hedge and stile cross the stage, L.—landscape at back. The moon is seen struggling with the clouds, and the stage grows gradually dark.*

*Music*—JESSIE appears at back, from R., and crosses the stile—at this moment a flash of lightning and a roll of thunder.

JESSIE. Dear me! there's a storm coming on—and how dark it is! I almost wish I hadn't come. (*getting alarmed*) Psha! what should I fear? there's nothing to harm me. (*a low whistle is heard, L.*) Eh? (*starting*) What's that? (*the whistle is answered, R.*) Ah! (*terrified*) there are people about! These fields are very lonely and—(*looking off, L.*)—Ah! what is that creeping along the hedge?—a man! (*going, R.—recoils*) Another! (*crouches down by the stile*) Heaven protect me!

*Music*—Enter LUCHER, L. creeping cautiously, and whistling a low note, which is answered by LEVERET, who enters, R., with a quantity of pheasants and hares.

LUCHER. All right, Jem?

LEVERET. Yes—but I've had a hard job to dodge the keepers—they were down upon me at my last fire, and I was obliged

to leave them a brace of long tails, and hook it as fast as a railroad.

LURCHER. Curse 'em! they're always hindering on us. Some of these odd days, I'll have a long shot at some of the varments, and pay off old scores. But what's become of Harold? He was to have met us here, to settle about the breaking in at the parsonage to-night.

JESSIE. (*aside*) Harold the associate of poachers and house-breakers!

LEVERET. Oh, the cur! he's still at the "Wheatsheaf," I suppose, getting drunker and drunker, wasting his time after that girl; mark my word, Ned, he'll split on us one of these fine mornings, see if he dont!

LURCHER. No he won't, for on the first symptom of his doubling upon us, I'll (*showing knife*) stop his cackling—but come, the van will be here directly, and old Turner don't like to be kept waiting for his chickabiddies. (*Music—going towards stile, sees JESSIE*) Eh! what's that a listener! (*presenting gun*) Come forward, or I'll fire.

JESSIE. (*advancing*) No, no, Leveret, you've nothing to fear, from me.

LEVERET. }  
LURCHER. } Jessie Grey!

LEVERET. How came you here?

JESSIE. I was crossing the fields to go home, when I heard you whistle, and, being frightened—I—I—thought I would hide in the hedge till you had passed.

LURCHER. Then you've heard all we said.

JESSIE. Yes, but by all that's good, I'll not say a word—you both know me, and when I make a promise it is sacred.

LURCHER. Pie crust! (*moodily cocking his gun*) We never trust to nobody's honour—look out, Leveret, I'll make all sure.

LEVERET. (*stopping him*) No, no, I know her better than you; I'd take her bare word against a heap of parsons sworn affidavys; if she says she won't say nothing, she won't—I'll be bail for her—so let her go.

LURCHER. Well, you know I'm *naturally* tender hearted, Ned, specially when women's concerned—all right my girl—keep dark, and no harm will come; but mind if you let's out even a feather of what you've seen and heard, you'll repent it; and thank your good character, that your mother has'nt to go into mourning for you. Come, Jem. *Exit over stile, L.*

LEVERET. Good night, Miss Jessie. I know you'll keep your word, but take a fool's advice, get home as soon as you can, and don't be out again o' nights; there's other fellows about that arn't so easy to be choked off as me and my pal;

good night—mind I does this because I knows you has a kind heart, and don't, because you are good yourself, think it your Christian dooty to have no pity nor mercy for them as is druv by poverty to do wrong. *Exit over stile, L.*

JESSIE. Oh how frightened I am! I shall never have strength to reach home. Oh, why did I not take my aunt's advice? It is dreadful to be alone in this desolate place.

*Enter HAWK, over the stile, R., he advances stealthily, R.*

I tremble so, I cannot move! what will become of me?

HAWK. (*advancing, R.*) Let me be your protector, pretty Jessie.

JESSIE (*starting with a suppressed scream*) Ah! Harold! (*aside*) Oh, this is terrible! (*trying to appear courageous*) What brings you here, Harold?

HAWK. (*doggedly*) You—I saw you leave the “Wheatsheaf,” and I followed, thinking you would need protection in your lonely walk across these fields.

JESSIE. But I need no protection—I am close at the mill, and (*trying to smile*) our neighbourhood has always been famous for its honesty. Besides, I dare say the miller, or one of his men is on the way to meet me; good night. (*trying to pass him, he stops her*)

HAWK. Stay, Jessie; there's no chance of the miller or any of his people coming for you—I know you are not expected there to-night—so I'm not to be scared that way; and as to the honesty of the neighbourhood, perhaps you are a little out in your reckoning there too—but that's another matter. Now I have a few words to say to you about myself. (*seizing her arm, and speaking in an under tone of mingled passion and ferocity*) A few words which you *must* listen to, however you may despise and detest me.

JESSIE. (*with firmness*) For your own sake, let me pass—the course you are taking—

HAWK. Is the desperate resource of a man driven mad by your rejection of his love. Oh, Jessie, Jessie, before I met you I was the most industrious, sober, and prosperous lad in the village—everybody respected me, everybody was my friend. What have you made me? an idler, a drunkard, a penniless, homeless, friendless vagabond—with everybody's heart, everybody's hand—and everybody's door shut against me.

JESSIE. No, no, Harold, you must not blame me—I told you from the first, that my affections were engaged—that Leonard—

HAWK. (*violently*) Leonard! Curse him! he has been my rock-a-head through life—crossing me at every turn—but

fortune has at last been kind—he shall not always triumph over me. (*wildly*) Jessie, you must, you *shall* be mine—I have perilled my life for this meeting—there's no help at hand—pledge me your solemn word you will take me for your husband, or—(*seizing her*) force—

JESSIE. Oh, Harold, Harold—do not, I implore you, stay me—I cannot make that promise. (*frantically struggling*) Let me go! Oh, heaven! is there no help? (*screaming*) Help, help, help! (*Music*)

LEONARD. (*without, L. U. E.*) A woman calling for help!

*Enters, and jumps over stile.*

Hollo, villain! I'll give you better employment.

(*he rushes forward, strikes down HAWK, and stands over him.*)

JESSIE. (*with a scream of joy, embracing LEONARD.*) Leonard!

LEONARD. Jessie! and who's this scoundrel? Harold! you cowardly miscreant! I've a great mind to save the hangman the trouble of finishing you.

HAWK. Battled again! damnation! (*putting a whistle to his mouth and blowing a shrill blast*) I'll have another try. (*a whistle is heard without*) Ah, then I win! (*shouting*) Here lads, here.

*Music.*—LEVERET and LURCHER appear, and jump over the stile.

LEVERET. } Halloo, halloo! What's the matter?

LURCHER. }

LEONARD. More villains! Don't cling to me, Jessie, leave my arms free.

HAWK. Now, Leonard, we'll settle accounts. Help, my lads—drop him, while I seize the girl.

(*Music.*—LEVERET and LURCHER level their guns—HAWK crosses behind to seize JESSIE—as he passes the stile, JOE LOBKINS rises from behind the hedge, and strikes him down with his stick—he then dashes forward, strikes up the guns of LEVERET and LURCHER, and belabours them—Leveret's gun falls—LEONARD rushes on LURCHER and endeavours to wrest his gun from him—JOE continues beating LEVERET—HAWK recovers from the blow, rises, and is advancing to seize JESSIE, who picks up the gun dropped by Leveret, and presents it at him—LEONARD, in the mean time, overcomes LURCHER, and JOE, LEVERET.—*Tableau.*)

JOE. (*dancing, and flourishing stick*) Who's a man now? Hurrah! if I'm a boy, I'm a whopping one—Eh, old fellows? be off you cowardly varmint, or I'll give you another taste of the tooth-pick.

HAWK. We shall meet again, Leonard—(*with ferocity*) then look to it! Your life or mine.

*Exit over stile, followed by LEVERET and LURCHER.*

JOE. (*with much respect*) Good evening, gentlemen, good evening! sorry you can't oblige us with a longer stay. (*flourishing stick*) Doctor Twigg would like to show you a little more civility.

JESSIE. My dear Leonard, to what lucky chance do I owe this happiness?

LEONARD. Anxious to see you, dear Jessie, I could not wait till the morning, so made my journey on foot; on passing the copse yonder, I heard what no *man* ever heard in vain, a woman's cry for help! to leap the hedge, and hasten to the sound was a natural impulse; little did I think it was Jessie who needed my protection. Dear love, how came you here so late, and with that villain?

JESSIE. I was going to the mill, to tell my friend Ellen that you were expected—he followed, and waylaid me. Oh, Leonard! dear Leonard! had you not been at hand——

JOE. There was another *man*, who would have supplied his place. Your aunt sent me after you, to take care of you. I was running ready to break my neck, overing the hedges and ditches, when I heard your cry, a cry, as Leonard says, no *man* ever hears in vain. I put on more steam and got up to the stile just in time to give master Harold a topper—ha, ha, ha! We astonished the vagabonds above a bit—eh, Leonard? ha, ha, ha! They wont forget Doctor Twigg, or their lobster salad in a hurry.

JESSIE. Good boy, good boy! your courage and fidelity shall be rewarded.

JOE. Nay, nay, don't 'ee talk of reward, Miss Jessie, I ha' got it already in seeing you safe. Just stick up this little job against the good you and Mr. Leonard has done for me, often and often, and see on which side's the obligation. Lord bless you! I'd a done it for fun—just to try my manliness.

LEONARD. Well, well, my good fellow, we'll find a way to show our gratitude. Come, Jessie, let us go home; you must need repose after your fright. No fear of your being waylaid again; (*taking her hand*) from this time you have two protectors.

JOE (*showing stick*) Three! and I flatter myself, that with such brothers in arms, you'd whop the world. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—*A Front Wood.*

*Enter HAROLD, LEVERET, and LURCHER, L.*

HAWK. Curses on him—to foil me at such a moment; but I'll have a terrible revenge.

LEVERET. Pooh, pooh! you'll only make matters worse. Why didn't you stick to your poaching and housebreaking like other honest tradesman, and not waste your time in waylaying girls, and getting yourself and your pals into unnecessary scrapes? Look at my gun—that's gone—so is Lurcher's; and worse than all, there are three witnesses to swear to us.

LURCHER. Yes, you infernal idiot! all through your cursed poaching on your own account; besides which, the girl overheard us talking about the crack at the parson's to-night, so our little game that way is blown.

HAWK. What! does she know that I am concerned in that?

LURCHER. Of course; we let out the whole business before we seed her.

HAWK. Then we are lost.

LEVERET. No, no; there's no fear of her betraying us. She has given her solemn promise to be silent, and I know that nothing could tempt her to break her word; but the other business is serious—we must bolt at once, or the police will have us.

HAWK. There is but one way to secure ourselves.

LURCHER. What is that?

HAWK. To remove the evidence.

LURCHER. What, (*making action of cutting a throat*)  
Knifing 'em?

HAWK. Yes; the "Wheatsheaf" is easily entered—we should catch them asleep—and (*with a ferocious smile*) then who's to swear?

LURCHER. A capital thought! I'm ready for one.

LEVERET. But suppose they should wake and resist?

HAWK. No fear of that; we'll wait till they are all fast; but if, by any chance, the first attack should fail, their bare hands will stand no chance with our knives.

LEVERET. I don't much mind the man and the boy, but the girl—

HAWK. Chicken-hearted fool! leave her to me; besides, we can do a little business in our regular line—the old woman's cash box is always well lined, so you see we can kill four birds with one stone.

LURCHER. To be sure; and perhaps pick up a watch, or a

stray spoon or two, and a few other small trifles. Oh, it's a capital game—worth a dozen of the parson's job.

HAWK. Come, then, let's get our masks and tools, and a drop of brandy to put determination into us, and to work. Now, Master Leonard, we shall see who'll win this time.

*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE 4.—*The Interior of the "Wheatsheaf."* A staircase leading to chambers, R. C.—large window, and door in flat, L.

*Music.*—JESSIE, LEONARD, and MRS. GREY, discovered at supper, seated at table, C., BECKY attending—JOE sits on a stool with a knife and a large hunk of bread and meat.

MRS. G. A lucky escape, my child—in the morning I shall set the police to work, and the villains shall be taken and punished.

JESSIE. No, no, dear mother, I'm safe; and Harold will never again attempt.

MRS. G. I don't know that—a man who can act as he has done should not be suffered to be at large—it's my duty to have him apprehended.

JOE. (*with his mouth full*) Certainly, certainly, missus; and if you can't find a constable plucky enough to collar him, here's a man who will undertake the job wi' a deal of pleasure.

BECKY. Oh, goodness gracious, what a long tail our cat's got, all of a sudden—to hear thee talk one would think thee was the Dooke o' Wellington. Thee collar Harold! thee must eat a good bit more *puddin' fust*.

JOE. Never mind! I've done well enough wi' dumplings. Only let him tempt to towse thee, that's all—see if I wouldn't smasheate him. (*cutting meat furiously*) Oh! I've chopped off a piece of my finger.

BECKY. Oh, you ninnyhammer! thee's always doing something stoopid—here let me tie it up for you.

(*retires up with JOE, and binds his finger with a strip of her apron*)

MRS. G. (*rising from table, and advancing*) Now, children! it's getting late, we'd better go to bed. Leonard, you shall go with me to the magistrate's in the morning—and, at the same time you can settle your own little business—eh, Jessie?

LEONARD. Yes, dear mother! (*taking JESSIE's hand*) the first use I make of my liberty will be to——

MRS. G. (*laughing*) Fetter yourself for life—well, well! it's pleasant slavery after all, and will never be abolished, let the old maids and bachelors rail against it as they will.

JOE. That's exactly my opinion, missus. The old maids and bachelors, with all their bouncing of the advantages of singleness, must feel very cold and uncomfortable on winter nights—I know I do, for one—I've froze to death, and looks at a flannel petticoat with veneration.

BECKY. Oh, thou guise! don't thee talk improper! What does thee know about petticoats?

JOE. (*sentimentally*) Why that they're man's greatest comforts! I never sees one hanging up to dry but I take off my hat to it.

MRS. G. Good night, Leonard! to-morrow's market, so we must start early. Good night, my love! (*kisses JESSIE*) Good night, Joe and Becky! I'll see you to your room, Leonard—clear away, and see everything safe. (*going up stairs*)

LEONARD. Good night, dear Jessie! Oh! three weeks more, and then——

MRS. G. Now, Leonard, are you coming?

LEONARD. Yes, yes—good night! Heaven bless you!

*Goes up stairs and exits with MRS. GREY.*

JESSIE. Good night, dear Leonard!

LEONARD. (*returning*) Good night, dear.

MRS. G. (*pulling him off*) Come along with thee, do! Oh, you simpletons—you'll soon be cured of this foolishness.

*(pulls him off)*

JESSIE. (*looking after LEONARD*) Dear, dear Leonard!

JOE. There, Becky, look at those two turtle doves, and take a lesson in building and cooing.

*(trying to put his arm round her)*

BECKY. (*pushing him away*) Go along wi' 'ee! thee's always a-hindering me wi' some nonsense or other. Fasten the shutters, while I rake out the fire. (*pushing him*) Quick! quick!

*Music.*—JOE fastens the shutters—BECKY rakes out fire—

JESSIE clears the table, and puts cloth, &c., into closet.

BECKY. (*speaking through music*) The trouble I have wi' him, Miss Jessie's, enough to drive me into being a nunnery. (*to JOE, taking away chairs*) Let those things alone, do! I'se no peace wi' him from morning till night.

JOE. (*speaking through music—running about to assist BECKY*) Lor' bless you, miss! the boot's on t'other leg; she's always a-haggravating me to take her before the parson—she wouldn't be a nunnery for t'world.

JESSIE. Now all's right—good night!

JOE. Good night, miss—(*lighting a stable lantern*)—good night, Becky! (*showing lantern*) It's cold comfort for a young fellar as is dying for connuberality to sleep in the stable wi' nothing but a truss o' hay for a feather bed. (*sighing comically*)

Oh, if thee don't take pity on me soon, I shall go and be a mormion, or keep a turnpike gate. *Exit, door in flat.*

JESSIE. (*laughing*) Poor Joe—he seems very fond of you, Becky.

BECKY. (*vainly*) Yes, miss, pretty well—though of course I pretend that I don't see his partiality, and never let him suspect that I care a button for him, (*affectionately*) though, dear little fellow, if he knew how much I—(*taking candle*) Shall I light you to your room, miss?

JESSIE. No; I shall sit up a little to get ready for the market to-morrow. Good night—be up early.

BECKY. Yes, miss—good night! (*going up stairs—looking after JOE and sighing.*) dear Joe— *Exit.*

JESSIE. (*sitting at table.*) What an eventful night this has been—Leonard's return—my escape—our marriage settled. Oh, so much happiness bewilders me. Dear Leonard! what a contrast between him and Harold! (*shuddering*) a drunkard—a profligate—the associate of poachers and housebreakers. (*rising*) Ah! great powers! I had forgot—those men spoke of a burglary at the parsonage to-night. Oh, if I could give Mr. Wentworth warning of his danger! yet, my promise! no, no, that is sacred—I cannot break my word—yet, my duty to society—my obligations to our good rector—the danger he may be in of losing his life. I *must* speak—yet, my promise! It was nothing but my known good character on that point saved me from assassination. Shall I, then, forfeit my good name? no, no, I must be dumb. (*greatly excited*) If to-morrow I hear that all the family have been murdered—what shall I say? what shall I do? how can I live? I should feel—ay, and by every law human and divine would *be* the accomplice of the villains! Oh, Heaven direct me—I cannot be such a fiend. I must—I *will* save them—I have sworn not to speak, but I have not sworn that I will not be at hand to thwart their plans. I'll go to the parsonage—(*hastily putting on cloak and bonnet*) arouse the family—save them from the threatened danger, and yet not break my word. It is late, and the way is lonely, but a good cause gives me courage, and I'll do my duty. (*Music.—She unlocks the door and is going out, when she suddenly draws back and fastens the door in great alarm*) Ah! three men in masks and frocks lurking round the house! what can they want here? (*Music.—The door is seen to shake*) Ah! they are trying the door! (*Music.—A sound is heard like a pick introduced into a lock*) They are picking the lock! what shall I do? call Leonard and my mother! (*Music.—Going up stairs, nearly falls with fright—the window shutters are seen to move.*) Ah! they are trying the shutters. (*calling in terror, faintly*) Leonard!

Leonard! (*Music.—The sound of a centre bit is heard—a piece of wood falls, and a hand is seen feeling for the bolt.*) They have found the bolt, they open the shutters. (*frantically calling*) Help! help! Leonard! mother! help! help! thieves! thieves!

*Music.—The shutter is opened, and HAROLD appears at the window—JESSIE, in an agony of terror, screams, and seizing the gun which is standing near the staircase, fires at him, and falls senseless. HAROLD, who has been struck by the shot, utters a loud yell and falls into the room—at the same moment MRS. GREY, LEONARD, and BECKY enter down staircase, and JOE from door in flat, and form tableau.*

MRS. G. Jessie! Jessie! (*to JOE*) Go for assistance. What is this? *Exit JOE, by door.*

JESSIE. He came to rob—I fired, and—(*recognizing HAWK*) Harold!

HAWK. (*raising himself, and looking ferociously at LEONARD and JESSIE.*) Curses on you both! this will send me across the seas, I know; but I shall return, and then beware—I live but for vengeance.

(*Music.—He falls fainting—JOE enters with COUNTRYMEN, who raise him up on his knee—he glares savagely at LEONARD and JESSIE—she shrinks from him alarmed, and is supported by LEONARD—BECKY clings to MRS. GREY—and JOE, standing behind HAWK, flourishes a constable's staff—Tableau.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Kitchen of a Log House in Australia—the roof is low, and large beams extend from side to side, on which hams, bacon, ropes of onions, &c. are hanging—a fireplace, R.—door of entrance, in flat, C.—a practicable window, R. in F., through which a forest and wild country are seen—L. 2 E., a door leading to an inner room—a large oak table is in the centre of the stage—L., a bureau—R., a corn bin and a cupboard—a coat hanging near door, L.—hanging over the corn bin is a long rope and a halter.*

*Music.—Enter JOE LOBKINS from C. D.—he is dressed in a long green smock frock, with a fur cap.*

JOE. There! wagon be ready, and I've now nought to do but catch t'old horse, and we're ready for market. (*opening bin, and taking out a sieve with corn in it.*) but I've a nation hard job afore me, afore I'se down on my gentleman, (*taking a halter from a peg over corn bin*) for if there's one job more difficult in the world than any other job to job, it's catching a skittish horse. It's worse than coaxing ducks out of a pond to come and be killed, for they is ignorant of sage and onion, and is so easily gammoned; but a horse is another pair o' boots—he's had a taste of collars and saddles, and whips and spurs, and is as wide awake as a weasel. You may rattle the 'ticers, (*shaking the oats*) and say (*imitating*) coop, coop, coop, for a blue Monday—he'll sniff, and blow, and winny, and wiggle his ears, and let you creep as near as a toucher; but, the moment you moves a finger to halter him—whoo! down goes his head, and up goes his heels, and he's off to t'other end o' the field, where he stands a taking sights and laughing at you. Even in England, where they're civilised and know manners, they're not to be bamboozled arout a deal o' skill and patience; but, here in Australia, they're as wild and independent as the diggers, and they never can't be managed, no how.

BECKY. (*within, calling*) Joe! what art thou doing there, idling thy time? make haste and catch the horse, and get up the wagon. Hurry, hurry; we shall be too late for market.

JOE. All right, ducky! (*dolefully*) There's another o' the disadvantages of living in a land o' liberty. Afore I got married and comed out here, I could do just what I pleased wi' her—I'd only to look loving and say, coop, coop, coop—her arms war round my neck in a twinkling, and I war her dear Joe. Now it's quite wisey warsey—she's caught the hinde-pendent hepedemic o' the country, and chiveys and hectors me about as though I war a nigger. Oh, I've a great mind, some, day, to pluck up a manly spirit, and—

*Enter BECKY from room, L. 2. E., dressed for the market, in a man's coat and hat over her cap and petticoats.*

BECKY. (*pinching his ear.*) Do what, thou betwattled gaby?

JOE. Eh? oh! nought, ducky—nought! (*aside*) talk of the—eh? well, popsy whopsey, you're all ready for starting, I see?

BECKY. To be sure—and waiting, this half hour. (*pushing him*) Now, look alive do, and get up t'orse—masters worriting to be off. (*pushing him*) Hurry, hurry.

JOE. (*resisting*) Let him worrit—I ain't a going to be druv by nobody. I'se a free-born Hinglishman; leastways, I war before I was married; and I means to stick up for my national hindependence, both ways as a man and a husband.

(*swaggering and taking the stage with dignity.*)

BECKY. (*laughing at him*) Whoo! dost thee know what thee looks like when thee ruffles thy feathers, and struts and bibbety bobbety thy head to and fro in that zany manner? (*laughing*) Thee's for all the world like a turkey gobbler, as has gotten a conceit that he's a peacock. (*laughing and imitating*)

JOE. I won't be laughed at; and let me tell thee, Becky, that though I does allow thee to wear my hat and coat, I ain't agoing to let thee wear the other things as belong to 'em.

BECKY. (*aggravatingly*) If I choose, thee can't help me.

JOE. (*determinedly*) Oh, yes, I can.

BECKY. (*confidently*) Na, thee can't.

JOE. (*swaggering*) Oh, yes, I can.

BECKY. (*smiling maliciously*) Thee can't!

JOE. Just try, that's all.

BECKY. (*coaxingly*) What would'st thee do, eh? thou crinkety crankety guise?

JOE. Do! why, I'd—(*aside.*) dang it, I can do nought when she looks at me in that way. (*irresolutely*) I'd—I'd—

BECKY. (*looking at him affectionately, and coaxing him*) What now? thee wouldn't ha' the heart to quarrel wi' thy Popsy Whopsy, and make her miserable would'st thou, darling ducky? (*crying*)

JOE. (*aside—shaking the sieve of corn*) Coop, coop—I'm cotched! (*hugging her*) No, dear Becky, no, I loves thee too well to make thee grieve. Wear what thee pleases, I'll make shift wi' a pair of gaiters.

BECKY. That's my dear Joe—but don't thee be afraid—I'se content wi' the coat?

JOE. Then come along wi' me and help to catch t'orse. Oh, Becky, Becky! it's a good thing for t'orses that they are not men, if they was, and they sent a woman to catch 'em, they'd be haltered at the first—(*imitating her smile, &c.*) “coop, coop, coop.”

*Exeunt C. D.*

*Music.—Enter LEONARD and JESSIE from L. 2 E., LEONARD carries a rifle on his shoulder, and a gig whip in his hand—he is dressed as a respectable farmer, in leather leggins, a light fustian coat and waistcoat, large hat, and heavy drab overcoat—JESSIE, as a farmer's wife, in a plain stuff gown and cap.*

JESSIE. You're sure you've got everything right, dear Leonard?

LEONARD. Yes, dear. (*feeling in his pockets*) The papers for the lawyers, the letters for England, your commissions at the grocers, and the drapers, the deposit for our new farm—Stay—(*taking a bag of money from his breast pocket*) on reflection, I won't take the money, as I shall receive enough at market; so (*giving her the bag*) lock it up in the bureau. (*calling off*) Now then, Joe, look alive with the wagon, market will be over before we start.

JESSIE. Don't stay away longer than is necessary, dear Leonard. Though I know there is no danger, I'm such a timid goose, I'm always frightened at being left alone in the house.

LEONARD. (*gaily*) Why what on earth can there be to harm you? the wood pigeons and the rabbits are our only visitors.

JESSIE. I know it's silly to be such a coward, but we're so far from any other house, and (*nervously*) if some of the Ballarat gold diggers, or bush rangers should come by, and find me without protection, I—pscha, I'm frightening myself with shadows—this is not the first time you've left me, and if there should be danger, I know how to use a rifle. Here's Joe with the wagon—good bye—don't *you* be afraid—I'll take care of myself.

JOE. All right, master, butter, eggs, and ducks, and chickens, and calves, and pigs, and Becky, be all packed in comfortable—there only wants you and me to make up the family party.

LEONARD. (*kissing JESSIE*) Good bye, dear Jessie! Keep up your courage—I'll be back very early. Go on, Joe. Good bye!

*Exit JOE.*

JESSIE. Good bye! (*shuts door and fastens it with a bolt*) After all my efforts to persuade myself there is no danger, it's by no means pleasant to be left alone. I can't help thinking of thieves and murderers; our house is so lonesome, and so near the forest, (*looking round timidly and fixing her eyes on a coat hanging on the wall next door L. 2 E.*) Eh! oh dear! I thought I saw the coat move, and a pair of fierce eyes peeping under the sleeves! (*looking again*) pscha! it's only my foolish fear—it's perfectly still and harmless. I ought to be ashamed of myself for being so silly. I'll put away the money, and get ready the dinner. (*Music piano, she unlocks the bureau, and puts in the money bag, speaking through music*) Who would think, now, (*looking over notes in pocket book*) of our being so rich in so short a time. In another year we shall be able to go home to dear England, and be carriage gentlefolks. (*shuts the bureau and puts the key in her pocket—a low knock is heard at the door—starting—alarmed*) Who's there? (*the knock is repeated*) Ah! it's Leonard, come for something, and he's trying to frighten me, (*going*

*to door and unbolting it*) no, no, Mr. Leonard, it won't do; I'm not to be caught.

*She opens the door—a strong chord—and HAWK appears; he is dressed as a convict, in picturesque rags, with long hair and beard; he has a fetter and a piece of chain round one of his ankles, and his whole appearance is wild, haggard, and ferocious.*

JESSIE. (*screaming and recoiling in terror*) Ah!

(HAWK *locks and bolts the door, and puts the key in his pocket,*

HAWK. Don't be alarmed my pretty linnet; I'm only a poor traveller, in want of a little food and money. (*recognising her, and starting*) Jessie Grey!

JESSIE. Gracious powers! Harold!

HAWK. At your service—what a happy meeting. (*wiping his lips with his sleeves and advancing*) Permit me, Mrs. Lincoln, to—

JESSIE. Back, Harold, back! if you have one spark of good feeling left, respect my helplessness, and depart.

HAWK. (*laughing wildly*) Good feeling! ha, ha, ha! I have long since bid adieu to everything that is human—I am a tiger thirsting for blood. Look here—(*showing a scar on his breast*) here's *your* mark, and (*showing fetter and chain*) here's what you brought me to. For three long years I have toiled from sunrise to sundown with the convict gang, in chains and hopeless misery—(*shouting frantically*)—for *you*, for *you*, Jessie, and your cursed husband; but I told you my day would come—I've escaped to the bush, and now I'll fill the cup of vengeance to the brim. Give me some food and brandy—quick—I'm starving.

JESSIE. Oh, Harold, Harold, forgive me—forgive me; I did not mean to harm you—when I fired at you I did not know—

HAWK. The shot I could forgive, but (*striking his heart*) here, here, here's the wrong that can never be repaired nor forgiven. (*staggering to chair near table*) The food and brandy, woman—I'm fainting.

(*Music.*—JESSIE *goes to cupboard and places bread and meat and a knife on the table, looking all the while at HAWK with great terror*)

JESSIE. There, there, eat, and let me try to excuse myself and Leonard—

HAWK. (*furiously*) Don't mention his name, or (*grasping knife, and looking at her with ferocity*) I'll—the brandy, the brandy! (*eating voraciously*)

(*Music.*—JESSIE, *suddenly conceiving a hope of escape, watches her opportunity, and while his eyes are for a mo-*

*ment turned from her, steals to door, L. 2 E., but in turning the handle the lock snaps—HAROLD turns, and seeing her intention, starts up and seizes her.*

HAWK. What are you doing there?

JESSIE. (*trembling*) The—the brandy.

HAWK. You don't keep brandy in the bed room. (*throwing her round*) Find it here, or (*showing knife*) you know what will happen. (*Music.—sits again at table—JESSIE goes to closet and brings forward brandy bottle and a glass*) Ah, that's right; I knew you had made a mistake—fill—fill—full—full—my heart is cold—again—again! (*JESSIE fills the glass twice, and HAWK drinks*) Now, sit down, and I'll tell you all that has happened to me since you and your husband bore witness against me. No shrinking—sit down—(*JESSIE sinks nearly exhausted into a chair*) That's right! your health, Mrs. Lincoln. (*drinks*) Ha, ha, ha! The brandy's capital. Well, a few days after my conviction, I was packed off with a drove of other poor devils, to a ship that was waiting for us at Plymouth to take us to the land of promise. (*laughing wildly*) Ha, ha, ha! You've heard of the pleasures of a sea voyage—ha, ha, ha! Ladies and gentlemen going passengers to India, with fine cabins and three course dinners and champagne every day—ha, ha, ha! We hadn't those little comforts—no, no; for five months we were stowed between decks, packed like herrings in a tub, and fed on scanty rations of salt junk and mouldy biscuit. (*drinking*) This brandy is delicious. Well, four of our party got so tired of their comforts that they died of 'em—ha, ha, ha! And I was very near following their good example, but I was never lucky in anything. I recovered, and was landed—of course I had friends to welcome me—oh, yes—ha, ha, ha! Chains and hard labour. (*drinking and getting greatly intoxicated*) This brandy is cap—capital. Well, I worked, I worked, I worked—(*shouting frantically and striking table*) three years—three years—(*laughing hysterically*)—three years of convict labour! oh, how I cursed—oh, how I prayed for death. You asked me just now if I had any good feeling left. (*with terrible intensity*) If I had been an angel, my tortures would have made me a demon. I watched, and watched, determined to escape. At last the moment came—I feigned illness—was left alone in the infirmary without a guard—I rushed upon the turnkey, strangled him ere he could give the alarm, and was off in safety to the bush. Ha, ha, ha! It was bravely done. For six weeks the blood hounds have been hunting for me, but I have baffled them. (*rising*) Liberty! liberty! Oh, how I drank the air, and revelled in the sunshine! each blade of grass—each leaf—each drop of dew—I was free! I was free! (*re-*

*turning to his seat*) I had companions in the bush. *(laughing savagely)* Ha, ha, ha! Heart companions—kindred spirits. *(striking table)* The wolves and tigers—I consorted with them in their lairs, and shared their prey; but, our common enemy, *man*, the greater savage, forced me to leave my paradise—I fled to the coast, hiding by day, and running by night, the blood-hounds always at my heels—for two days I haven't tasted food—I was nearly beaten, when I saw the smoke of your chimney—I made for it, and to my joy found *(bowing with sarcastic politeness)* my old sweetheart, Mrs. Lincoln.

JESSIE. *(aside, in great terror)* Oh, Heaven protect me—he is maddened by drink, and lost to all human feeling. Oh, Leonard! Leonard! *(observing that he is falling asleep)* If I could gain the window, I might escape.

*(Music.—She rises cautiously, and is creeping to the window, when HAWK opens his eyes, and strikes the table violently)*

HAWK. Holloa! stop! stop! I've not done with you yet. Back! back! or it will be the worse for you. *(rising with difficulty)* Now, having recruited my strength with your good cheer, I'll proceed *(holding on by table)* with the other part of my business. I believe I mentioned that I wanted a little money—oblige me with the key of your bureau.

JESSIE. *(in a faint voice, in great terror)* Oh, Harold, surely you will not rob us of our hard earned-savings!

HAWK. *(violently)* I would do *anything*. Don't call me Harold! look; *(showing a number on the arm of his jacket)* Harold died *(with a touch of tenderness)* when Jessie Grey bore witness against him. I've no name now—a number is my only distinction from my brother *(brushing away a tear)* felons; *(resuming his savageness)* but time flies—I saw you lock up the bag and pocket-book—the key.

JESSIE. *(falling on her knees)* Oh, I implore you, do not.

HAWK. *(grasping knife)* No trifling! the key, or——

JESSIE. *(in an agony of terror—giving it to him)* There.

HAWK. That's right! there's nothing like doing things with a good grace. Now, do me the favour *(pointing to bureau)* to stand in my sight while I finish my business, as I have no mind to be interrupted. *(Music.—JESSIE staggers across to bureau, and sinks on the floor beside it—he opens the drawers, &c., and takes out bag and pocket book)* Ah, this will make me comfortable. Leonard's a fool to keep so much money in a lone house—it's a temptation to rob and—*(securing the money in his pocket, and looking earnestly at JESSIE, who is lying huddled upon the floor, supported by the bureau, almost insensible—aside)* Yes, it must be done—she mustn't bear witness against me again. *(leaning on bureau—looking at her, and musing)* This

will get me a passage to America, and I shall again hold up my head. (*looking at her with a murderous expression*) Yes, yes—it must be done. (*abruptly, in a hoarse tone*) Jessie!

JESSIE. (*starting on her feet, catching at the bureau for support, endeavouring to appear calm, and looking at him timidly*) Harold!

HAWK. (*angrily*) I told you not to—(*somewhat subdued by her look of hopeless terror, and speaking gently*) Well, well, call me what you will. (*looking at her with tenderness—aside in deep emotion*) That angel face—those tears—that look of terror! (*with a burst of feeling*) No, no, fiend as I am, I cannot harm her. (*crosses to R.*) My vengeance shall be on him. Come closer. (*she advances trembling*) I am not angry now—I have a vision of the old time coming over me. (*holding out his hand—in a tremulous voice*) Jessie, will you take that hand in yours for once, and the last time? (*she shudders and draws back*) Ah! (*sternly*) why do you shrink away? you cannot feel the blood. (JESSIE, *with a violent effort, places her hand in his*) Ah! (*pressing it fervently*) had this been mine instead of—(*with returning ferocity—stamping his foot and crossing to L.*) Fiends of hell! why should I leave him happiness, when it is in my power to tear it from him! (*wildly*) Jessie! Jessie Grey! my Jessie—I'll call you by no other name—I am a convicted felon—a ruffian—dead alike to pity and remorse. We are alone—there is no hope for help—for years I have cherished a deadly hate against the man who stole you from me—revenge on Leonard Lincoln has been the sole object of my life. Just now I was on the point of striking a blow which would have made us quits—my knife was in my hand to murder you.

JESSIE. (*in an agony of terror*) Oh, horror!

HAWK. Yes, Jessie; I would have done it, but my heart quailed at the sight of that face I so adored in other days—spite of my oath, and my convict's cruelty, I had not courage to harm you. (*wildly, with passionate earnestness*) Jessie, Jessie, I spared you, though I knew my life was in your hands—I have tried to be human, but the thought of Leonard—oh, that is torture. I will be revenged on him—life is dear to us all—I give you your choice—fly with me and share my fortune, or die.

JESSIE. Oh, Harold, mercy—mercy.

HAWK. (*seizing her and dragging her to door—she screams and struggles*) Come, come, resistance is vain—soon, soon the broad ocean will be between us and this hated land—I will love you, Jessie, fervently, devotedly—my future life shall atone for my past. Come, come, you must—you shall be mine.

(*dragging her to door.*)

JESSIE. (*screaming*) Never! never! sooner take my life.

HAWK. (*throwing her from him with savage fury—she falls*) Then be it so.

(*Music.—He grasps the knife, and advances to seize her, she screams in terror, and clasps his knees.*)

JESSIE. Oh, have mercy on me. Harold! Harold! pity my helplessness. Oh, for the love of Heaven, spare me—spare me!

HAWK. You plead in vain—my heart is stone.

(*he raises the knife, and is about to stab her, when she utters a loud shriek.*)

JESSIE. (*frantically*) Help, help, help!

JOE LOBKINS. (*without, at a distance, shouting*) Hollo! hollo!

JESSIE. (*with a scream of joy*) Ah! help is at hand. (*struggling with him, and calling frantically*) Joe! Joe! Leonard! Leonard!

(*distant murmurs, in which the voice of LEONARD is heard.*)

*Music forte.*—JOE LOBKINS jumps in by the window, armed with the stick he used in the first act.

JOE. Hollo! we'm a coming! what's the shindy? (*flourishing stick*) We're all here! here's at you, stranger.

(*advances upon HAROLD with stick—JESSIE runs out by door, calling—*"Leonard! Leonard!"

HAWK. Damnation! foiled again.

(*rushes ferociously at JOE with the knife.*)

JOE. No, you don't, old flick! (*dodges him round the stage, and jumps over the table—he sees the rope on the corn bin, snatches it up, and throws it over HAWK, who is caught in the running noose—with a shout of exultation*) Ha, ha! I've haltered him. (*pulling the cord over the table*) Coop, coop. coop! (*shouting at the top of his voice*) Leonard! Leonard! make haste! make haste!

(*SOLDIERS appear at the window and shoot HAWK, who staggers forward and falls.*)

LEONARD, JESSIE, and SOLDIERS enter by door. *Music changes*—HAWK is raised by SOLDIERS, who take off the rope—he looks ferociously at LEONARD, and with a convulsive effort starts on his feet, snatches a musket from one of the SOLDIERS, and presents it at LEONARD, his arm is caught, and the musket thrown up by the other SOLDIERS—he struggles with them, and is forced down and held by them—he looks at JESSIE with affection, and with hate and fury at LEONARD, and falls on his face dead.—*Tableau.*

SOLDIERS.

HAWK.

LEONARD.

JESSIE.

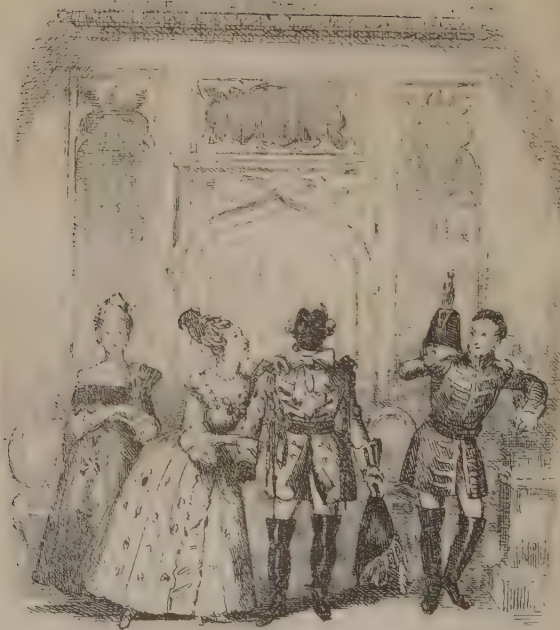
JOE.

L.

R.

CURTAIN.





## Othello Travestie.

*DESDEMONA* Dearest Othello, list while I pray  
Turn not dear fellow\_Cassio away.

*Act 2. Scene 1.*

# OTHELLO TRAVESTIE

AN OPERATIC BURLESQUE BURLETTA,

BY

MAURICE G. DOWLING, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Romeo and Juliet Travestie—The Lady of Lyons Burlesque, &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,  
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)  
LONDON.

# OTHELLO TRAVESTIE.

*First produced at the Liver Theatre, Liverpool,  
March 1834.*

## CHARACTERS.

|                                                                                                                                                  | Liverpool.         | Strand Theatre.    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| DUKE OF VENICE .                                                                                                                                 | Mr. STEVENS.       | Mr. WYMAN.         |
| BRABANTIO, a hasty<br>old Codger, and Sena-<br>tor of Venice .                                                                                   | Mr. STRICKLAND.    | Mr. SIMPSON.       |
| OTHELLO, Moor of<br>Venice, formerly an<br>Independent Nigger,<br>from the Republic of<br>Hayti .                                                | Mr. W. J. HAMMOND. | Mr. W. J. HAMMOND. |
| IAGO, Othello's Officer,<br>once a native of the<br>Gaultee Mountains,<br>County of Tipperary,<br>Province of Munster,<br>and Kingdom of Ireland | Mr. RAYMOND.       | Mr. H. HALL.       |
| RODERIGO, a very silly<br>youth, and very partial<br>to Mrs. Othello .                                                                           | Mr. REDFORD.       | Mr. ATTWOOD.       |
| CASSIO, a man of no note,<br>but still an injured man,<br>rather in liquor, or the<br>liquor rather in him .                                     | Mr. SHAW.          | Mr. BENSON HILL.   |
| LUDOVICO, a very re-<br>spectable Gentleman .                                                                                                    | Mr. TURNBULL.      | Mr. CHICHELEY.     |
| MONTANO, caught in a<br>row with Cassio, but not<br>disposed to fight .                                                                          | Mr. WATSON.        | Mr. STOKER.        |
| DESDEMONA, a very<br>good natured lady, wife<br>of Othello, and not a<br>bit too well treated by<br>him .                                        | Mrs. RAYMOND.      | Miss E. DALY.      |
| EMILIA, in attendance<br>on the latter .                                                                                                         | Miss LEE.          | Miss GARRICK.      |
| GHOST OF DESDEMONA, with a few expiring notes.                                                                                                   |                    |                    |

## COSTUMES.

- OTHELLO.—White military coat, red facings, aiguillettes, white breeches, high boots, powdered wig, sword, cocked hat and feather. *2nd dress.*  
 —Old fashioned morning gown, black stockings and slippers.
- IAGO.—Square-cut scarlet military coat, white breeches, high boots, sword, very small cocked hat and feather.
- RODERIGO.—Cut velvet dove coloured court suit with frogs, modern hat, with one short feather, Life Guardsman's sword and soldier's white belt, speckled stockings, black shoes and gold buttons.
- DUKE.—Crimson silk old fashioned court suit, powdered wig, red cap.
- LUDOVICO.—Brown court suit, powdered wig, black stockings, shoes and buckles.
- MONTANO.—Dark court suit, blue stockings and black shoes, powdered wig and round hat.
- BRABANTIO.—Black silk small clothes, light waistcoat, morning gown, wig, red cap, red stockings, shoes, buckles, pair of spectacles.
- CASSIO.—Scarlet regimental coat, white pantaloons, high boots, cocked hat and feather.
- POLICEMEN.—Red coats (Reign of Geo. II.), blue trousers, round hats.
- DESDEMONA.—White satin petticoat with deep lace flounce, old-fashioned blue brocaded gown, trimmed with lace, white satin stomacher, with white bows and lace, powdered wig, blue silk old-fashioned hat, small plume of white feathers, blue high-heeled shoes, long kid gloves. *2nd dress*—Long night gown and night cap.
- EMILIA.—Blue quilted satin petticoat, blue and white striped open gown looped up with red satin bows, powdered wig, plume of green feathers in a cap with lappets, red silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, paste buckles.

## CHARACTERS ENTER.

|                  |                                                        |
|------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| OTHELLO, at page | 7—9—15—17—19—22—26—28 twice—30—34.                     |
| IAGO,            | 4—7—9—10—14—17—22—25—26—30 twice—<br>31—33 twice—34—36 |
| RODERIGO,        | 4—7—9—10—16—19—22—32—33—36.                            |
| DUKE,            | 9                                                      |
| CASSIO,          | 7—8—13—17—22—30—33—36.                                 |
| LUDOVICO,        | 9—31—33—36.                                            |
| MONTANO,         | 13—18.                                                 |
| GRATIANO,        | 9—33—36.                                               |
| BRABANTIO,       | 5—7—9.                                                 |
| SENATORS,        | 9.                                                     |
| SERVANTS,        | 5—7—15—17.                                             |
| POLICEMEN,       | 7—9—18—33.                                             |
| DESDEMONA,       | 10—14—22—25—28—31—34.                                  |
| EMILIA,          | 14—22—25—28—31—34.                                     |
| GHOST,           | 36.                                                    |

# OTHELLO TRAVESTIE.



SCENE I.—*A Street in Venice—house, L.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO, R.*

RODER. Pshaw, that's all gammon! and what makes it worse,

You know you always could command my purse,  
As if the strings were thine—(*aside*) when it is empty.

Yet would not that to honest friendship tempt ye?

IAGO. Answer me this—pray did I ever spare him?

RODER. Didn't you tell me that you couldn't bear him?

IAGO. No more I can, and I've good cause to hate;

I'll tell you how he serv'd me, sir, of late.

Three great men of this city—ay, and wise men—

To make me one of Venice's excisemen

Tried all their interest, and walk'd some miles,

From one to the t'other, even doff'd their tiles

To Master Blacky—who, as 'twere from his heart  
meant,

Answer'd—"Me no got interest in the Excise De-  
partment,

"Him not much place in piping time of peace,

"Me make him corp'ral in de New Police."

He saw my friends were hurt, and so says he,

"If he'll serve in de army under me,

"I'll make him ensign." So the post I've got at,

But 'twixt ourselves, I don't like being shot at.

RODER. Then why d'ye follow him?

IAGO.

You just be quiet,

I'll some day kick up such precious riot.

I'll seem to be his most particular friend,  
And thus more easily will gain my end.  
I've plenty of stout friends about the town  
Will kick him—if we can but get him down.  
The girl—

RODER. A lucky wight this thick-lipp'd chap is.

IAGO. Let's call her father, who in his first nap is.

RODER. (*crosses, L.*) I'll call him up. (*takes the knocker*)

IAGO. Don't knock too loud,

Or else about the house you'll get a crowd.

DUET.—AIR.—Barcarole from “Masaniello.”

The morn—the morn will soon be peeping  
When journeymen go to their shops—  
At present all the world seems sleeping,  
Ere long the maids will whirl their mops  
Then if you would the Signor wake,  
Knock gently at first—  
Now mind that my advice you take,  
Or else I'll be curst—  
If you won't spoil—won't spoil the whole affair—  
You won't spoil—won't spoil the whole affair.  
Now knock—not so loud. (*he knocks.*)  
Again—not so loud. (*he knocks.*)

RODER. What ho, Brabantio—Signor, ho!

IAGO. Hush! Don't holloa so.

RODER. Thieves, thieves! Brabantio—Signor, ho!

IAGO. Hush, hush! whisper low.

I hear him coming slowly down the stair,  
The old Signor—we'll soon—we'll soon ensnare.

BOTH. I hear him, &c.

(BRABANTIO *appears at window above, L.*)

BRABAN. Hollo, there! who is making such a clatter?

Who are you? What the devil is the matter?

RODER. Why, you've been robb'd! Oh, that I could have  
caught her!

A black man's just now bolted with your daughter.

BRABAN. The trick won't do—I know it's all my eye,  
I don't believe a word on't—it's a lie.

You think to have her for yourself—but won't.

You want my daughter—

RODER.

'Pon my life, I don't.

BRABAN. Should there be truth in't? 'Gad, I'm in a fright—

I'll get the lucifers, and strike a light. (*disappears*)

SONG.—IAGO.—AIR, "Bow, wow, wow."

Farewell, my dear friend Roddy, for I think I'd better toddle,

For fear old Brab, when he comes back, should take it in his noddle

To march me to the duke with him to give my testimony

Against Captain Othello—and his daughter, Desdemona.

Bow, wow, wow.

And as I know that Venice State cannot do well without him,

The least said's soonest mended—so I'll not say much about him,

And though I hate the black blackguard, as I do hate the devil,

I'd cut his throat with pleasure—but I wouldn't be uncivil.

Bow, wow, wow.

*Exit, R.*

*Enter BRABANTIO, from house, L., and Two SERVANTS with torches.*

BRABAN. 'Tis even true—the rascal's back I'll fleece,  
Give notice, do, good sir, to the Police.

RODER. Notice alone will but the case retard,  
Unless you offer, too, a good reward.

BRABAN. D'ye think they're married? where have they been seen?

RODER. Last, on their road, I'm told, to Gretna Green.

BRABAN. Rascals, bestir ye—see you overtake her,  
Before the filthy black his wife can make her.

SONG.—BRABANTIO.—AIR, “Follow, follow.”

Follow—follow—that’s good creatures,  
 Look in ev’ry coach you see,  
 For my daughter’s beauteous features—  
 She’s the image, mind, of me.

Follow, follow, &c.

Make her do whate’er you bid her,  
 Spite of all his spells and charms,  
 Whether maiden, wife, or widow,  
 Bring, oh, bring her to these arms.

Follow, &c.

Exeunt L.

SCENE 2.—*Another Street in Venice.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, R.*

IAGO. ’Tis true, Othello, you do not want for pluck, he  
 ’S in such a rage—you’d better cut your lucky.

OTHEL. What? Cut him lucky—what you mean to say?  
 Othello soger—him no run away.

*Enter CASSIO, L.*

DUET.—AIR.—“Will you come to the bower?”

CASSIO. You must go to the Senate now waiting for you,  
 To feast upon rump steaks and real mountain dew.  
 They told me to tell you the enemy was near—  
 Says I, that’s good news for Othello, never fear.

Won’t you to the Senate go?

OTHEL. Good Massa Lieutenant, if you time to go back,  
 Will you say to de Senate, him be wid dem in a crack,  
 And tell dem dat Othello him wery much rader,  
 Meet de enemy dat threaten dem, dan Desdemona fader.  
 Quickly tell dem him will come.

*Exeunt CASSIO and IAGO, R.*

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and two POLICEMAN, L.*

BRABAN. There, that’s the fellow, seize him, I command.  
 (*they seize OTHELLO.*)

OTHEL. Massa Policeman, please let go him hand—  
Him want him purse—

1st POLICE. Oh, certainly for that—

Don't hold the gentleman so hard, you Pat.

OTHEL. Him summoned to de council of de nation.

BRABAN. Pshaw! nonsense—come off with him to the station.

(OTHELLO gives his purse to POLICEMAN.)

He ruined my daughter—rascal! he shall rue it.

1st POLICE. We can't take him, 'cause we didn't see him do it.

*Enter CASSIO, and IAGO, R.*

CASSIO. Faith, you're a nice man, arn't you? By the powers,  
You've kept the senate waiting just two hours!

OTHEL. Him not Otello fault—him would not tarried  
But for him fader in law.

BRABAN. Zounds, then they're married.  
Let's to the senate, there I'll tell my grief.  
And for my sorrows supplicate relief.

DUET.—“Roy's wife.”

OTHEL. Tho' him fader now in sorrow,  
P'raps him no more scold to-morrow,  
S'pose him lubbly daughter tell how  
Berry much she lub Otello;  
S'pose him dark—him wife so light,  
De snow itself from her might borrow!  
De piccaninnies may be white  
So what de use to make more sorrow.

BRABAN. Surely I shall burst with sorrow  
And be dead before to-morrow;  
To think my daughter's wed Othello;  
A nasty, fusty, black old fellow!  
She who beams with beauty bright,  
Wed with him? Wed joy and sorrow!  
Brightest day with darkest night—  
Ah! I shall die before to-morrow.

*Exeunt, L.—BRABANTIO—then OTHELLO and CASSIO—  
then POLICEMEN—IAGO beckons RODERIGO to the  
front, looks at him steadily, then seizes his arm, and  
whispers in his ear—RODERIGO does the same—this  
they repeat several times, and walk off, imitating  
OTHELLO and CASSIO.*

SCENE 3.—*Council Chamber of the Palace.*

DUKE and SENATORS *discovered, sitting, c., drinking and smoking*—LUDOVICO, R.

*Enter* OTHELLO, BRABANTIO, POLICEMEN, IAGO, and CASSIO, L.

DUKE. (*smoking a pipe—pot of porter before him.*) Valiant

Othello, we're very glad you're come;

There'll be a precious row—there will by gum!

Would you believe it, sirs, the galley-slaves

Are playing "Meg's Diversion" on the waves—

Here's one good gentleman—defend us, heaven!

Says there's a hundred and terwenty-seven.

And this, my letter, says—the slaves that's naughty,

Amounts to full two hundred and forty.

The other gentleman has got a letter,

Which says two hundred, and something better.

What's to be done, Othello? Try and whack 'em!

Take all the troops; soldiers—you shall not lack 'em.

Haste, then, away! commence your work of slaughter.

BRABAN. Stop, good Sir Duke—he's stole away my daughter.

He is a wizard, sir—a very elf!

I do believe he is the devil himself.

He has dissolved my daughter into air,

Or has her spell-bound—Heaven alone knows where.

A rogue and vagabond! I could his head mill—

Commit him, I beseech you, to the tread-mill.

DUKE. There must be some mistake—come, speak, Othello,

What say you to the charge, my noble fellow?

OTHEL. Massa, him neber do de ting dat wrong;

Him tell him all about it—in him song.

AIR,—OTHELLO,—“Yankee Doodle.”

Potent, grave, and rev'rend sir,

Very noble massa—

When de maid a man prefer

Den him no can pass her.

Yes, it is most werry true

Him take dis old man's daughter,  
But no by spell, him promise you,  
But by fair means him caught her.

'Tis true she lub him berry much,

'Tis true dat off him carry her,  
And dat him lub for her is such,

'Tis werry true him marry her.  
All dis be true—and till him dead,

Him lub her widout ending—  
And dis. my massa, is the head  
And tail of him offending.

Dis old man once him lub me too,  
Do' now in rage before ye.

And often say, "Come, Othello,

"And tell us pretty story,  
"About der time when you young child,  
"(You naughty lilly child ye.)

"And when you 'bout de wood run wild,  
"And when you sold for slavey."

Den ebery day him tell all dis,  
And sometimes lilly lie, too,  
And him look in de eye of miss,  
And den him hear her sigh, too.

Den missee meet him all alone,  
And, den him ax her wedder

Him make de both two hearts in one,  
Den off dey run togedder.

BRABAN. 'Tis all a lie! told to defraud the bench;  
Please you to order some one fetch the wench.

*Exit IAGO and RODERIGO, L.*

And if she shall confess she first began  
To throw sheep's eyes, and ogle at the man,  
If, as he says, she took these means to woo him,  
Why, blow me tight, if I don't give her to him.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and RODERIGO, L.*

Oh! here she comes. My cheyld! my darling  
cheyld!

Your poor old father has been almost wild.

But tell me—since you lost your poor dear mother,  
Don't you love me, dear, more than any other?

DESDE. Why, dear papa, as I must answer candid,  
You've loved your child as much as ever man did,  
And, as in duty bound, I loved, or rather,  
Worshipp'd my parent—but then you're my father;  
I've followed the example of *my* mother,  
Who loved *her* father, but left him for another.

BRABAN. Hussey! your mother never left her home.

DESDE. Pshaw! pshaw!

Did not she give up all with you to roam?

I've only done as folks have done before;

I've cut you all—for this, my Blackamoor.

He is my husband.

OTHEL. Yes, one and one make one.

AIR,—DESDEMONA,—“Bonnie Laddie.”

I'll tell you why I loved the Black, Too ral, &c.  
'Cause ev'ry night I had a knack, Too ral, &c.  
Of list'ning to his tales bewitchin',  
My hair while curling in the kitchen.

Too ral, &c.

Once while darning father's stocking, Too ral, &c.  
Oh! he told a tale so shocking; Too ral, &c.  
So romantic—yet so tender,  
That I fell fainting 'cross the fender. Too ral, &c.

When I came about—ah, me! Too ral, &c.

I was sitting on his knee— Too ral, &c.

Grateful for the scrape I'd missed—

I thanked him—and he welcome kiss'd

Too ral, &c.

MORAL.

Listen, ladies, if you please— Too ral, &c.

Never sit on young men's knees, Too ral, &c.

For though I got a husband by it,

The plan's not good—so pray don't try it.

Too ral, &c.

BRABAN. Well, Heaven be with you both, for now I've done. (*joins their hands.*)

A word, Othello—watch her—mind you do—

She's cheated me you know, and may cheat you.

DUKE. Now then, Othello, that affair's put right,

And you must toddle off this very night.

OTHEL. To-night! Good massa Duke, me just now married.

DUKE. I don't care—you must go; too long you've tarried.

I shall be robbed and murdered by these chaps,

If you don't go and whack 'em for me, p'rhaps.

OTHEL. Where shall him leave him wife?

DESDE. Oh, you said leave me?

DUKE. Go to your father, dear.

DESDE. I shan't.

DUKE. Oh, fie!

OTHEL. I wouldn't have it so.

BRABAN. Nor I.

DESDE. Nor I.

I won't go anywhere but with Othello.

That's what I won't.

BRABAN. Well, don't begin to bellow.

DESDE. I will—I'll cry for ever—all my life—

What's the use of being made a wife?

I will go with him.

OTHEL. Massa Duke, oh, pray—

DUKE. That's a brave lass! and so you shall, I say.

*Exeunt* DUKE, BRABANTIO, LUDOVICO, SENATOR, and  
POLICEMEN, L.

OTHEL. (*to IAGO*) Ensign, him werry sure you much good fellow,

Mind you take care of my wife, Mrs. Otello,

If she get cold, mind give her gruel, or sago,

And him be grateful to Iágo.

*Exit* OTHELLO and DESDEMONA, L.

RODER. (R.) Iago!

IAGO. (L.) What's the matter with the man?

RODER. I'll drown myself!

IAGO. Thou silly gentleman!

RODER. Silly, indeed! answer me this one query—

I'm bound to whine, when done out of my deary?

IAGO. Pshaw! don't talk nonsense, man—she loves you still,

Or if she does not, I'll engage she will.

Put money in thy purse, and cut a dash—

There's nothing to be done now without cash.

If you would win her, sport the ready rhino—

Put money in thy purse, and she's yours, I know.

Drown thyself, eh? why, what a chap to funk!

Hark ye! go drown thy care—get jolly drunk.

RODER. It must be so—I'm really tired of thinking,

And, I'm determined on't, I'll take to drinking.

IAGO. Meet me to-night—a thought has cross'd my nob.

I'll serve this black chap out, or my name's Bob.

AIR,—IAGO.—“Meet me by Moonlight.”

Meet me to-night on the sly,

And then I will tell you my mind.

For I'm told that my wife, Mrs. I.,

To Othello's been rather too kind.

You'll be sure to come—for I swear,

I will tickle the Moor's dirty back,

Though I may lose my place, I don't care,

If I am but reveng'd on the Black.

So meet me to-night on the sly,

Meet me to-night on the sly.

*Exeunt waltzing, L.*

SCENE 4.—*Cyprus—The Port.*

*Enter CASSIO, R.*

CASSIO. 'Faith, then, I wish Othello safe and sound,

Was treading once again upon the ground;

For while on *terra firma* all seems level,

The sea beyon't is rolling like the devil! (*gun fired, L.*)

Sure that's a signal—then he's come at last!

*Enter MONTANO, L.*

MONTANO. A ship—a ship, has just its anchor cast,

And one Iago's come.

CASSIO. Iago, said ye?

Then he has brought with him the captain's lady.

MONTANO. What! is Othello married? how is this?

CASSIO. And to as fine a girl as one could kiss.

Mistress Iago's come, too—for 'tis said,

She's to the bride a sort of lady's maid;

Gad! here they are.

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and IAGO, L.*

Oh! then I'm glad to see you,

Madam, I hope you're well. Iago, how be you?

Emilia, you here, too? you pretty puss!

*(crosses to EMILIA.)*

Come, never mind your husband—give's a buss.

Iago don't mind me, it is my way.

IAGO. Oh! kiss her, sir, again—don't heed me, pray.

'Steard of her lips, would that she'd give her tongue  
away,

She often blows me up.

EMILIA. You tell a lie—

I never blow you up, you fool, not I.

DESDE. I never hear her scold, nor think she can—

So don't you be so cross, you naughty man.

What would you say of woman, if you could

Find one amongst us that was very good?

IAGO. What would I say of her?

AIR.—“Katty Mooney.”

Och! she that's fair and never proud,

A girl so nice and cozy,

A dacent tongue, but never loud,

And lips so red and rosy.

With lots of gold, but none too gay,

Just neat, and not too splashy,

With locks just like the flowers in May,

And bonnet not too flashy.

Och Hubbaboo! Och fillaloo!

Don't be after snarling.

Och hone! I'd grunt and groan,

To find such a little darling.

The girl, that being in a rage,  
 Would shake her rival's daddle,  
 One who in scandal won't engage,  
 Or whisper fiddle-faddle.  
 One who could think without a word—  
 Where do you think I'll find her?  
 One who a young man's footsteps heard,  
 And would not look behind her.

Och, hubbaboo, &c.

IAGO. Wouldn't she be the lass to make one frisky,  
 To suckle Pats, and chronicle good whisky.

DESDE. Well, sir, I'm sure you're wit's so very taper,  
 You shan't write puffs for me in the newspaper.

CASSIO. Oh, don't be minding him, that's all about him;  
 He loves the petticoats—the devil doubt him.

*(takes DESDEMONA by the hand, and slaps her on the shoulder, as they all retire up.)*

IAGO. He takes her by the hand, and slaps her on the shoulder!

I'll have you, Master Cass, 'ere you're much older.

*(OTHELLO sneezes without, L.)*

The Moor! I know his sneeze!

DESDE. Come, then, we'll go and meet him, if you please.

OTHELLO and TRAIN enter, L.

OTHEL. *(embracing DESDEMONA.)* Oh, Mrs. O! Oh, Mrs. O! oh, oh!

DESDE. I am glad to see you, Mr. Othello.

OTHEL. Him werry wonder, him got great content,  
 How you come to dis place before him went.

AIR,—OTHELLO.—“The Girl I left Behind me.”

Oh much him wonder—much content,

Dat you come here before him,  
 Because you tell him 'fore he went,  
 You werry much adore him.

When after tempest comes such calm,

De winds may blow and find him,  
 Him no care dam, when in him arms,  
 De girl him left behind him.

*All but IAGO dance off to the tune, R.*

IAGO. You're well tuned now ; I shall make more than  
you sick,  
I'll take you down a peg, and stop your music.

*Enter RODERIGO, L.*

Come here, Rod'rigo. I've just now seen 'em.  
Egad! there's pretty goings on between 'em.

RODER. Between 'em! between who?

IAGO. Hush, man! be sure,  
Just put your fingers thus, (*to his nose.*) and all's  
secure.

I tell you, Cassio's now her fancy man.  
The black was all a whim. D'ye think she can  
Care that (*snapping his fingers.*) for him, while such  
as you or I

Would cast sheep's eyes at her, or heave a sigh?

Wouldn't she take your squeezing mighty civil,

Rather than cuddles from the very devil?

RODER. I can't believe it—bless her, she's so good!

IAGO. Bless Fiddlesticks! are not doors made of wood?

Isn't she flesh and blood? her mother's daughter?

Ar'nt heavy made from malt and hops?

RODER. And water.

IAGO. A blessed black pudding, then. Attend to me.

Cassio keeps watch this very night, d'ye see.

Go you and tease him—blow him up or d—n him;

If that won't do, with good strong ale, then, cram him.

RODER. I'll do it, dear Iago—dearest friend.

IAGO. Meet me this evening, then, at yon street's end.

RODER. I will. Adieu!

IAGO. Adieu! *Exit RODERIGO, L.*

AIR.—IAGO—"I've been Roaming."

I'll well watch them—I'll well watch them,

Cassio loves her, I've no doubt.

If I catch them—if I catch them,

I'll soon let the secret out.

Though I hate the black Othello,

He's a poor good-natured cheat,

For I fear the lusty fellow

Hath, ere now, leapt in my seat.

I'll attack them—I'll attack them,  
Nor content me, while I've life,  
'Till in character I black them,  
And be even—wife for wife.  
Mr. Cassio, too, I'll slap on,  
And have Michael on the hip.  
Even he's put my night-cap on,  
And from my vengeance shall not slip.  
Then I'll make the black man jealous—  
Work his feelings to that pass,  
While he calls me, best of fellows,  
He's egregiously an ass.  
I'll well watch them, &c.

*Exit, L.*

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SCENE 5.—*Governor's House. Door to open, c.*

*Enter OTHELLO, CASSIO, and TORCH-BEARERS, L.*

OTHEL. Massa Michael, you keep watch to-night,  
Him go to bed—poor wifey sleepy. Eh, you rogue!  
all right  
You come to breakfast, Cassio. (*whispers*) Don't you  
come too soon,  
Him not get up a-morrow afore noon. (*laughing*)  
Eh, Massa Michael? *Exit, c. d.*

*Enter IAGO, L.*

CASSIO. Honest Iago! I must to my post.

IAGO. Not yet, good Michael, 'tis but ten at most.  
Othello's early, but he's not to blame,  
For Desdemona's a delicious dame.

CASSIO. She's a charming girl!

IAGO. Oh, Cassio, fie!

And yet you're right—a dev'lish pretty eye.

CASSIO. Sure she's right modest, though.

IAGO. I think no less.

Let's drink a pint of ale, and wish them happiness.

CASSIO. No, not to-night; I've had a glass already,  
And even that has made me feel quite heady.

IAGO. Pooh! nonsense, man! I've friends will join the sport,

So come, let's take a drop of some'at short.

CASSIO. Well, just one glass to wish the couple joy.

IAGO. Well said, good Michael; that's your sort, my boy.

*Enter some GENTLEMEN, and ATTENDANTS with wine, L.*

CASSIO. Here's health to Desdemona and Othello!

What if he's black—he's a devilish good (*hic*) fellow.

Come, Iago, I must not stop here long,

Suppose you tip us (*hic*) a little song.

IAGO. With all my heart. (*with his can*)

An empty can always goes clink, clink, clink,

An empty can always goes clink.

Then waiter, my man,

Come fill up this can,

And let it be good stiff drink.

CASSIO. A capital song! (*sings*)

A very good song, and very well sung,

Jolly companions every one.

I say, Iago, where d'ye learn that chaunt?

IAGO. I learnt it, sir, in Ireland—of my aunt.

Ah, they're the chaps for drinking—they beat all!

Your French and Dutch can't drink with them at all;

The stuff they drink's so good, it makes one frisky.

CASSIO. I say, Iago, what is that?

IAGO. That's whiskey—

Some good potteen. Ah, soft as any silk!

And what we call in Ireland "Mother's milk,"

Oh, that we had a small taste just this minute,

'Twould make us steady—there's great virtue in it.

(*sings*) Oh, there's nothing like whiskey

To make a man frisky.

It cheers up his soul, and gladdens his heart,

If I had but a bottle,

Stuck close to my throttle,

Sure our mouths while they'd moisture, would never more part.

CASSIO. Egad, that's good! give me another swig.

Oh, if I'd girls here, wouldn't I have a jig!

IAGO. Oh, ne'er mind that—if you've a mind for prancing,  
Hands round, my lads, we'll have a jig at dancing.

*(a dance.)*

CASSIO. Well—*(hic)* help us! we must drink, you see,  
The captain, he must drink as well as we;  
There are some people, to be sure, can't drink,  
And there are some that can—I'm one, I think.

IAGO. And I drink too.

CASSIO. *(snatches the can from IAGO)* Not before me, if  
you please,  
'Cause I'm senior officer, and seize  
In my own right.

*Enter RODERIGO, R. 2 E.*

RODER. He's getting drunk!

CASSIO. What's that you say? Don't say that I'm drunk  
again,

Or else I'll knock about your box of brain!  
Drunk! what d'ye mean by drunk, you lump of lead?  
Arn't this your fist—and isn't that my head?

*(takes off his coat)*

RODER. What, Mr. Cassio—how you make me funk;  
Why what a shame to be so beastly drunk.

CASSIO. Oh, is it drunk I am? Just wait awhile,  
And may be I won't polish you off in style.

IAGO. *(to RODERIGO)* Stick to him, only for a round or so,  
And I'll just send and let Othello know. *Exit, c.*

*(CASSIO and RODERIGO fight—RODERIGO's nose bleeds.)*

*Enter OTHELLO, c., in nightcap and gown, a candle in one  
hand, and a stick in the other—IAGO follows—OTHELLO  
strikes CASSIO, and knocks RODERIGO down.*

OTHEL. Take dat for you—and dat for you—how now!  
What for you kick up such a precious row?  
You nebber tink of him, and him new wife—  
You frighten Misse O—— out of her life.

AIR, "Love and Whiskey."

Tell him what de row;

Tell him who to blame, sir?

All so good 'till now,

Now you make him shame, sir,

What you all turn Turk,  
 Just now so great crony,  
 Den you go to work,  
 And frighten Desdemony.  
 Hey for Desdemony.

Come, Iago, tell  
 Which of dem young strapper— (*bell rings*)  
 Dam dat noisy bell,  
 'Top him 'fernal clapper.  
 Who first give de blow?  
 Him, when once dat known, a  
 Back to bed him go,  
 And cheer poor Desdemony.  
 Hey for Desdemony.

MONTANO. Oh, what a blow in the ribs—that was a poser.

RODER. Lud! what's a blow i' th' ribs? look at my nose,  
 sir!

OTHEL. Come, speak, Iago, none of dis here nonsense,  
 Tell him de truth, him pepper well your sponce else.

AIR,—IAGO.—“Believe me if all those endearing young  
 charms.”

Believe me I'd rather my tongue were cut out,  
 Than speak aught to offend that same youth,  
 But if you insist to know what it's about,  
 Why, I feel myself bound to tell truth.

(*to CASSIO*) Thou wilt still be the same as this  
 moment thou art,

Let thy punishment be what it will,  
 Even tho' at the halberts your bare back should  
 smart,

You'll be Cassio, my friend Cassio, still.

Thus it is—we were taking a small cup of ale,  
 Good Montano, myself, and a friend,

And we fancied it tasted a little too stale,

Yet we thought we'd drink on to the end.

When Cassio, good Cassio, who drank rather deep,  
 Said the ale was, if aught, rather new,

Then he dropp'd with his head on the table to  
 sleep,

When I left him, my duty to do.

On returning, I saw that young gentleman there,  
Give friend Cassio a blow in the eye,  
And did all in my pow'r to stop the affair,  
But their fury, my aim did defy.  
Then to it they went—but I pray you forgive  
My dear friend—you know men are but men,  
This once pray excuse him—my word I will give—  
That he never will do so again.

OTHEL. Cassio, to you him werry partial.

So him discharge you without hab court martial.

IAGO. Oh, good Othello, put on him a fine.

OTHEL. Him nebber more be officer of mine.

*Exeunt ALI, but IAGO and CASSIO, C.*

IAGO. Come, come, friend Cassio. (*slaps him on shoulder*)  
Oh, big botheration!

CASSIO. My reputation's lost—my reputation!

I'm bother'd, sir—I'm bother'd quite with thinking,  
I've lost my reputation, sir, for drinking.

I, who to good brown stout ne'er yet turn'd tail,  
Drunk and bedevil'd with a mug of ale!

Was ever man in such a situation?

My reputation, sir—my reputation! (*crosses R.*)

IAGO. Come, come, we may your reputation solder,  
Your stomach was a little out of order.

CASSIO. Oh, that the devil thus should dwell in beer  
To steal one's brains out through the mouth or ear!  
What shall I do to ease my mind of pain?

IAGO. Suppose you ax him for your place again?

I have it. Go and make some pretty speeches  
To Mrs. O——, you know she wears the breeches;

Go, ply her well, and if you find she freezes,  
Don't be afraid, give her a few sly squeegee,  
Until her bosom thaws. Then will she plead,

And if she does, the place is yours, indeed.

CASSIO. I'll do it—'tis an angel of a plan,

And worthy only of an Irishman!

It is the way, by jingo! you are right.

I thank you much, good friend, and so good night.

(*shake hands—Exit CASSIO, R.—IAGO looks after him,  
puts his thumb to his nose and goes off mysteriously, L.*)

SCENE 6.—*A Room in the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA, R.*

DESDE. I'll ask him when I catch him in good humour—  
There's no one living, sir, for whom I'd do more.

EMILIA. That's a good soul! (*to CASSIO*) She'll do the  
business for ye—

I'm sure my poor dear husband's very sorry.

DESDE. You're a good chap. The Moor'll be home to  
sup—

I'll teaze him till he says he'll make it up.

CASSIO. But then my place—if we're not friends to-day,  
The chances are, he'll give my place away.

DESDE. Don't fret yourself—here, before 'milia's face,  
I promise you that you shall have your place.

I'll teaze him, that he ne'er shall hear the last, sir,  
So don't you stew—

EMILIA. Madam, here comes my master!

CASSIO. Oh, then I'm off!

DESDE. Don't be a fool—pray stop.

CASSIO. I can't—I tremble so that I shall drop.

DESDE. Do as you like.

*Exit R.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, L.*

IAGO. He here! I like not that!

OTHEL. What dat you say?

IAGO. Nothing—I spoke—to—the cat.

OTHEL. Iago, him tink dat Massa Cassio lub him wife.

IAGO. Cassio! It cannot be!

OTHEL. Yes, 'pon him life.

I say, Ma'am Desdy, who dat man you speak?

What for when I come in away him sneak?

DESDE. The fact is, deary—(*pats him under the chin.*)—

Bless your pretty face!

If you love me, give Cassio back his place.

Shall I run after him and say you will?

OTHEL. No, not to-night—him feel rader ill,

DESDE. Well, then, to-morrow morning, or at noon—

Or else to-morrow night, or some time soon.

Say Wednesday morning, then—or noon, or night—

Do take compassion on the luckless wight.

Well, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday—  
At most you'll not defer it after Monday.

Why, how is this? I'm really at a loss—

OTHEL. Don't speak him now—him wery much dam  
cross.

DUET,—“ Love's Ritornella.”

DESDE. Dearest Othello—list while I pray,  
Turn not, dear fellow—Cassio away;  
Would you but task me—gentle I'd prove,  
Aught that you'd ask me—I'd do for my love.  
Oh, then, Othello—why should I fear?  
My pray'r, dearest fellow—tarry to hear.

OTHEL. Sweet Desdemona—Otello fear,  
You too great crony—wid Cassio, dear!  
Him not quite jealous—but 'pon him life,  
Him no like young fellow in lub wid him wife!  
Sweet Desdemona—Otello fear  
You too great crony—wid Cassio, dear.

DESDE. But, my dear hubby—don't be so cross,  
You're downright snubby. You'll have the loss—  
'Tis for your own sake—I'd have Cassio back,  
Come, my advice take—and don't look so black.

OTHEL. Dam him young fellow—him neck I'll wring.  
Massa Otello—himself dat now sing.

*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.*

OTHEL. She'm pretty wench! upon my life and soul,  
Him lub her quite too much—dat werry droll.

IAGO. I think you said you loved her?

OTHEL. Yes, him do!

What for you say dat, Massa Iago?

IAGO. Did Cassio know you loved her, think you, eh?

OTHEL. Yes, to be sure him did—well, what you say?

IAGO. Indeed! (*winks.*)

OTHEL. Indeed! for what your eye you wink?

I beg you tell him eberyting you tink.

IAGO. Think, my good sir?

OTHEL. Yes, tell him all you thought

About him wife—him really tink you ought.

Him hear you say just now, "me no like dat!"

Him wery wish to know what you be at!

IAGO. Oh, nothing—nothing, my dear friend! Othello,  
I think that Cassio is an honest fellow.

OTHEL. Him tink so too; den dat no news to tell;  
But you no tink so—him know very well  
You tink him tief—

IAGO. I think him something worse.

OTHEL. You tink him pick your pocket of your purse?

IAGO. Who steals my my purse steals trash! (*takes out  
an old leather purse.*) Look here a minute—

There was something, now there's nothing in it.

'Twas his—'tis mine—it has held thousands many,

I fear it will never again hold any.

Cassio, methinks, would aim at higher game—

He'd sign a cheque in any man's good name.

So take my all. Oh, how my heart does bleed!

It wouldn't make him rich, but leave me poor indeed.

DUET.—"Oh, 'tis Love."

IAGO. Oh, beware this love, this love,  
It plays the very deuce;

When a comfort it should prove,  
You find it's of no use.

The cuckold lives in comfort when he's certain of his  
fate,

But he who doats and doubts and loves, lives in an awk-  
ward state.

Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough,

But being rich and fearing poverty's a pack of stuff.

Oh, 'tis, &c.

OTHEL. Oh, dis lub—dis lub—dis lub—

It turn him head quite round,

Him not know wedder him tread de moon

Or here upon de ground.

You must not tink him jealous, just because him wife is  
fair,

Because she sing, and play, and dance, and neber drink  
nor swear.

Because she got good eye and foot, and good taste as  
can be,

Or else, good Massa Iago, she would nebb'r choose me.  
Oh, dis lub, &c.

OTHEL. No, Massa Iago, him prove before him doubt,  
And when him prove—why, den him serve her out.

IAGO. You're right—wear your eyes open—mind your  
wife,

I wouldn't have you injured, for my life.  
But she's a woman—I shall say no more,  
Because I see you feel a little sore.

OTHEL. No, him assure you—not a jot—no, no.

IAGO. Well, shake hands with me, sir, before I go.

Adieu!

*Exit L.*

OTHEL. Adieu! De devil! what he know

About de Lieutenant and Misse O?

Him wish him nebbber marry—

*Re-enter IAGO, L.*

IAGO. I ask your pardon—

I just stept back to beg you'd be your guard on.

Don't let what I have said put you in a flurry,

But don't fill Cassio's place up in a hurry.

Just mark if Mrs. O doth press his suit,

And by your hanging off, you'll put her to't.

OTHEL. Fear not my management.

IAGO. Once more, adieu!

OTHEL. Him sure him worry much obliged to you.

*Exit IAGO, L.*

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.*

DESDE. Come, come, Othello—recollect, I pray,

You asked some folks to dine with you to-day.

They're all arriv'd, and only wait for you—

Come and receive your guests, Othello, do.

OTHEL. Him not quite well—him forehead here is  
aching.

DESDE. I thought it would be so—'tis too much raking.

Here, let me bind this towel round it tight,

Some gruel and some pills my love shall take to night.

OTHEL. De towel—him too short. (*throws it on the floor*)  
Come in to dine.

Him no like physic—him take a dose of wine.

*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA, R.*

EMILIA. I'm glad I've found this towel on the floor—  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor.  
My husband wants it—I can't tell why or wherefore—  
This is not stealing—what did he throw it there for?

*Enter IAGO, L.*

IAGO. What are you up to there, you great she lout?

EMILIA. What's that to you? you may go find it out.

IAGO. You are a fool!

EMILIA. Oh, am I? very well,  
Then what I've got for you I shall not tell.

IAGO. For me?

EMILIA. Yes.

IAGO. What can you have for me?

EMILIA. If you'll speak prettily, then, you shall see.

IAGO. Come, don't be silly.

EMILIA. Well, a towel, then.

IAGO. What towel?

EMILIA. Desdemona's—don't you ken?

IAGO. Ah! the one the Moor did give her—let me see.

Give it, there's a good wench—(*snatches it*)—give it  
to me.

Now brush!

EMILIA. You'll let me put it in its place,  
She's got no other towel to wipe her face.

IAGO. Be off. *EMILIA goes off grinning at him, R.*

I'll put this towel in Cassio's quarter,  
'Twill prove as much as if he there had caught her.

*Enter OTHELLO, with a napkin tucked under his chin,  
picking a fowl bone.*

OTHEL. Iago!

IAGO. Sir!

OTHEL. You better cut your stick,  
For fear him give you clumsy thump or klek!  
Him tell you what him tink about dis ting,  
'Top till him pick him bone, and den him sing.

## AIR,—“ Billy Taylor.”

'Spose dis ting you hab not tell,  
 Him tink noting wrong ob she;  
 Den him sleep all night as well  
 Just as if she virtuous be. Toddle, &c.

Him not find upon her lip  
 Kisses left by Cassio dere,  
 Den if him not know the slip  
 Him not of him loss aware. Toddle, &c.

'Spose de camp of soldiers dere,  
 Pioneers and ebery one,  
 Kiss him wife—why, him no care,  
 'Cause him not know dat it done. Toddle, &c.

So good bye de tranquil mind,  
 Good bye, soldier, good bye, war,  
 Ebery ting him leave behind,  
 What you tell him dis ting for? Toddle, &c.

Good bye drum, and good bye fife,  
 All him pomp and glory done,  
 Now him care no more for life,  
 Othello's occupation's gone. Toddle, &c.

OTHEL. Oh, you hab make my heart so werry sore,  
 Villain! be sure you prove my lub—(*seizes his throat.*)

IAGO, No more!

I pray you, sir, give o'er—don't squeeze so tight.

OTHEL. Oh, you dam dog! before you sleep dis night,  
 I make you show me ebbry ting you know.  
 Dere, you dam raseal! for de present, go. (*IAGO going.*)

'Top, 'top! come back, Othello beg your pardon,  
 Him see, indeed, your case it is a hard one.  
 Dere, take him hand. Come, speak, Iago, wedder  
 You see him wife and Cassio togedder?

IAGO. Oh, dear, you've put me into such a fright!  
 You see, I slept with Cassio t'other night.  
 And in his sleep, he Desdemona call'd me,  
 And then so squeezed and cuddled and bemaused me.  
 He cried—"Cursed fate that gave her to the Moor!"  
 Then out of bed I jumped upon the floor.

OTHEL. De devil! dat's enough!

IAGO. Now call me dunce.

Didn't you give your wife a towel once?

OTHEL. Yes, yes—him did! Well, what him understands?

IAGO. This morning with it Cassio wiped his hands.

OTHEL. You not mean dat? den let it go no further,  
I tell you what—us two, dem two, will murder.

You must kill Cassio, den you hab him safe;

And as for Missee O—him spoil her face. *Exeunt, L.*

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.*

DESDE. Now, where the devil is that towel gone?

EMILIA. I can't imagine!

DESDE. 'Tis the only one  
I had in th' house—the other's at the wash!  
And I can't buy another—I've no cash.

EMILIA. Here comes Othello.

DESDE. 'Tis for him I waited—  
I'll bore him 'till poor Cassio's reinstated.

*Enter OTHELLO, L.*

How do, dear?

OTHEL. Desdemona, how you do?  
Come, shake him hand. How now, you nasty ting,  
You hand him all so wet as any ting.

DESDE. Lauk! I've just wash'd it, but I wiped it dry.

OTHEL. 'Top now, to feel again—him now desire,  
It hot—hot; moist, your hand it do perspire.

You take the physic; yes, and fast and pray,

'Till all bad humour he shall go away.

Him pretty hand, though—him so nice and fat.

DESDE. Indeed, as Pat would say, "you may say that."  
You recollect your promise to me, duck?

OTHEL. Him gib you promise? what dat promise, chuck?

DESDE. Take back poor Cassio—he's in such a fume.

OTHEL. (*crosses R.*) Him go to wash him hand in toddler  
room.

*Exit, R.*

DESDE. The towel!

*Re-enter OTHELLO, R.*

OTHEL. Dere no cloth upon de stand,  
What shall him do, dear Des, to wipe him hand?

Where dat him gib you? It dere short time ago,  
 Hope you not lose him, Desdemony!

DESDE.

No!

OTHEL. Den where him is?

DESDE.

Oh, dear, I cannot tell.

'Tis not i' th' house.

OTHEL.

Not? Des, dis not is well.

AIR,—OTHELLO.—“Evening Star.”

A gipsey woman, whose name was Powell,

To him poor moder, did gib dat towel.

She sold de charm, and she could read

De berry thought in people's head;

She told my moder, while dat she keep

She make my fader contented sleep.

But if she loose him, or gib him way,

My fader lub wid her no stay.

And when she was dying

And ober her him was crying,

She gabe him to me.

Otello dear, says she,

When you take wife

For all your life,

Gib dat de bride,

And then she di-i-i-i-i-e-e-d.

De fortune teller dat weab'd dat cloth,

She make him in most dreadful wrath,

De worm him hallow'd dat breed de silk,

And him was bleach'd in Mummy's milk.

DESDE. I wont be frighten'd by your manœuvre,

So I pray you to give it over.

And since 'tis thus I shall not fetch it,

And so I wish that you may catch it.

OTHEL. Come gib de towel here,

DESDE. Oh dear, dear! Oh dear!

OTHEL. Oh, if him lost

DESDE. Then I'll pay the cost.

OTHEL. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

DESDE. Oh! la! oh! la!

OTHEL. Go fetch it here

DESDE. I shan't, my de-e-e-e-e-e-a-a-r.

OTHEL. The towel fetch—

DESDE. Get out you wretch.

Give Cassio's place.

OTHEL. Him wash his face.

De towel bring

You naughty ting.

DESDE. For Cassio say!

OTHEL. Away! Away!

*Exit, R.*

EMILIA. There, that man's jealous now, or I'm no woman.

I wouldn't stand it, ma'am, not from no man.

DESDE. There must be something in that towel's loss,

I never saw him in my life so cross.

EMILIA. Oh, here comes Cassio, and my sulky brute.

*Enter IAGO, and CASSIO, L.*

IAGO. There is no other way—'tis she must do it.

DESDE. Well, Mr. Cassio, what's brought you again?

I think the very devil's in the men.

My husband's so confounded cross to day,

My husband's not my husband—I may say,

You must have patience, go you home and sup.

IAGO. What! Is he angry? did he blow you up?

EMILIA. Blow her up? Ah, you're a sad set of fellows,

Why hang me, if Othello isn't jealous.

IAGO. He jealous! Nonsense—something's wrong no doubt,

But I'll go seek him, (*crosses R.*) and soon find him out.

*Exit R.*

DESDE. Cassio, I'll take a walk—now don't you fret,

How different 'twas when first the Moor I met.

*Exeunt L.*

*Enter OTHELLO, and IAGO, R.*

OTHEL. Get him some pison—arsenic—anything—

IAGO. Lud! If you poison her, you're sure to swing.

She must be smother'd to prevent suspicion,

There's sure to be a Coroner's Inquisition.

We'll say she'd hydrophobia—and was bitten

By—by—I have it, by her favourite kitten,

And, fearing in her fits she'd break our heads,

You smother'd her, between two feather beds.

OTHEL. Good, good!

IAGO. I'll settle Cassio, never fear.

(*DESDEMONA laughs loudly without, H.*)

OTHEL. What strumpet is that same, dat coming here?

*Enter DESDEMONA, and LODOVICO, I.*

LODOVICO. Othello, glad to see you—how d'ye do?

OTHEL. Him pretty well, Lodovico—how am you?

LODOVICO. Tol lol. I've brought a letter from the senate,  
I know what's in it, though I didn't pen it.

(OTHELLO *retires up to read the letter*—IAGO and  
EMILIA *go off, L.*)

LODOVICO. How's Cassio?

DESDE. Why, good cousin Loddy, to tell the truth,  
My husband's had a row with the poor youth,  
A word from you will set all right.

OTHEL. You sure?

DESDE. Much for the love I bear him, I'd endure—

OTHEL. (*half aside*) Fire and brimstone!

LODOVICO. May be the letter moved him!

OTHEL. Didn't you hear her say just now she loved him.

LODOVICO. He's order'd home, and Cassio fills his place.

DESDE. I'm glad on't. (*crosses C.*)

OTHEL. Devil! (*strikes her*) dere, him slap your face.

LODOVICO. Oh, gemini! he's struck her in the face!

OTHEL. Be off! (*DESDEMONA going, R.*)

LODOVICO. Oh call her back, but for a little space.

OTHEL. Come back! (*she returns*)

Dare she be, sir, at your good pleasure.

LODOVICO. At mine?

OTHEL. Yes, sir, she stop till you at leisure.

Sir, if she get her living she must earn him,  
And if you've got a mangle, she can turn him.

Yes, she can turn and turn, and so go on,

For eber, till all de work be done.

Him ordered home. (*to DESDEMONA.*) Go 'long and  
wipe your face.

DESDE. Sir, I obey.

OTHEL. Devil! Cassio shall hab *my* place.

Sir, will—will you take a glass ob—goats and monkeys.

LODOVICO. Thank ye, I'd rather not.

OTHEL. Razors and donkeys.

*Exeunt OTHELLO and LODOVICO, R.*

*Enter IAGO and EMILIA, L.*

EMILIA. My mistress and Moor's had such a row,

He called her such a naughty name just now.

DESDE. Am I that name, Iago?

IAGO. What name?

DESDE. Fie now!

IAGO. Why, if you are, 'tis really more than I know.

AIR,—EMILIA.—“Sweet Kitty Clover.”

Mister Othello, he bothers me so;

Oh, oh, oh, &c.

That what to do with him I really don't know,

Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Some villanous scurvy knave, I dread,

Has bothered his brains, and something said

That has turned the dear black gentleman's head.

Oh, oh, oh, &c.

I wish the fellow I did but know, Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Oh! wouldn't I teaze him, and bother him so?

Oh, oh, oh, &c.

Then every woman should have a whip,

And we'd make the rascal naked strip,

Then at a cart's tail thro' the world he should trip.

Oh, oh, oh, &c.

*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA, R.*

*Enter RODERIGO, L.*

RODER. Come, friend Iago, tell me what you're at,

For truly I begin to smell a rat.

I shouldn't like to call you a downright thief,

But you've been doing me, that's my belief.

IAGO. Roderigo, will you hear me?

RODER. Why, forsooth,

I'm tired of hearing you, and that's the truth.

Where are my ear-rings? all my money's gone,

And am I the better for them? none!

I'll go to Desdemona, and soon know

Whether she's got the ear-rings, sir, or no.

IAGO. Come, come, that's good. Gad! I like your spirit,

I see you are a gentleman of merit.

She's got the ear-rings, you may rest assured,

But—(*whispers*)—Cassio to-night must somehow be secured.

He's in your way—the watchhouse, safe immured—

Catch the idea? have a jolly row—

She's yours this very night. What say you now?

RODER. Why, this is reason. And you say all's right?

IAGO. (*takes his arm*) You shall be satisfied this very night. *Exeunt, R.*

SCENE 7.—*Scene in Cyprus—Night.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO with cudgels, R.*

IAGO. There! stand you there! now mind, we'll soon ensnare him,

You peg it into him, and pray don't spare him.

*(they stand aside.)*

*Enter CASSIO, L., with a stick, whistling.*

RODER. Hollo! you precious rascal! take that whack.

*(CASSIO receives the blow with his stick, and knocks RODERIGO down.)*

CASSIO. And you, you scoundrel! lie there on your back.

*(IAGO knocks CASSIO down from behind, who rolls over RODERIGO, when IAGO beats him violently.)*

Murder! help! oh! murder! watch!

*(RODERIGO and CASSIO beat each other. Exit IAGO, R.)*

*Re-enter IAGO, R., LODOVICO, GRATIANO, and  
POLICEMEN, L.*

IAGO. What's all this row? why, here's a pretty riot,  
Disturbing people who would fain be quiet!

What, my friend Cassio! what is there amiss?

Where is the villain that could have done this?

CASSIO. That's one of them that lies upon the ground,  
I charge him—let his hands and feet be bound.

*(POLICEMEN bind RODERIGO, who roars "Murder! help!" &c.)*

RODER. I'm the wrong man! don't bind me like a hog,  
Oh, d——d Iago—d——d inhuman dog;

IAGO. Ah! shame upon you—go to prison, do,

What strike a man when down! go to—go to.

*(beats and pokes RODERIGO, whom TWO POLICEMAN carry off, R., kicking and roaring "Murder!" &c. CASSIO is led off, L., by LODOVICO and GRATIANO.)*

*Enter EMILIA, in night gown and cap, R.*

EMILIA. La, what's the matter, husband—what's the matter?

I never in my life heard such a clatter!

IAGO. Poor Cassio has been beaten by a clown,  
Who would have 'scaped when he had knock'd him  
down;

But that I caught him just as Cassio'd risen,  
Then call'd the watch, and sent him off to prison,  
And so in durance vile the fellow's clapp'd.

Go tell the bride and bridegroom what has happ'd.

Will you be off, I say! *Exit EMILIA, L.*

This is the night

That makes a man of me, or does me quite. *Exit, R.*

SCENE 8.—*Bed Chamber in the Castle.* DESDEMONA  
*asleep on a bed, C., another bed, L., a table, R.*

*Enter OTHELLO, with a light, L.*

AIR,—“King of the Cannibal Islands.”

What is de cause—what is de cause—

Dat women will commit faux pas

Against divine and human laws.

Oh, delicate Desdemona.

Him no like much her blood to shed,

Cause dat bring sin upon him head.

Him wish wid all him heart she dead,

Instead ob sleep upon dat bed;

Her skin him look as white as snow,

Yet him must strike de dreadful blow,

So both shall to de devil go.

Otello and Desdemona.

Yes, she must die, or else again

Perhaps she will betray more men,

Him just put out de light—and den

Him settle wid Desdemona.

Put out de light—dou'rt candle still,

And him can light him at him will.

But if him Desdemona kill,

De life go wid de blood him spill.

Him werry sorry to do dis,  
But wives should nebber do amiss;  
And now me gib de last—last kiss

To beautiful Desdemona.

(*kisses her*—DESDEMONA *awakes*.)

DESDE. Who's there? Oh, dear me—is it you, Othello?  
How you have frightened me, you foolish fellow!

What are you up to? come, get into bed.

OTHEL. Him can't lie down, my dear, till you be dead.

DESDE. Dead! would you kill me? Were not you my  
lover?

Come, sit you down; we'll talk the matter over.

(*she makes a place for him on the bed—he sits down*)

Come, now my pet, you're jealous, that's the truth,  
Of Michael Cassio, eh? The poor dear youth!

OTHEL. Dear youth! dear devil! why you call him dear?

Here to my very face, and eye, and ear;

Come say your prayer—him kill you on de spot.

DESDE. Well, my opinion is you'd better not.

OTHEL. Peace, and be still, and let him kill you, can't you?

DESDE. I will, but mind my ghost is sure to haunt you.

OTHEL. Dat towel you gabe to Cassio, well him know it,

DESDE. Upon my life and soul I didn't do it.

Send for him here—he'll tell you it's no lie.

OTHEL. You on your death bed—

DESDE. I don't like to die!

Have mercy on me!

OTHEL. True as here him sit,

Him saw de towel—saw Cassio using it.

DESDE. Some towel like it, pr'haps; how should you  
know?

OTHEL. 'Cause in him corner dere him large round O!

DESDE. Send out for Cassio.

OTHEL. Him can't come, him dead.

DESDE. Dead! (*cries*) Oh, I can't help crying for the lad!

OTHEL. What! Cry before him face! dam—dat too bad.

(OTHELLO *takes the other bed in his arms—and throws  
it upon her—she struggles*)

DESDE. Don't kill me now, give me another day,

Or else transport me dear, to Botany Bay.

Don't—dear Othello—put me in a fright—

Kill me to-morrow—let me live to-night!

OTHEL. Him no use kicking,

DESDE. Half an hour—

OTHEL. None.

DESDE. One moment, while I say a prayer!

OTHEL. (*smothers her*) 'Tis done!

DESDEMONA'S GHOST *rises between the lights and the bed, L.*  
—OTHELLO *turns, and sees the GHOST—he endeavours to escape, L., where he is met by RODERIGO, dragging in IAGO, followed by CASSIO, MONTANO, LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

FINALE.—“Giles Scroggins.”

GHOST. Good people all—and you're a host, Ri tol, &c.  
Behold I'm Desdemona's ghost, Ri tol, &c.  
My body still lies warm in bed,  
But I am numbered with the dead,  
By Othello I was smothered, Ri tol, &c.

OTHEL. Oh! no say dat you come for him, Ri tol.  
Him tremble so in all him limb

(GHOST *takes him by the throat.*)

Oh, wid your touch—de truth he come

Into him perrieranium,

Him no speak more—him feel struck dumb.

Ri tol.

(DESDEMONA *rises up in bed.*)

DESDE. Oh, Mister Ghost, you fib—oh, fie! Ri tol.

You see I am not dead—not I—

Ri tol.

If you go back from whence you came,

Don't mention poor Othello's name,

Iago only was to blame.

Ri tol.

IAGO. Oh dear! I know I am a villian

Ri tol.

A rascal—scarcely worth the killing

OTHEL. (*opening clasp knife.*) Him cut your throat—

IAGO. You'd better not—

RODER. Then let the past be all forgot—

OTHEL. Agreed!

DESDE. Agreed!

IAGO. Agreed!

GHOST. Why not? Ri tol.

CURTAIN.





R Westall R.A

J. Holms sc

LADY CONSTANCE.

# KING JOHN.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,*)

LONDON.

*As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (under the management of Messrs. E. Falconer and F. B. Chatterton, on Saturday, November 4th, 1865.*

## KING JOHN.

**The New and Characteristic Scenery by Mr. William Beverley.**

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| KING JOHN.....                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Mr. PHELPS.         |
| PRINCE HENRY ( <i>his Son, afterwards King Henry III.</i> )                                                                                                                                                             | Miss E. FALCONER.   |
| ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRETAGNE ( <i>Son to Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, Elder Brother of King John</i> )                                                                                                                  | Master P. ROSELLE.  |
| WILLIAM MARSHALL ( <i>Earl of Pembroke</i> )                                                                                                                                                                            | Mr. MCINTYRE.       |
| GEFFREY FITZ-PETER ( <i>Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England</i> ) .....                                                                                                                                          | Mr. WEAVER.         |
| WILLIAM LONGSWORD ( <i>Earl of Salisbury</i> )                                                                                                                                                                          | Mr. E. PHELPS.      |
| ROBERT BIGOT ... ( <i>Earl of Norfolk</i> ) ...                                                                                                                                                                         | Mr. C. VANDENHOFF.  |
| HUBERT DE BURGH ( <i>Chamberlain to the King</i> )                                                                                                                                                                      | Mr. SWINBOURNE.     |
| ROBERT FALCONBRIDGE ( <i>Son of Sir Robert Falconbridge</i> ) .....                                                                                                                                                     | Mr. G. WESTON.      |
| PHILIP FALCONBRIDGE ( <i>afterwards Sir Richard Plantagenet, his half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard I.</i> )                                                                                                     | Mr. J. ANDERSON.    |
| JAMES GURNEY ( <i>Servant to Lady Falconbridge</i> )                                                                                                                                                                    | Mr. J. MORRIS.      |
| PETER OF POMFRET ( <i>a Prophet</i> )                                                                                                                                                                                   | Mr. J. BEDFORD.     |
| PHILIP, KING OF FRANCE .....                                                                                                                                                                                            | Mr. A. RAYNER.      |
| LOUIS, THE DAUPHIN.....                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Mr. F. BARSBY.      |
| ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA .....                                                                                                                                                                                               | Mr. J. SPENCER.     |
| CARDINAL PANDULPH... ( <i>the Pope's Legate</i> ) ...                                                                                                                                                                   | Mr. BARRETT.        |
| GILES VICOMTE MELUN ( <i>a French Lord</i> )                                                                                                                                                                            | Mr. MEAGRESON.      |
| CHATILLON ... ( <i>Ambassador from France to King John</i> )                                                                                                                                                            | Mr. C. HARCOURT.    |
| AN ENGLISH HERALD .....                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Mr. C. WARNER.      |
| A FRENCH HERALD.....                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Mr. LICKFOLD.       |
| A CITIZEN OF ANGIERS.....                                                                                                                                                                                               | Mr. J. NEVILLE.     |
| ELINOR ( <i>Widow of King Henry II., and Mother of King John</i> ).....                                                                                                                                                 | Mrs. H. VANDENHOFF. |
| CONSTANCE... ( <i>Mother to Arthur</i> ) ...                                                                                                                                                                            | Miss ATKINSON.      |
| BLANCHE ( <i>Daughter to Alphonse, King of Castile and Niece to King John</i> ) .....                                                                                                                                   | Miss ROSE LECLERCQ. |
| LADY FALCONBRIDGE ( <i>Mother to the Bastard and Robert Falconbridge</i> ) .....                                                                                                                                        | Mrs. G. HODSON.     |
| <i>Lords, Ladies, Knights, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriffs, Herald, Officers, Pages, Soldiers, Messengers, Banner Bearers, and attendants by Minor Members of the Company, Ladies of the Ballet, and Supernumeraries.</i> |                     |

**Scene—SOMETIMES IN ENGLAND, SOMETIMES IN FRANCE.**

|                         | SADLER'S WELLS,<br>September 30th, 1844. | PRINCESS'S,<br>October 18th, 1858. |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| KING JOHN .....         | Mr. PHELPS.                              | Mr. CHAS. KEAN.                    |
| PRINCE HENRY .....      | Miss MARSTON.                            | Miss CHAPMAN.                      |
| ARTHUR .....            | Miss BACKOUS.                            | Miss ELLEN TERRY.                  |
| EARL OF PEMBROKE .....  | Mr. C. FENTON.                           | Mr. COLLETT.                       |
| EARL OF NORFOLK .....   | Mr. CORENO.                              | Mr. BRAINER.                       |
| EARL OF ESSEX .....     | Mr. RAYMOND.                             | Mr. CORMACK.                       |
| EARL OF SALISBURY ..... | Mr. MORTON.                              | Mr. J. F. CATHCART                 |
| HERBERT DE BURGH .....  | Mr. GEO. BENNETT.                        | Mr. RYDER.                         |
| EARL OF WARRENNE .....  | Mr. FROST.                               |                                    |
| EARL OF ARUNDEL .....   | Mr. NEWE.                                |                                    |
| BARON FITZWALTER .....  | Mr. REDBURN.                             |                                    |
| EARL OF HEREFORD .....  | Mr. TODD.                                |                                    |
| EARL OF OXFORD .....    | Mr. MARABLE.                             |                                    |
| HERBERT DE ROS .....    | Mr. THORPE.                              |                                    |
| RICHARD DE PERCY .....  | Mr. BEAL.                                |                                    |
| WILBERT DE CLARE .....  | Mr. HARWOOD.                             |                                    |

*English Barons, Sheriffs, Knights, Officers, &c.*

|                           |                 |                  |
|---------------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| HERBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.    | Mr. WILLIAMS.   | Mr. H. SAKER.    |
| WILHELM FAULCONBRIDGE...  | Mr. H. MARSTON. | Mr. WALTER LACY. |
| JAMES GURNEY .....        | Mr. MORELLI.    | Mr. STOAKES.     |
| ENGLISH HERALD .....      | Mr. GRAHAM.     | Mr. ROLLESTON.   |
| ENGLISH KNIGHT .....      |                 | Mr. PAULO.       |
| SHERIFF OF NORTHUMBERLAND |                 | Mr. MORRIS.      |
| MASTER OF POMFRET .....   |                 | Mr. WHITTLE.     |

*Archbishop, Bishops, Mitred Abbots, Monks, Esquires, Standard Bearers, Attendants, &c.*

|                         |                 |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| WILHELM AUGUSTUS.....   | Mr. T. H. LACY. | Mr. TERRY.      |
| LOUIS THE DAUPHIN ..... | Mr. J. WEBSTER. | Mr. G. EVERETT. |
| COMTE DE MELUN.....     | Mr. SHARPE.     | Mr. BARSBY.     |
| ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA...  | Mr. KNIGHT.     | Mr. H. MELLON.  |
| CHATELAIN D'ARRAS ..... | Mr. CLARK.      |                 |
| CHATELAIN .....         | Mr. SIEVIER.    | Mr. RAYMOND.    |
| CARDINAL PANDULPH ..... | Mr. A. YOUNGE.  | Mr. GRAHAM.     |

*Attendants on the Cardinal, Notarius Apostolicus, Crozier Bearer, Bishops, Monks, Knights-Templars, Gentlemen, &c.*

|                        |             |               |
|------------------------|-------------|---------------|
| ENGLISH HERALD .....   | Mr. FRANKS. | Mr. DALY.     |
| WIZEN OF ANGIERS ..... | Mr. FORMAN. | Mr. F. COOKE. |

*Counts, Barons, Austrian Knights, Esquires, Trumpeters, Standard Bearers, &c.*

|                        |                  |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|------------------|
| QUEEN ELINOR.....      | Mrs. H. MARSTON. | Mrs. WINSTANLEY. |
| THE LADY CONSTANCE ... | Mrs. WARNER.     | Mrs. CHAS. KEAN. |
| LANCH.....             | Miss HUDDART.    | Miss KATE TERRY. |
| LADY FAULCONBRIDGE ... | Mrs. FRANCIS.    | Mrs. W. DALY.    |

*Attendant Ladies. — Misses Morelli, Thornbury, Graham, Sievier, &c.*

REMARKS UPON MR. MACREADY'S REVIVAL OF KING JOHN,  
AT DRURY LANE.

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"We have had nothing so great as the revival of this play. In the first scene, King John appears enthroned and surrounded by his barons, hurling defiance at the French King; the Gothic hall being hung with tapestry, but above showing the bare stone walls, adorned with only a square canopy over the chair of state, and the carved timbers of the roof, exhibiting the rude pomp of elder days. In the next scene, the chivalry of France and England, arrayed in the glittering panoply of war, meet before the gates of Angiers; the lofty ramparts and bastions of the town, stretching out in dim perspective along the river's bank, frown defiance on the rival forces; and while the two monarchs hold parley with the citizens on the walls, we have full opportunity to note the details of this sumptuous and striking scene. The quaint heraldic devices on the shields and surcoats of the knights, enliven with their gaudy hues the glitter of their coats of mail; the regal habiliments of the kings, the flowing robes of the ladies, the parti-coloured habits of the heralds, and the flaunting banners, adding a brighter glow to this warlike pomp: the host of warriors are in frequent action, and the shifting of the throng as each party advance and retire, produces new combinations of colour that prevent the eye from being fatigued. In the succeeding scenes the Pope's Legate swells the pageant with the pomp of the Romish Church, and brings new elements of discord into play: the grief of Constance now casts a shade of gloom over the dazzling scene; and the subsequent entrance of King Philip, defeated and cast down, attended by a few dejected followers, prepare the way for the catastrophe of Arthur's death. The contrast of this and the following scenes with those that have gone before, is striking to the most careless spectator: John is seen again enthroned, but shorn alike of pomp and power; his abasement before the Pope's Legate is followed by a second defeat in his own kingdom, his death by poison concluding the tragedy.

"In this revival, the accoutrements are complete, from the helmet to the spur of each mailed warrior. Not a distinction is missed in the appointments, From citizen to baron, gentleman to knight, herald to man-at-arms, soldier to servant, priest to king, gradations are marked with picturesque exactness. The scenery has had the same attention. The council room, the field before and after battle, the fortifications of Angiers, the moated and embattled fortress of Northampton, the glitter of the royal tent, the gloom of Swinstead abbey—they have all the character of truth, the character of simple and strong fidelity."

## Costumes.

**KING JOHN.**—*First Dress*: Crimson damask gown, with rich jewelled belt; cloth of gold undergown; cloth of gold robe, with jewelled border, lined with green silk; scarlet stockings; black and gold shoes; white jewelled gloves; gold crown richly jewelled; reddish hair, short beard and moustache. *Second Dress*: ring armour, arms, legs, and hood; crimson velvet surcoat, showered with gold; gold waist-belt and sword; plain gold crown over steel helmet; gold spurs; crimson shield, with three gold lions.

**PRINCE HENRY.**—Scarlet cloth gown; white undergown; blue robe; crimson cap; waist belt.

**ARTHUR.**—Light blue velvet gown, showered with gold; cap ditto. *Second Dress*: Blue jacket, open in front, showing a white shirt; short blue trowsers; blue stockings and russet shoes; being the costume of a sailor boy of the 13th century.

**EARL OF SALISBURY.**—Fawn coloured gown, tight sleeves, rich waist belt hanging in front; blue cloth robe; red stockings; black pointed-toed shoes, embroidered with gold; white gloves with gold embroidery; red velvet cap with gold; sword. *Second Dress*: Armour.

**OTHER ENGLISH NOBLES.**—*First Dress*: Same fashion as Salisbury's varying the colours. All wear beards. *Second Dress*: All in chain or ring armour, with various surcoats and weapons, with their respective arms on their shields.

**PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.**—Buff gown reaching below the knee edged with blue with blue hood thrown back; buff stockings, and black pointed shoes. *Second Dress*: Chain mail, with yellow surcoat. *Third Dress*: Long gown, &c., as the other nobles wear; reddish hair, moustache, and short beard.

**ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.**—Same as first dress of Philip Faulconbridge, but of other colours; dark hair and beard.

**JAMES GURNEY.**—Dark coloured cloth shirt, with hood thrown back; dark stockings and russet shoes.

**PETER OF POMFRET.**—Long drab shirt, with a dark cloak; flesh coloured legs and rude sandals; long white hair and beard.

**ENGLISH HERALD.**—Parti-coloured gown of red and blue; with a pouch on the right hip, with the three lions of England emblazoned; one stocking red, and the other blue; red hood thrown back, and white wand. Two attendants dressed in a similar manner, without wand.

**SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—Dark gown and hood, with a gold collar and dagger.

**PHILIP OF FRANCE.**—Rich surcoat over brass armour; helmet and crown.

**LOUIS THE DAUPHIN.**—The same.

**CHATILLON AND ATTENDANTS.**—In 1st scene dressed in long gowns and cloaks, very richly embroidered, with Phrygian caps; change to armour at close of 3rd act.

**FRENCH NOBLES.**—In surcoats of various colours, each carrying his arms on shield.

**AUSTRIA.**—A suit of mail armour, with a lion's skin on his back.

**FRENCH HERALD AND ATTENDANTS.**—Same fashion as English, only blue and white.

**CARDINAL PANDULPH.**—Scarlet robes and red cap.\*

**QUEEN ELINOR.**—White long gown, figured with gold, richly jewelled belt, embroidered crimson robe, crown and cowl.

**CONSTANCE.**—Black velvet dress, embroidered gilt coronet over an embroidered veil.

**BLANCH.**—Blue long gown flowered with gold, jewelled waist-belt; gilt circle, over an embroidered veil.

**LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.**—Grey cloth long gown, trimmed with black and gold, black velvet robe, and cowl.

*SCENE.*—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

### SUPERNUMARY CHARACTERS.

Fitzwalter, Robert de Rouse, Oxford, Hereford, De Clare, Percy, Arundel, De Warrene, two Knights, five Esquires, six Bishops, two mitred Abbots, one Archbishop, six Monks, Apostolicus Notarius, Grand Master of Knights Templars, eight Knights Templars, two Knights Hospitallers, two Royal Pages, two Italian gentlemen attendants on Cardinal, St. Omer, Bretel, Roye, De Beaumont, Neuville, D'Arras, Blois, eight French Knights, first Citizen, six attendant Citizens, six Citizen Soldiers, Standard Bearers of England, France, Austria, &c.

## Authorities for the Costumes of King John.

### ENGLISH.

**KING JOHN**—*First Dress*: His effigy, in the choir of Worcester Cathedral. This statue is five feet one inch long; it is carved in Purbeck marble, and was probably made immediately after the monarch's decease.—Wild's "Illustrations of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Worcester." The earliest *monumental* effigy of an English sovereign to be found in England, is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral. The body was discovered in the year 1797; and a description of the dress, in full, will be found in Mr. Fairholt's "Costume in England," page 101. Jewelled or embroidered gloves were worn by persons of exalted rank, and the principal clergy.—*Vide* "Fairholt." (The effigies of King Richard I. and Henry II. of England, are in Normandy, France.) *Second Dress*: His great seal, and the impression of a seal used before he ascended the throne, and affixed to one grant in Sir John Cotton's library, and to two in the chamber of the Duchy of Lancaster,—in the latter of which the arms are two lions passant; but "when he came to be king," says Sandford, in his Genealogical History, "he did bear the arms of his brother, King Richard, namely, *gules, three lions passant guardant*; or, for which *vide* his

\* In the council of Lyons, 1244, Pope Innocent IV., gave the red hat to be in future worn by the Cardinals, and in 1300, Boniface VIII., gave them the scarlet robe; it is therefore decidedly an error to introduce the red hat at this period—in illumination of the reign, ecclesiastics of high rank wore gowns, and red, blue, and white mantles; there is no impropriety, therefore, in clothing Pandulph in scarlet robes.

great seal." The mace is introduced from the 23rd plate in "Meyrick's Armour." The seal of this monarch affords the *first* example of an English king wearing a surcoat over his suit of mail. Surcoats originated with the Crusaders. They were at first without armorial bearings, which were confined to the shield, and were simply of one colour, party-coloured or variegated.—"Meyrick's Ancient Armour," 1st vol., page 86. Surcoats were also flowered with gold or silver, as may be seen in Charles Hamilton Smith's work on the Ancient Costumes of Great Britain; *vide* that of Earl of Oxford, A. D. 1215, and Sir Hugh Bardolph, A. D. 1204.

PRINCE HENRY AND PRINCE ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRETAGNE.—These dresses are designed from costumes of the period—*vide* "Mount-faucon." Arthur is dressed from J. R. Planché's Costumes of Shakespeare's Plays.

EARL OF SALISBURY.—*First Dress*: From MS. in Bodleian Library. A similar figure is introduced by Strutt, in his 1st vol. of "Dresses and Habits of the People of England," as a nobleman of the 13th century—plate 56. All the other barons are dressed in the like costume, the colours being varied. *Second Dress*: Effigy of the Earl, on the south side of the nave of Salisbury Cathedral. He was called Longespee or Longsword, from a long sword which he usually carried. He was the base son of King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond. He bore the arms of his father-in-law, Earl of Salisbury, namely, *azure, six lions rampant, or.*—*Vide* "Sandford's General History."

EARL OF PEMBROKE.—*Second Dress*: Effigy of the Earl, in the Temple Church, London, with additions from the monument of the Earl of Oxford. The beard on the upper lip signifies his adherence to the king. He used for his arms, *d'or, party de vert, au lyon rampant de guelles, sur le tout, arme et lampasse d'azur.*—"Vincent's Discoverie of Brook's Errors."

NORFOLK.—*Second Dress*:—"Heylin's Help to English History."

ESSEX.—*Second Dress*:—"Temple Church, London."

ROBERT DE ROUSE.—21st plate of "Meyrick's Ancient Armour."

OXFORD.—"Ancient Costume of Great Britain," by Charles Hamilton Smith, Esq., A. D. 1215. The spear added from a MS. in the Cotton Library, B. M.

HUBERT,

FITZWALTER,

HEREFORD,

DE CLARE,

PERCY,

ARUNDEL,

DE WARRENE,

TWO ENGLISH KNIGHTS.—"Edmonson's Knighthood."

HERALD,

TWO ATTENDANTS,

TWO TRUMPETERS,

TWO ROYAL PAGES,

FIVE ESQUIRES,

SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

PETER OF POMFRET,

"Thompson's Historical Essay on the Magna Charta."

"Knighton's Dress and Habits of the 13th Century."

TWO MURDERERS, (Attendants on Hubert in 4th act.)—Ditto.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.—*First Dress*: From the enamelled figures on King John's silver cup, in the possession of the Corporation of King's Lynn, Norfolk. Also introduced by Strutt in his "Dresses and Habits," 1st vol., plate 54. *Second Dress*: Effigy of a Knight of the 13th century, in Malvern Church, Worcestershire. The battle axe added from the one in the drawing of Richard I., Cœur de Lion; A. D. 1194, plate 13, 1st vol. "Meyrick's Ancient Armour."

ROYAL STANDARD OF ENGLAND AND STANDARD BEARER.—From "Herbe's Costumes."

STANDARD OF NORMANDY AND BEARER.—Ditto.

STANDARD OF ACQUITAINE.—Ditto.

THE KNIGHT in a long green surcoat is introduced from its peculiarity. The drawing will be found in the 1st vol. of "Meyrick's Ancient Armour," plate 15. It is taken from the monumental effigy of a knight in Malvern Church, Worcestershire. He carries a buckler instead of a shield, and in his right hand a *martel de fer*. A. D. 1220.

## FRENCH.

KING PHILIP.—(surnamed Augustus) "Montfaucon's Monarchie Française." There being no effigy of King Philip *armed*, Planché has arranged this dress from various regal remains of the 12th and 13th centuries, which is to be found in the work from which Prince Arthur's costume is taken.

PRINCE LOUIS.—He is erroneously called the Dauphin, by Shakespeare, a title first borne by Charles V. of France, during the lifetime of his father, John.—*Vide* "Mezeray's Histoire de France," vol. 1st., page 825. The only effigies of Louis in Montfaucon, are those which represent him as king. He is armed, therefore, with the exception of the helmet and shield, from an engraving of his half-brother, Philippe, Comte de Boulogne, son of Philip Augustus and Agnes de Meranie, born in 1200, and who was killed at a tournament, 1233.

CHATILLON.—*First Dress*: A painting by Stothard, from an enamelled tablet, formerly in the Church of St. Julian, at Mans, and supposed to represent Geoffry Plantagenet, Earl of Maine and Anjou, who died, A. D. 1149. Montfaucon informs us this style of dress was general towards the close of the 12th century. *Second Dress*: "Williment's Regal Heraldry."

|                          |              |
|--------------------------|--------------|
| GILES, VICOMTE DE MELUN, | } Williment. |
| BERTRAND DE ROYE,        |              |
| THIBAUD, COUNT DE BLOIS, |              |
| GILES DE BEAUMONT,       |              |

THE CHATELAINE D'ARRAS.—Montfaucon.

THE CHATELAINE DE ST. OMER,  
BALDWIN DE BRETEL,  
EUSTACHE DE NEUVILLE,  
TWO FRENCH KNIGHTS,  
FRENCH HERALD,  
TWO ATTENDANTS,  
TWO TRUMPETERS,

} "Herbe's Costumes."

THE BANNER OF THE ORIFLAMME OF FRANCE.—"Minestrier's Art de Blazon," and also, "Herbe's Costumes."

TWO FRENCH ROYAL STANDARDS, and STANDARD OF BRETAGNE, accompanying Prince Arthur.—"Herbe's Costumes."

TWO KNIGHTS OF BRETAGNE.—Ditto.

SIX FRENCH KNIGHTS, in suits of mail, carrying green shields, with gold crosses, are from Montfaucon.

LEOPOLD, DUKE OF AUSTRIA.—The introduction of Leopold, Duke of Austria, in this play, Constance's addressing him by the title of Limoges, and the repeated allusions to his having killed Richard Cœur de Lion, &c., are errors sufficiently notorious. Shakespeare, has made the lion's hide too particular to be dispensed with. The battle axe in his hand is from a drawing of one kept in Belfort Tower, at Ghent, weighing about eighteen pounds, and said to have belonged to Baldwin Bras de Fer, Earl of Flanders. Leopold VII., second Duke of Austria, bore originally, *azure, six larks, or*; but in consequence of his surcoat, which was cloth of silver, being covered with blood, with the exception of the belt, at the siege of Ptolemais (Acre), he assumed the device displayed on his shield, namely, *gules, a fess, argent*. He died A. D. 1194. *Vide* "Hemminge's Theatrum Genealogicum," vol. 3, "Camden's Remains," "Nisbett's System of Heraldry," &c.

CITIZENS OF ANGIERS.—"Herbe's Costumes."

CITIZEN SOLDIERS, from a transcript of Matthew Paris, in Bennett College Library, Cambridge, marked C. V. XVI.

CARDINAL PANDULPH.—Picart informs us, that "cardinals wore only the common vestments of priests, which were like the monkish habit till the time of Innocent IV.," (A. D. 1243) who gave them the *red hat*, in the council of Lyons; but they first used it, according to De Curbio, the year after the council,—that is, in 1246, on occasion of an interview between the Pope and Louis IX. of France. "That the cardinals were allowed," however, "to wear *red shoes* and *red garments*, in the time of Innocent III., raised to the see A. D. 1198, appears from several writers who flourished at that time; but by what pope that privilege was granted them is uncertain."—*Vide* "Picart's Religious Ceremonies," "Bower's Lives of the Popes," &c. As King John died A. D. 1216, and the *red hat* was not given to the cardinals until A. D. 1243, it is an error to introduce it in this play. The entire dress is from the authority of Planché.

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLARS.—Copied from the print in "Dugdale's Warwickshire," page 963. The same will be found in Charles Hamilton Smith's "Ancient Costumes of Great Britain."

THE EIGHT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—From the Temple Church, London. The Knights Templar are introduced as we read that

two companies of that order preceded Cardinal Pandulph "to arrange a meeting between the legate and King John, at Dover." *Vide* "Matthew of Westminster," page 271.

NOTARIUS APOSTOLICUS.—From Williment.

TWO GENTLEMEN IN ATTENDANCE.—Williment.

ARCHBISHOP.—An official habit of an Archbishop in the 13th century, 1st vol. "Strutt's English Dresses," plate 68.

SIX BISHOPS.—From Heylesdon Church, Norfolk. Also found in the "Ecclesiastical Habits of the 12th century," by Strutt, plate 48.

TWO MITRED ABBOTS.—From St. Alban's Abbey.

TWO PRIESTS.—From the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester. Also in Strutt, plate 48.

SIX MONKS.—From "Dugdale's Monasticon."

TWO KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.—From Edmonson's "Knighthood."

TWO PRIESTS carrying Temple banners—one with banner of the Trinity, and one with banner of the Host.—From Dugdale's "Monasticon."

### Female Costumes.

QUEEN ELINOR, widow of King Henry II.—From the Queen's effigy in the Abbey of Fontevraud, Normandy. A similar robe, covered with crescents, is also mentioned as having been worn by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. *Vide* "Planché's History of British Costume," page 82.

TWO LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.—Designed from costumes of the period, *vide* Montfaucon.

QUEEN CONSTANCE.—From the effigy of Queen Berengaria, wife of Richard I. Cœur-de-Lion, in the Abbey of Fontevraud, Normandy, with the exception of the coronet.

BLANCH OF CASTILE.—From a drawing by Charles Hamilton Smith of an unmarried lady of rank of the 13th century.

TWO LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.—Designed from costumes of the period, *vide* Montfaucon.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.—MS. in Harleian Library, B. M., marked 1627.

The litter of King John, introduced in Act 5th, is from a MS. in the British Museum, Royal 16, G. VI. "Gestes de Rois de France, jusqu'à la Mort de St. Louis." This MS. belonging to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. A most interesting description, together with a drawing, will be found in Charles Hamilton Smith's Work of "Ancient Costume of Great Britain." The lions on the curtains are introduced from King John's shield.

The machines and engines of war introduced before the walls of Angiers, will be found described in "Meyrick's Ancient Armour," 1st vol., 26th plate. Shakespeare makes King John speak of the "thunder of his cannon." This is an anachronism, as artillery was not introduced until the 14th century, according to Grose; and Sir L. R. Meyrick thus confirms it, saying, "there is reason to conclude that it was known as early as the time of King Edward II." *Vide* "Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities," page 907, vol. 2nd.

The preceding remarks on the costumes of King John were pre-

pared by Mr. C. Kean, and published in an American edition of this play—they are here reprinted with some corrections and additions by the editor.

This play occupies a period of ten years; commencing about March, 1200, and ending 18th October, 1216.

Shakespeare's *King John* were first printed in the folio of 1623; it is taken from "The First and Second PART OF THE Troublesome REIGNE of

### John King of England,

WITH THE Discoverie of King RICHARD *Cordelion's* base sonne, (vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge*;) ALSO The Death of King JOHN at *Swinstead Abbey*. As they were sundrie times lately acted by the Queen's MAJESTIES Players." [1st Edid. 1591, anonymous—2nd Edition] "Written by W. Sh. Imprinted at London by Valentine Symmes, for John Helme, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Church Yard in Fleet Street, 1611." A 3rd edition appeared in 1622, with William Shakespeare's name in full, as the author. It is reprinted in Stevens's "Six Old Plays, &c." There is good reason for believing that Shakespeare had no hand whatever in the composition of the Old Play, and the insertion of his name as author might have been a *quid pro quo* for the liberal use he made of the material of the original drama, thereby damaging the value of the printer's interest therein. It is singular with what minuteness Shakespeare has adopted the plot and sentiment of the old play, without at all availing himself of the language which he supplied with his own very superior poetry. "The troublesome Reigne" is in two parts—the earlier portion of which constitute Shakespeare's first three acts; the middle part of the old play being passed over, and as much of the latter portion taken as form the last two acts. The mistake of confounding the Duke of Austria (killed by a fall from his horse four years before Cœur de Lion's death), with the Viscount de Limoges, in besieging whose castle he received his fatal wound, is the error of the old drama, which begins with the arrival of Chatillon—the declaration of war by France, and the dispute between Robert and Philip Faulconbridge terminating by creating the latter Sir Richard Plantagenet. The second act commencing with the meeting of Austria with King Philip, Constance, and Arthur. King John, Elinor, Blanche and the English then appear,—the wordy war between the ladies takes place. A brief specimen of the similitude is annexed and which may be regarded as a short but clear evidence of the extent of Shakespeare's great obligation to, and his marvellous improvement of the old play.\* The reader of history will find some difficulty to reconcile the facts of Constance's three marriages with her

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#### \* OLD PLAY.

ELENOR. For proof whereof I can inferre a will  
That barres the way he urgeth by descent.

CONST. A will indeed, a crabbed woman's will,  
Wherein the devil is an overseer, &c.

#### SHAKESPEARE.

ELINOR. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son.

CONST. Ah, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will!  
A woman's will! a canker'd grandam's will, &c.

maternal engrossment for her child Prince Arthur, who was at this time the son-in-law of King Philip and 14 years of age—he was 15 years when murdered (according to the most probable testimony, by the hand of John), not in England but at Rouen, in 1203. Elinor, the sister of Arthur and daughter of Constance (not mentioned in the play) was captured, brought to England and confined in the castle of Bristol until her death in 1241. Their mother, Constance, upon the death of her first husband Geoffry, married the Earl of Chester who somehow not meeting with her subsequent approval, she divorced herself, and after a siege from her enraged spouse in which he was discomfited, she married a third husband, Lord Gay de Tours, and died in 1201, one year before Arthur and his sister became the prisoners of John. It has been a subject of marvel that the signing of Magna Charta is not mentioned by Shakespeare, but this is a proof that from some cause he was constrained to adhere implicitly to the plot of the early play—there being in that also an utter absence of any allusion to this remarkable incident.

### Characters enter.

- KING JOHN.—*at pages 13, 22, 27, 34, 40 twice, 50, 61, 66, 70.*  
 PRINCE HENRY.—*40 twice, 46—change 56, 69.*  
 ARTHUR.—*20, 32, 40 twice.*  
 SALISBURY.—*13, 22, 27, 32, 50, 56, 63, 66, 69.*  
 PEMBROKE.—*13, 22, 27, 34, 50, 56, 63, 66, 69.*  
 BIGOT.—*13, 22, 27, 34, 50, 56, 63, 66, 69.*  
 OXFORD.—*13, 22, 27, 34, 61, 64.*  
 ESSEX.—*13, 22, 27, 34, 40, 50, 63, 66.*  
 FAULCONBRIDGE.—*15, 22, 27, 34, 39, 40, 53, 56, 62, 64, 68, 70.*  
 ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.—*15.*  
 HUBERT.—*22, 27, 40 twice, 46, 51, 54, 58, 66, 68, 70.*  
 SHERIFF.—*14.*  
 GURNEY.—*18.*  
 ENGLISH HERALD.—*13, 22, 27, 34, 61, 64, 66, 70.*  
 CITIZENS OF ANGIERS.—*24, 31.*  
 KNIGHTS.—*13, 22, 27, 34, 40 twice, 52, 64, 66, 70.*  
 PETER.—*53.*  
 GAOLERS.—*46, 48.*  
 KING PHILIP.—*20, 27, 34, 42.*  
 LOUIS.—*20, 27, 34, 42, 63.*  
 CHATILLON.—*13, 21, 27, 34, 63.*  
 MELUN.—*20, 27, 34, 63, 67.*  
 KNIGHTS.—*13, 27, 34, 42, 63.*  
 FRENCH HERALD.—*13, 20, 26, 34, 42, 63.*  
 AUSTRIA.—*20, 27, 34, 39.*  
 PANDULPH.—*36, 42, 61, 64.*  
 PRIESTS.—*36, 61, 64, 70.*  
 CONSTANCE.—*20, 32, 43.*  
 ELINOR.—*13, 22, 27, 40.*  
 BLANCH.—*22, 27, 34.*  
 LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.—*18.*  
 LADIES.—*20, 22, 27, 43.*

# KING JOHN.

## ACT I.

SCENE, Northampton.—A Room of State in the Palace.

KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY and others, discovered.—JOHN on dais, C., seated; QUEEN ELINOR seated on a stool on the King's R.; two LADIES attending on her, R.; DE WARRENE seated on the edge of dais, R.; ARCHBISHOP seated ditto, L.; HERALDS on each side; the BARONS, BISHOPS, and KNIGHTS, form a large circle round the dais.—NORFOLK, who is discovered in the act of speaking to the KING, exits, L. 1 E., with two KNIGHTS and HERALD, and returns immediately, ushering in French HERALD, six French BARONS, and CHATILLON.—A flourish of trumpets is kept up till the KING is ready to speak.

K. JOHN. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

CHATIL. (L.) Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behavior, to the majesty,

The borrowed majesty, of England here.

ELINOR. A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

K. JOHN. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

CHATIL. Philip of France, in right and true belief

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories;—

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. JOHN. What follows, if we disallow of this?

CHATIL. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. JOHN. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,  
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

CHATIL. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. JOHN. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sudden presage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have:

Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

(PEMBROKE and two LORDS cross from R. to L., and  
conduct CHATILLON and suite off, L.)

ELINOR. What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love,

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*Enter SHERIFF OF NORTHUMBERLAND, L. 1 E., who speaks  
to ESSEX.*

K. JOHN. Our strong possession, and our right, for us!

ELINOR. Your strong possession, much more than your  
right,

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

ESSEX. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judged by you,

That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. JOHN. Let them approach.— *Exit SHERIFF, L. 1 E.*

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter SHERIFF, L. 1 E., with FAULCONBRIDGE and ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, who advance, C., and both kneel in front of the KING.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

FAULCON. (L.) Your faithful subject I; a gentleman  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,  
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

K. JOHN. What art thou?

ROBERT. (R.) The son and *heir* to that same Faulconbridge.

K. JOHN. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

FAULCON. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;  
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

ELINOR. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy  
mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

FAULCON. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:  
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;  
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out  
At least from fair five hundred pounds a year.  
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. JOHN. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,  
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

FAULCON. I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whe'er I be as true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head;  
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,  
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)  
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.  
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,  
And were our father, and this son like him;—  
Oh! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. JOHN. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

ELINOR. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face ;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man ?

K. JOHN. Mine eye hath well examinèd his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak ;  
What doth move you to claim your brother's land

ROBERT. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,  
Your brother did employ my father much——

FAULCON. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land  
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.

ROBERT. And once despatched him in an embassy  
To Germany, there, with the emperor,  
To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
The advantage of his absence took the king,  
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;  
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak :  
But truth is truth :  
On his death-bed my father did bequeath  
His lands to me ; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his :  
And if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. JOHN. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate :  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him ;  
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
That marry wives. This concludes,  
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

*(rises and descends.—QUEEN ELINOR follows, and approaches FAULCONBRIDGE.—Some NOBLES accost the KING, as if referring to the litigants)*

ROBERT. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force  
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

FAULCON. Of no more force to dispossess me in,  
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELINOR. *(up, c.)* Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-  
bridge,  
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,  
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

FAULCON. Madam, an' if my brother had my shape,  
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuffed; my face so thin,  
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face:  
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

ELINOR. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

FAULCON. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.  
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;  
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—  
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELINOR. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

FAULCON. (R.) Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. (*advances, L. C.*) What is thy name?

FAULCON. Philip, my liege—so is my name begun:  
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou  
bearest:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great.

(FAULCONBRIDGE *kneels in front of the KING, who  
strikes him on the right shoulder with his sword*)

Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

SIR RICHARD. (*rises*) Brother by my mother's side, give me  
your hand:

My father gave me honor, yours gave land.  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

ELINOR. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so. (*goes up*)

SIR RICH. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what  
though?

Something about, a little from the right,  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;  
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
And have is have, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. JOHN. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire:  
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
Come, madam,—and come, Richard: (*to the Court*) we  
must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

*A flourish of trumpets, R.—Exeunt KING JOHN,  
QUEEN ELINOR, and followers, R. U. E.—all but  
FAULCONBRIDGE.*

SIR RICH. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!  
For thou wast born i' the way of honesty.

*Exit ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, L. 1 E.*

A foot of honour better than I was,  
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

“Good den, Sir Richard!”—“Gad-a-mercy, fellow!”

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names—  
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?  
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,  
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

*Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY, L. 1 E.*

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!  
What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

SIR RICH. My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son?  
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son—why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?  
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

SIR RICH. James Gurney (*crosses to him*), wilt thou give  
us leave awhile?

GURNEY. Good leave, good Philip.

SIR RICH. Philip?—sparrow! James,  
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

*Exit GURNEY, L. 1 E.*

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.

Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

LADY F. (R.) Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother, too,  
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?  
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

SIR RICH. Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco-like:  
What! I am dubbed—I have it on my shoulder!  
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;  
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and his land:  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father:  
Some proper man, I hope—who was it, mother?

LADY F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

SIR RICH. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

LADY F. King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd.

Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

SIR RICH. Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:  
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
None lives who dares but say, thou did'st not well.  
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

*(crosses up to R.)*

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies! I say, 'twas not.

*Exeunt, R. U. E.*

END OF ACT I.—*(all change to armour.)*

## ACT II.

*(flourish before the drop rises)*

SCENE I.—*France.—Before the Walls of Angiers.—*  
 SENTINELS discovered on the walls, which run diagonally  
 up the stage from L. 1 E.

*Enter R. U. E., KING PHILIP, preceded by French HERALD,  
 TRUMPET, NOBLES, SOLDIERS, &c., and followed by LOUIS  
 the Dauphin, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, KNIGHTS, SOLDIERS,  
 and ATTENDANTS. Enter L., AUSTRIA and FOLLOWERS.  
 KING PHILIP advances to meet AUSTRIA.*

K. PHILIP. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria!  
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave;  
 And, for amends to his posterity,  
 At our importance hither hath he come,  
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,  
 And to rebuke the usurpation  
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.  
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR. *(crossing to AUSTRIA)* Heav'n shall forgive you  
 Cœur-de-Lion's death,  
 The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.  
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 But with a heart full of unstain'd love.  
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

LOUIS. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

AUSTRIA. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

TRUMPETER.

SOLDIERS.

ROYAL BANNER.

BANNER.

KNIGHTS.

LOUIS.

SOLDIERS.

PHILIP.

BANNER.

2 LADIES.

ARTHUR.

AUSTRIA. ESQUIRE.

B. CONSTANCE.

L.

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Even till that England, hedged in with the main,  
 That water-wallèd bulwark,  
 Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

(ARTHUR *returns to* CONSTANCE)

CONSTANCE. (R. C.) Oh! take his mother's thanks, a widow's  
 thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
 To make a more requital to your love.

AUSTRIA. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords  
 In such a just and charitable war. (*crosses to her*)

K. PHILIP. (C.) Well, then, to work. Our cannon shall  
 be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages.

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood.

But we will make it subject to this boy.

CONSTANCE. Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.  
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring  
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;  
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,  
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

*Trumpet.—Enter* CHATILLON *and* SUITE, R. U. E., *down C.*

K. PHILIP. (L. C.) A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,  
 Our messenger Chatillon, is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,

CHATIL. (C.) Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,  
 And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
 To land his legions all as soon as I.

His marches are expedient to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Até, stirring him to blood and strife:

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;  
 With them, a bastard of the king deceas'd,  
 And all the unsettled humours of the land :

(*distant march, R. U. E.*)

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.  
 The interruption of their churlish drums  
 Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,  
 To parley or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. PHILIP. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

(*crosses to R. C.*)

*Enter, R. U. E., KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, SIR RICHARD, PEMBROKE, and FORCES, with ESSEX, HUBERT, SALISBURY, NORFOLK, and other English NOBLEMEN, English HERALD, TRUMPET, and GUARDS, and occupy the L. of stage.*

K. JOHN. (L. C.) Peace be to France ; if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own :  
 If not, bleed, France, and peace ascend to heaven.

K. PHILIP. (R. C.) Peace be to England ; if that war return  
 From France to England, there to live in peace !

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face :  
 These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :  
 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,  
 And this his son : England was Geoffrey's right,  
 And this is Geoffrey's : in the name of heav'n,  
 How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,  
 When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
 Which own the crown that thou o'ermasterest ?

FRENCH HERALD.

ENGLISH HERALD.

SOLDIERS.

LOUIS.

JOHN. ELINOR.

BANNER.

PHILIP.

BLANCHE.

CHATILLON.

CONSTANCE.

SIR RICHARD.

AUSTRIA.

ARTHUR.

SALISBURY.

HUBERT.

R.

L.

K. JOHN. (*up, L. C.*) From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. PHILIP. (*up, R. C.*) From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right.

That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong.

K. JOHN. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. PHILIP. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

ELINOR. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

CONSTANCE. Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.

AUSTRIA. (R.) Peace!

SIR RICH. Hear the crier.

AUSTRIA. What the devil art thou?

SIR RICH. One that will play the devil, sir, with you.

(*advances, C.*)

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;

Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

BLANCH. Oh, well did he become that lion's robe

That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

SIR RICH. It lies as sightly on the back of him

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUSTRIA. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. PHILIP. Louis, determine what we shall do straight.

LOUIS. Women and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very sum of all:

England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

LOUIS.

PHILIP.

ARTHUR.

CONSTANCE.

R. AUSTRIA.

JOHN.

ELINOR.

SIR RICHARD.

BLANCH.

HUBERT.

L.

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. JOHN. My life as soon : I do defy thee, France.—

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more.

(ARTHUR goes to his mother's side)

Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :

Submit thee, boy. (goes up c.)

ELINOR. Come to thy grandam, child.

CONSTANCE. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :

Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :

There's a good grandam.

ARTHUR. Good my mother, peace !

I would that I were low laid in my grave ;

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

ELINOR. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

CONSTANCE. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ;

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

ELINOR. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

CONSTANCE. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !

Call not me slanderer : thou and thine usurp

The dominations, royalties, and rights,

Of this oppress'd boy.

ELINOR. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

CONSTANCE. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will,

A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

K. PHILIP. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls.

These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

(trumpets sound, and are answered from within, L.)

*Enter CITIZENS on the walls, L.*

CITIZEN. Who is it, that hath warned us to the walls?

K. PHILIP. (R. C.) 'Tis France, for England.

K. JOHN. (R.) England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

K. PHILIP. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.

K. JOHN. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advancèd here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither marched to your endamagement:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceedingly by these French,

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;

But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,

Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;

And now, intead of bullets wrapped in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears:

Which trust according, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,

Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. PHILIP. When I have said, make answer to us both.

(*leading ARTHUR up a little, R. C.*)

Lo! in this right hand stands young Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your town.

Being no further enemy to you,

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal

In the relief of this oppressed child,

Religiously provokes.

'Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,

And stalk in blood to our possession?

CITIZEN. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. JOHN. Acknowledge then, the king, and let me in.

CITIZEN. That can we not; but he that proves the king,

To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. JOHN. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?  
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed——

SIR RICH. (*aside*, L.) Bastards, and else.

K. JOHN. To verify our title with their lives.

K. PHILIP. As many, and as well-born bloods as those——

SIR RICH. (*aside*) Some bastards, too.

K. PHILIP. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

CITIZEN. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. JOHN. Then heav'n forgive the sin of all those souls,  
(*going down*, L.)

That to their everlasting residence  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king ! (*all draw*)

K. PHILIP. Amen, Amen !—Mount, chevaliers ! to arms !

K. JOHN. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth  
In best appointment all our regiments. *Exit*, R. U. E.

SIR RICH. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. PHILIP. It shall be so ;—(*to LOUIS*) and at the other hill  
Command the rest to stand.—Heav'n and our right!  
*Exeunt*, R. 2 E.

SIR RICH. St. George, that swingèd the dragon, and e'er since  
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence !—(*to AUSTRIA*) Sirrah, were I  
at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,  
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
And make a monster of you.

AUSTRIA. Peace ! no more. *Exit*, R. E. 2

SIR RICH. Oh ! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

*Exit*, R. U. E.

*Shouts and alarums—then a retreat. Enter a French  
HERALD with a TRUMPETER and two ATTENDANTS,  
from R. 2 E. Trumpet sounds a parley.*

F. HERALD. (R. C.) You men of Angiers, open wide your  
gates,  
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made  
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :  
 And victory, with little loss, doth play  
 Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
 Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed.  
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter an English HERALD, with a TRUMPETER and ATTENDANTS, R. U. E. The trumpet sounds a parley.*

E. HERALD. (*up c.*) Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells :

King John, your king and England's doth approach,  
 Commander of this hot malicious day.

Our colours do return in those same hands,  
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;  
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

CITIZEN. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
 From first to last, the onset and retire  
 Of both your armies ; whose equality  
 By our best eyes cannot be censurèd :  
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered  
 blows :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.  
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,  
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

(*flourish of trumpets, R. U. E.*)

*Enter at R. U. E., KING JOHN, with his power, ELINOR, and BLANCH. KING PHILIP, LOUIS, AUSTRIA, and FORCES, at R. 2 E.*

K. JOHN. (C.) France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?  
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?

K. PHILIP. (R.) England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,  
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;  
 Rather, lost more : and by this hand I swear,  
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom those arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead.

SIR RICH. (L.) Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
Why stand these royal fronts amazèd thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. JOHN. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. PHILIP. Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?

CITIZEN. The king of England, when we know the king?

K. PHILIP. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. JOHN. In us, that are our own great deputy,

And bear possession of our person here:

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

CITIZEN. A greater power than we denies all this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong barred gates.

SIR RICH. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you,  
kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,

As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be ruled by me:

(*crosses, c.—KING JOHN comes down, L.*)

Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths,

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

That done, dissever your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cut forth

Out of one side, her happy minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads  
(crosses, c.)

I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground,

Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

K. PHILIP. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruction

Into this city's bosom.

AUSTRIA. (R.) I from the north.

K. PHILIP. Our thunder from the south,

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

SIR RICH. (L., *aside*) Oh, prudent discipline! From north  
to south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

(*goes up, c.—general movement*)

CITIZEN. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Persèver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. JOHN. Speak on with favour: we are bent to hear.

CITIZEN. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,

Is niece to England: look upon the years

Of Louis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.

Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in;

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can

To our fast closéd gates: fling them wide ope,

And give you entrance; but, without this match,

The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion; no, not Death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

SIR RICH. (*going to L. corner*) Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;  
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
 Zounds? I was never so bethumped with words,  
 Since I first called my brother's father, dad.

ELINOR. (*up, L. C.*) Son, list to this conjunction; make  
 this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough,  
 For by this knot thou shalt full surely tie  
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown.  
 I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
 Mark how they whisper.

CITIZEN. Why answer not the double majesties  
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

(*ELINOR brings BLANCH to KING JOHN, L. C.*)

K. PHILIP. Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
 To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. JOHN. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
 Can in this book of beauty read, "I love,"  
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen.

K. PHILIP. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

LOUIS. (*R.*) I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 I do protest I never lov'd myself  
 Till now infix'd, I beheld myself  
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

(*crosses and whispers to BLANCH.—KING JOHN,  
 PHILIP, and ELINOR, go up in conference, C.*)

SIR RICH. "Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,"—  
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,—  
 And quarter'd in her heart,—he doth espy  
 Himself love's traitor;—this is pity now,  
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be  
 In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

K. JOHN. What say these young ones? What say you,  
 my niece?

BLANCH. (*up, L. C.*) That she is bound in honour still to do  
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. JOHN. Speak, then, Prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

LOUIS. (*up L. C.*) Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. JOHN. Then I do give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. PHILIP. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

(*flourish* — LOUIS takes BLANCH'S hand. The  
CITIZENS leave the walls. ENGLISH and FRENCH  
*minge amicably*)

K. PHILIP. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?

(MELUN speaks to LOUIS)

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

LOUIS. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. PHILIP. Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady?

K. JOHN. We will heal up all;  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity.

*Exit SALISBURY with a French OFFICER, R. 2 E.*

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlooked for, unprepared pomp.

*Gates open, and CITIZENS enter bareheaded and  
kneel, L. C., presenting the keys of the city.—  
Exeunt all but SIR RICHARD in grand procession,  
L. 3 E. Flourishes and shouts getting more faint  
by degrees.*

SIR RICH. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

Hath willingly departed with a part ;  
 And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,  
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
 As heav'n's own soldier,—rounded in the ear  
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;  
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—  
 This smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—  
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

*(sound of a distant flourish and shouts)*

And why rail I on this commodity ?  
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :  
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
 When his fair angels would salute my palm ;  
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,  
 Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.  
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
 And say,—There is no sin, but to be rich ;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say,—There is no vice but beggary.  
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee !

*Exit through the gates, L. 3 E. ; distant shouts and flourish.*

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent. A Dais with one chair on it, L. 3 E.—table with crucifix, book, &c., R.—SENTRIES patrolling before the entrance, C., through which is a view of the camp.—The SENTRIES disappear as the scene proceeds. A chair, L. 2 E. Shouts and flourishes are heard in the distance.*

*Enter SALISBURY, CONSTANCE, and ARTHUR, C. from L.*

CONSTANCE. Gone to be married ? gone to swear a peace ?

False blood to false blood join'd? Gone to be friends?  
Shall Louis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?  
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:  
It cannot be; I do not believe thee, man;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears.  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

(SALISBURY *slowly moves his head*)

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

(SALISBURY *looks sadly at ARTHUR*)

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

(*he places his right hand on his breast and hangs down his head*)

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SALIS. (R.) As true, as I believe, you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONSTANCE. Oh! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;

(*distant shouts*)

Louis marry Blanch! Oh, boy! then where art thou?

France friend with England! what becomes of me?—

Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy sight.

ARTHUR. (L. C.) I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONSTANCE. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, were grim,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crookéd, swart, prodigious,  
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
 And with the half blown rose. But Fortune, Oh!  
 She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.  
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

(crosses, R. ARTHUR follows her)

SALIS. (L. C.) Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the kings.

CONSTANCE. (putting ARTHUR, R.) Thou may'st, thou shalt:  
 I will not go with thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up: (falls on her knees) here I and  
 sorrows sit;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

(sits on the ground, R. C. ARTHUR places his arms  
 round her. A flourish, L. U. E.)

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR,  
 SIR RICHARD, AUSTRIA, and the whole of the French  
 and English PARTIES C. from L. The ATTENDANTS place  
 the other chair on the dais. KING PHILIP is speaking  
 to BLANCH.

K. PHILIP. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,  
 Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
 The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
 Shall never see it but a holyday.

CONSTANCE. A wicked day, and not a holy day! (rising)  
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,  
 That it in golden letters should be set,  
 Among the high tides in the calendar?  
 Nay, rather turn this day out of the week;

This day of shame, oppression, perjury :  
 This day all things begun, come to ill end ;  
 Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. PHILIP. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 To curse the fair proceedings of this day.  
 Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

CONSTANCE. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
 Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,  
 Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn ;  
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :  
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,  
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
 And our oppression hath made up this league.—

(KING PHILIP *sits on the dais*, L. of JOHN)

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings !  
 A widow cries : be husband to me, heavens !  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset,  
 Set arm'd discord 'twixt these perjured kings !  
 Hear me !—Oh, hear me !

AUSTRIA. (R.) Lady Constance, peace !

CONSTANCE. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.  
 (*goes L., and then back to c.*)

Oh, Lymoges ! Oh, Austria ! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil ; thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
 coward ;  
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy !  
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !  
 Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
 But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 To teach thee safety ! Thou cold-blooded slave,

SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS.

MELUN. CHATILLON.

SALISBURY. ELINOR.

HUBERT. PEMBROKE.

SIR RICH.

JOHN  
 PHILIP.

CONSTANCE.

ARTHUR.

BLANCH.

AUSTRIA.

LOUIS.

R.

L.

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

(*goes L.*)

AUSTRIA. (R.) Oh, that a man should speak those words  
 to me!

SIR RICH. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUSTRIA. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

SIR RICH. (*advances, c.*) And hang a calf's-skin on those  
 recreant limbs.

K. JOHN. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

(*trumpet, R. U. E. SIR RICHARD bows and returns  
 to L. C.; CONSTANCE returns to R. C.*)

*Enter PANDULPH and SUITE, C., from R.*

K. PHILIP. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

PANDULPH. (*up c.*) Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here;

Do in his name religiously demand,

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see?

This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,

To charge me to an answer, as the pope. (*rises*)

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest

Shall tithe or toil in our dominions;

But, as we under heaven are supreme head,

So, under him, that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,

Without the assistance of a mortal hand :

So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart

To him, and his usurp'd authority.

(*sits—all appear alarmed at KING JOHN's temerity*)

K. PHILIP. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

Dreading the curse that money may buy out,

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,

Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,—

Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,

Yet, I alone, alone do me oppose (*rises*)

Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

PANDUL. (*up, R. C.*) Then, by the lawful power that I have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate :

And blesséd shall he be, that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic ;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

That takes away by any secret course,

Thy hateful life.

CONSTANCE. (*going up to PANDULPH*) Oh ! lawful let it be,

That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.

Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen

To my keen curses ; for without my wrong,

There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

PANDUL. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,

And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

ELINOR. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

AUSTRIA. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

SIR RICH. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

AUSTRIA. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

Because——

SIR RICH. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. JOHN. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

CONSTANCE. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

K. PHILIP. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
 And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?  
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity? Oh! holy sir,  
 My reverend father, let it not be so:  
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd  
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PANDUL. All form is formless, order orderless,  
 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,  
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse—  
 A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.  
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. PHILIP. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PANDUL. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith:

Oh! let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,  
 That is, to be the champion of our church!

But, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee,  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 But in despair die under their black weight.

AUSTRIA. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

SIR RICH.

Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

LOUIS. Father, to arms! (*crosses up c.*)

BLANCH. (*following him*) Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

Oh, husband, hear me!—even for that name

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle. (*L. of LOUIS*)

CONSTANCE. (*R. of LOUIS*) Oh! upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven.

BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love : what motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

CONSTANCE. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour.—Oh ! thine honour, Louis, thine honour !

LOUIS. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.

PANDUL. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. PHILIP. Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall  
from thee.

*(leaves the throne and crosses to R. C.—general excitement—NOBLES prepare for battle, cross, R. and L., and crowd round their respective kings ; the English, L. ; French, R.)*

CONSTANCE. Oh, fair return of banish'd majesty !

K. JOHN. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this  
hour. *(rising)*

Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

*Exit SIR RICHARD, C. to L.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. PHILIP. Look to thyself : thou art in jeopardy.

K. JOHN. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie !

*(tumult and alarums—the English exeunt first, L.—the French follow.—Noise of battle as the scene changes)*

SCENE II.—*The same.—Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, excursions.—Enter SIR RICHARD, L.*

SIR RICH. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot ;  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief.

*Enter AUSTRIA, R.—They fight and exeunt, R.*

*(SIR RICHARD speaks without)* Austria's head, lie there,  
While Philip breathes. *(re-enters with the lion's hide, and his sword bloody)*

*Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, &c., L., and HUBERT, ESSEX, &c., R.*

K. JOHN. Hubert, keep this boy. (*puts ARTHUR across to HUBERT, who takes him off, R.*) Philip, make up:  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear. (*going, L.*)

SIR RICH. My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end.  
*Exeunt, R., rapidly.—A retreat is sounded, during which the scene changes.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the field.*

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, SIR RICHARD, HUBERT, and LORDS, R. 2 E.*

K. JOHN. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,  
(*to ELINOR, R.*)  
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:  
(*goes to ARTHUR, L.*)

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTHUR. (*L.C.*) Oh! this will make my mother die with grief.  
(*weeps*)

K. JOHN. Cousin,—(*to SIR RICHARD, who advances R. of KING*) away for England: haste before;  
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags,  
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
Use our commission in his utmost force.

SIR RICH. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
When gold and silver becks me to come on.  
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray  
(*If ever I remember to be holy*)  
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.  
(*crosses, L.*)

ELINOR. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. JOHN.

Coz, farewell.

SIR RICHARD bows, and exit, L.

ELINOR. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

(takes ARTHUR aside to R.)

K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. Oh! my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.—  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.

HUBERT. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:  
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow  
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,  
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell,  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one into the drowsy ear of night:  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,  
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;)   
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,

OFFICERS (*conversing*).

ARTHUR.

ELINOR (*talking to*)

R.

OFFICERS (*conversing*).

JOHN. HUBERT.

L.

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.  
 But, ah! I will not :—yet I love thee well;  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

HUBERT. So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou would'st?  
 Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye  
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
 He is a very serpent in my way;  
 And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
 He lies before me :—Dost thou understand me?  
 Thou art his keeper,

HUBERT. And I'll keep him so,  
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. JOHN. Death.

HUBERT. My lord?

K. JOHN. A grave.

HUBERT. He shall not live

K. JOHN. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember.—(to QUEEN ELINOR) Madam, fare you  
 well:

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

ELINOR. My blessing go with thee!

*Exit ELINOR and her KNIGHTS, R. 1 E.*

K. JOHN. For England! cousin, go:  
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

*Trumpets—a retreat. Exeunt, L. HUBERT and  
 ARTHUR last.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter KING PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, two GENTLEMEN,  
 and French HERALD, from L.*

K. PHILIP. (R. C.) So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of convicted sail  
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

PANDUL. (C.) Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. PHILIP. (*crosses, L.*) What can go well, when we have  
run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France? (*crosses, L.*)

*Enter CONSTANCE and two LADIES, C. from L.*

LOUIS. (*up, R.*) Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;  
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—  
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

CONSTANCE. (C.) Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!

K. PHILIP. (L. C.) Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle  
Constance!

CONSTANCE. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death.—Oh, amiable, lovely death!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;  
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And kiss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
Oh, come to me!

K. PHILIP. Oh, fair affliction, peace!

CONSTANCE. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—  
Oh! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;  
Then with a passion would I shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation. (*crosses, R.*)

PANDUL. (C.) Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

CONSTANCE. Thou art not holy to belie me so.  
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!  
I am not mad:—I would to heaven I were,  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canōniz'd, cardinal;  
 If I were mad, I should forget my son.  
 I am not mad: too well, too well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.

(*crosses c., tearing her hair—LOUIS goes up dejectedly, R.*)

K. PHILIP. Bind up those tresses.

CONSTANCE.

To England, if you will.

PANDUL. Bind up your hairs.

CONSTANCE. Oh, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
 There was not such a gracious creature born.  
 But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,  
 I shall not know him: therefore, never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

(*sinking on her knees*)

PANDUL. (R.) You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONSTANCE. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. PHILIP. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONSTANCE. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:  
 Then have I reason to be fond of grief. (*going up*)  
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do.—  
 I will not keep this form upon my head,

(*throws away her coronet*)

When there is such disorder in my wit.

Oh, lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure !

*Exit, C. to L.—LADIES follow.*

K. PHILIP. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

*Exit, C. to L.*

LOUIS. (R.) There's nothing in this world can make me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,

That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

PANDUL. What have you lost by losing of this day ?

LOUIS. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

PANDUL. (L.) If you had won it, certainly, you had.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit ;

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be,

That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,

One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

LOUIS. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall ?

PANDUL. You, in the right of Lady Blanch, your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

LOUIS. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

PANDUL. How green are you, and fresh in this old world !

John lays your plots ; the times conspire with you :

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people and freeze up their zeal.

LOUIS. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PANDUL. Oh ! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies ; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him.

The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity : if but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
 To train ten thousand English to their side ;  
 Or as a little snow, tumbled about,  
 Anon becomes a mountain. Oh, noble Dauphin !  
 Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,  
 What may be wrought out of their discontent :  
 Now that their souls are topful of offence,  
 For England go ;—I will whet on the king.

LOUIS. Strong reasons make strange actions. Let us go ;  
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

*Exeunt, through the tent, C. to L.*

END OF ACT III.

*(all change to civil costume)*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A room in the Castle. A door, C. F., and one L., before which hangs a tapestry. An antique table and chair, R. C., towards the front. Door, C. F. is locked, and a key in the lock.*

*Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS, L. door.*

HUBERT. Heat me these irons hot : and, look thou stand  
*(gives the irons to 2ND ATTENDANT)*

Within the arras : when I strike my foot  
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth  
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
 Fast to the chair : be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1ST ATTEND. *(going, L., pauses, and speaks)* I hope your  
 warrant will bear out the deed.

HUBERT. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to't.—  
*Exeunt ATTENDANTS, L. HUBERT unlocks door in*  
*F., and calls.*

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR, D. in F.*

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT. Good morrow, little prince.  
*(goes to chair, R., sits, and leans on table)*

ARTHUR. As little prince, having so great a title  
To be more prince, as may be.—You are sad.  
(ARTHUR *who has been playing with his bow, L., suddenly looks at HUBERT intently, then goes to him*)

HUBERT. Indeed, I have been merrier.

ARTHUR. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

HUBERT. (*aside*) If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

ARTHUR. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick:

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

HUBERT. (*aside*) His words do take possession of my  
bosom.— (*rises and gives him the warrant*)

Read here, young Arthur. (*aside*) How now, foolish  
rheum?

I must be brief; lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

ARTHUR. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

HUBERT. Young boy, I must.

ARTHUR. (*dropping the warrant*) And will you?

HUBERT. And I will.

ARTHUR. Have you the heart? When your head did but  
ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again :  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head,  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,  
 Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies your  
 grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"  
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it cunning ;—do, an' if you will.  
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall  
 So much as frown on you?

HUBERT. I have sworn to do it,  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

ARTHUR. Oh, oh, oh ! (*weeping*)  
 An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believed him ; no tongue but  
 Hubert's. (*pause*)

HUBERT. (*stamps*) Come forth.

*Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with cord, irons, &c., L. ARTHUR runs shrieking to, and clings round HUBERT, R. The 2ND ATTENDANT puts down the pan of fire, and gives the iron across to HUBERT. 1ST ATTENDANT has the rope, and seizes ARTHUR. They both strive to disengage and drag him away as he says, "Nay hear me, &c."*

Do as I bid you.

ARTHUR. Oh ! save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

HUBERT. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

ARTHUR. Alas ! what need you be so boisterous-rough ?  
 I will not struggle ; I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily.

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

HUBERT. Go, stand within: let me alone with him. (*sits*)

1ST ATTENDANT. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

*Exeunt ATTENDANTS, L.*

ARTHUR. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

HUBERT. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR. (*weeping*) Is there no remedy? Oh! Oh!

HUBERT. None, but to lose your eyes.

ARTHUR. Oh, heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

HUBERT. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

(*rises*)

ARTHUR. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes;

(*kneels*)

Though to no use but still to look on you.

Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

HUBERT. I can heat it, boy.

ARTHUR. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

HUBERT. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

ARTHUR. And if you do, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

(*pause.—HUBERT throws away the iron*)

HUBERT. I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes. (*kneels*

*and embraces ARTHUR*)

ARTHUR. Oh! now you look like Hubert: all this while

You were disguiséd.

HUBERT. (*goes, L., listens, and returns*) Peace! no more.  
Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these doggéd spies with false reports;  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

ARTHUR. Oh, heaven! (*kisses HUBERT*) I thank you,  
Hubert.

HUBERT. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Exeunt, D. in F.*

SCENE II.—*England. A Room of State in the Palace.*  
*A raised throne, R. 1 E.*

*Enter, L. C., through arch, KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other LORDS. The KING takes his State.*

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,  
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEMBROKE. (c.) This once again, but that your highness  
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stainèd with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any longed-for change, or better state.

SALIS. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

BIGOT. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,  
We breathed our counsel; but it pleased your highness  
To overbear it.

K. JOHN. Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;

HERALD.

NOBLES.

JOHN.

PEMBROKE. SALISBURY.

R.

L.

And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),  
I shall indue you with : meantime but ask  
What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
And well shall you perceive how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEMBROKE. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,  
Both for myself and them, heartily request  
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. JOHN. Let it be so : I do commit his youth  
To your direction.

*Enter HUBERT, L. C.*

(KING JOHN rises—all bow.—PEMBROKE and  
LORDS, R., cross to ESSEX, &c., L.)

Hubert, what news with you ?

(HUBERT whispers with him)

SALIS. This is the man should do the bloody deed :

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.

The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his

Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast :

And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,

What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

PEMBROKE. The colour of the king doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—

(rises and comes down, R. C.)

Good lords, although my will to give is living,

The suit which you demand is gone and dead :

He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

SALIS. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

PEMBROKE. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick.

This must be answered, either here, or hence.

K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

SALIS. It is apparent foul play ; and 'tis shame  
That greatness should so grossly offer it.  
So thrive it in your game ! and so, farewell.

*(going, L. C.)*

PEMBROKE. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, we'll go with thee.  
*(all go up)*

This must not be thus borne : this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

*Exeunt LORDS, L. C.*

K. JOHN. They burn in indignation. I repent ;  
There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
No certain life achieved by others' death.

*Enter KNIGHT, L. C., and kneels.*

A fearful eye thou hast : where is that blood  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :  
How goes all in France ?

KNIGHT. From France to England.—Never such a power  
For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land. *(rises)*  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;  
For, when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. JOHN. Oh ! where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care,  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it ?

KNIGHT. My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother ; and, as I hear, my lord,  
The lady Constance in a frenzy died,  
Three days before.

K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion !  
Oh ! make a league with me, till I have pleased  
My discontented peers.—What ! mother dead ?  
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France !  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

NIGHT. Under the Dauphin.

*Enter SIR RICHARD and PETER of Pomfret, with two ATTENDANTS, L. C.; SIR RICHARD goes down, C.; HUBERT is on the R.*

K. JOHN. Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings. (*crosses, L.*) Now, what says  
the world

To your proceedings?—do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

SIR RICH. (*C.*) But if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. JOHN. Bear with me cousin, for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide; but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

SIR RICH. How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express:  
But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. JOHN. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. JOHN. Hubert, away with him: imprison him:  
And on that day at noon, whereon he says  
I yield my crown, let him be hang'd.  
Deliver him to safety, and return.  
For I must use thee.

*Exit HUBERT with PETER and ATTENDANTS, L. C. to L.*

Oh, my gentle cousin!

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

SIR RICH. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full  
of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)

And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

K. JOHN. Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies.  
I have a way to win their loves again:  
Bring them before me.

SIR RICH. I will seek them out.

K. JOHN. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—  
Oh! let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.  
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.

SIR RICH. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

*Exit, L. C. to L.*

K. JOHN. Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,  
And be thou he. *Exit KNIGHT, L. C. to L.*  
My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT, L. C. from L.*

HUBERT. (R.) My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:

Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. JOHN. (L. C.) Five moons?

HUBERT. Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,)

Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattléd and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean, unwashed artificer,  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

(*a pause. KING crosses, R.*)

K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

HUBERT. Had none, my lord ! why, did you not provoke  
me ?

K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life ;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law ; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

HUBERT. (*showing warrant*) Here is your hand and seal  
for what I did.

K. JOHN. (*taking it*) Oh ! when the last account 'twixt  
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation !

(*drops warrant and crosses, L.*)

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes ill deeds done ! Had'st not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind ;  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death :  
And thou, to be endearéd to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUBERT. (*R. C.*) My lord——

K. JOHN. Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposéd ;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
And bid me tell my tale in express words,  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :  
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;  
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 And consequently thy rude hand to act  
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—  
 Out of my sight, and never see me more! (*crosses, R.*)  
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUBERT. (*picks up warrant*) Arm you against your other  
 enemies,

I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child. (*advances, c.*)  
 Young Arthur is alive.

K. JOHN. Doth Arthur live? Oh! haste thee to the peers:  
 Throw this report on their incenséd rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience.  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature: for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 Oh! answer not; but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste.

*Exeunt* JOHN, R., HUBERT, L. C. to L.

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

*Enter* ARTHUR *on the walls, L., disguised as a Ship-boy.*

ARTHUR. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.—  
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!

There's few or none do know me ; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.

I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,

I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :

As good to die and go, as die and stay.

*(leaps down into the round tower, rolls through the  
entrance arch, and down the steps, L., on the Stage.*

Oh, me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ! *(dies)*

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, BIGOT, accompanied by  
three other English NOBLEMEN, R.—SALISBURY has an  
open letter in his hand.*

SALIS. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury :

It is our safety, and we must embrace

This gentle offer of the perilous time.

PEMBROKE. (R.) Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

SALIS. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France ;

Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love, \*

Is much more general than these lines import.

BIGOT. (L.) To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

SALIS. Or, rather then set forward, for 'twill be

Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*(all going, L.)*

*Enter SIR RICHARD, R. U. E.*

SIR RICH. Once more to-day well met, distempered lords

The king by me requests your presence straight.

SALIS. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us.

We will not line his thin bestainéd cloak

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

Return and tell him so : we know the worst.

SIR RICH. Whate'er you think. good words, I think, were  
best.

SALIS. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

SIR RICH. But there is little reason in your grief ;

Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

PEMBROKE. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

SIR RICH. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

SALIS. This is the prison.—What is he lies here?

(*seeing ARTHUR, stoops to examine his face—all gather round*)

PEMBROKE. Oh, death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

SALIS. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

BIGOT. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave.  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

SALIS. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,  
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?  
Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

SIR RICH. It is a damnéd and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—  
If that it be the work of any hand.

SALIS. If that be the work of any hand?—  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
The practice and the purpose of the king:  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,—  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this head,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

PEMBROKE and BIGOT. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT, R. U. E.*

HUBERT. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.  
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.

PEMBROKE. ARTHUR. KNIGHTS.

SIR RICHARD. SALISBURY. ESSEX.

R. HUBERT.

SALIS. Avaunt, thou hateful villain ! get thee gone.

HUBERT. (R. C.) I am no villain.

SALIS. (L. C.) Must I rob the law ? (*drawing his sword*)

SIR RICH. (C.) Your sword is bright, sir : put it up again.

SALIS. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

HUBERT. (R.) Stand back, Lord Salisbury ; stand back,  
I say :

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

BIGOT, (L.) Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

HUBERT. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend

My innocent life against an emperor.

SALIS. Thou art a murderer.

HUBERT.

Do not prove me so ;

Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,

Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

PEMBROKE. Cut him to pieces.

(*all draw and advance upon HUBERT*)

SIR RICH. (*interposes, R. C.*) Keep the peace, I say.

SALIS. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Sir Richard,

SIR RICH. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,

I'll strike thee dead. (*draws*) Put up thy sword  
betime,

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,

That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

BIGOT. What wilt thou do, renown'd Plantagenet ?

Second a villain, and a murderer ?

HUBERT.

Lord Bigot, I am none.

BIGOT. (*going up, L.*) Who killed this prince ?

HUBERT. (*rushes up to the body*) 'Tis not an hour since I  
left him well :

I honour'd him, I loved him ; and will weep

My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

SALIS. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum ;

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin. (*goes, L.*)

BIGOT. Away toward Bury : to the Dauphin there !

PEMBROKE. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

*Exeunt LORDS, L. 1 E.*

SIR RICH. (*L. C.*) Here's a good world ! Knew you of  
this fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damned, Hubert.

HUBERT. (*comes down, R.*) Do but hear me, sir.

SIR RICH. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;  
Thou art more deep-damn'd than Prince Lucifer :  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell,  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

HUBERT. Upon my soul,—

SIR RICH. If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb,  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on ; or would'st thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUBERT. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !  
I left him well.

SIR RICH. Go, bear him in thine arms.

(*HUBERT goes to ARTHUR's body, and is sorrow-  
fully engaged in raising it*)

I am amaz'd, methinks ; and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—  
How easy dost thou take all England up !  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven ;

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
 Doth dogg'd war bristle his angry crest,  
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :  
 Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
 Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits  
 As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,  
 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
 Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can  
 Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,  
 And follow me with speed : I'll to the king.  
 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

*Exit, R. U. E.—HUBERT slowly following with ARTHUR.*

END OF ACT IV.

*(all change to armour but JOHN)*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Northampton—A Room in the Palace.*

KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown*, ATTENDANTS, &c.,  
*discovered.* KING JOHN is in the act of giving his crown  
 to PANDULPH, who places it on a cushion held by a BI-  
 SHOP, L. KING kneeling, then places his hands between  
 those of PANDULPH, as doing homage. *Organ music.*

K. JOHN. (L. C.) Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 The circle of my glory. *(rises)*

PANDUL. (*seated, L.*) Take again (*giving JOHN the crown*)  
 From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,  
 Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*(JOHN receives and gives it to the HERALD)*

K. JOHN. Now keep your holy word : go meet the French ;  
 And from his Holiness use all your power  
 To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.  
 Our discontented counties do revolt,  
 Our people quarrel with obedience,  
 Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
 To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

PANDUL. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope ;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

*(rises and crosses with SUITE, R.)*

On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

*Exit, with SUITE, R. 1 E.*

K. JOHN. Is this Ascension-day ? Did not the prophet  
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off ? Even so I have.  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter SIR RICHARD, R. 1 E.*

SIR RICH. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out,  
But Dover castle ; London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy ;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive ?

SIR RICH. They found him dead and cast into the streets ;  
An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. JOHN. That villain, Hubert, told me he did live.

SIR RICH. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop ? why look you sad ?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :  
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;  
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away ! and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field :  
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
 What! shall they seek the lion in his den,  
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
 Oh! let it not be said!—Forage, and run  
 To meet displeasure further from the doors,  
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. JOHN. The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
 And I have made a happy peace with him;  
 And he hath promised to dismiss the powers  
 Led by the Dauphin.

SIR RICH. Oh, inglorious league!  
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
 Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
 Or, if he do, let it at least be said,  
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. JOHN. (*crosses, R.*) Have thou the ordering of this  
 present time.

SIR RICH. Away, then, with good courage; yet, I know,  
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

*Exeunt, R. 1 E.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near St. Edmund's Bury. The French  
 Camp. (2nd grooves)*

*Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE,  
 BIGOT, CHATILLON, SOLDIERS, French HERALDS, BARONS,  
 &c., L. 2 E. LOUIS has a treaty in his hand, which he  
 gives to MELUN, L. The French NOBLES, L., the English, R.*

LOUIS. (C.) My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 And keep it safe for our remembrance.  
 Return the precedent to these lords again;  
 That they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SALIS. (R.) Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

LOUIS. Look where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right  
With holy breath.

*Enter PANDULPH and ATTENDANTS, L., who go up, L.*

PANDUL. Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this :—King John hath reconciled  
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in ;  
Therefore, thy threatening colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;  
That, like a lion foster'd-up a hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

LOUIS. Your grace shall pardon me ; I will not back :  
I am too high-born to be propertied.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this châtis'd kingdom and myself ;  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;  
And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?  
I, by the honour of my marriage bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;  
And, now it is half conquer'd, must I back,  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?  
Am I Rome's slave ?  
No, no ! on my soul, it never shall be said.

*(trumpet sounds)*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

*Enter SIR RICHARD, L., attended by HEREFORD, OXFORD, two KNIGHTS, HERALD, and STANDARD-BEARER with flag of truce.*

SIR RICH. (L.) According to the fair-play of the world,  
Let me have audience : I am sent to speak :—  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him :

And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PANDUL. (c.) The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite :  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

SIR RICH. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king,  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd ; and reason too he should :  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No ! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms ;  
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame !

LOUIS. We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well :  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a babbler. (going, R. 2 E.)

PANDUL. (*advancing*, c.) Give me leave to speak.

SIR RICH. No, I will speak.

LOUIS. We will attend to neither.—  
Strike up the drums ! and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

SIR RICH. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;  
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder : for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)  
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

LOUIS. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

*Exit LOUIS. his PARTY, and PANDULPH, R.*

SIR RICH. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.  
*Exeunt SIR RICHARD with his PARTY, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Four BEARERS enter first, R., with the King's litter, which is taken across and off, L.—then two ATTENDANTS—an English HERALD—then KING JOHN supported by HUBERT and ESSEX.*

K. JOHN. How goes the day with us? Oh! tell me, Hubert.

HUBERT. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. JOHN. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
 Lies heavy on me;—Oh! my heart is sick.

*Enter 2nd English KNIGHT, R.*

KNIGHT. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Sir Richard,  
 Desires your majesty to leave the field,  
 And send him word by me which way you go.

K. JOHN. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

KNIGHT. Be of good comfort; for the great supply  
 That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
 Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands:  
 This news was brought to Richard but even now.  
 The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*Exit KNIGHT, R. 1 E.*

K. JOHN. Ah, me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
 And will not let me welcome this good news.  
 Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:  
 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

*Exeunt, L., the KING, supported by HUBERT and ESSEX.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*  
*(1st grooves)*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others, L.*

SALIS. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

PEMBROKE. Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
 If they miscarry, we miscarry, too.

SALIS. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

PEMBROKE. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by two SOLDIERS, L.*

MELUN. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SALIS. When we were happy, we had other names.

PEMBROKE. It is the Count Melun.

SALIS. Wounded to death.

MELUN. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold :

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith,  
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

SALIS. (c.) May this be possible ? may this be true ?

MELUN. Have I not hideous death within my view ?

I say again, if Louis do win the day.  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east.  
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;  
The love of him,—and this respect beside,  
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—  
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

SALIS. (*going to him*) We do believe thee, and beshrew  
my soul,

But I do love the favour and the form  
Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
We will untread the steps of damnèd flight  
And, like a bated and retirèd flood,  
Calmly run on in our obedience,

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—  
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,  
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,  
 And happy newness, that intends old right.

*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN, R.

SCENE V.—*An open place in the neighbourhood of Swin-  
 stead Abbey. Gates of the Abbey, R. Night.*

*Enter* HUBERT, R. *He has a cross-bow, and walks three or  
 four times past the gate before he speaks.*

HUBERT. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I  
 shoot.

SIR RICHARD. (*without, L.*) A friend.—What art thou?

HUBERT. Of the part of England.

*Enter* SIR RICHARD, L.

SIR RICH. Hubert, I think?

HUBERT. Thou hast a perfect thought:  
 Who art thou?

SIR RICH. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,  
 Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think  
 I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUBERT. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,  
 Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,  
 That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
 Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

SIR RICH. Come, come; sans compliment, what news  
 abroad?

HUBERT. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,  
 To find you out.

SIR RICH. Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUBERT. Oh! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,—  
 Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

SIR RICH. Show me the very wound of this ill news:  
 I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

HUBERT. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:  
 I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
 To acquaint you with this evil.

SIR RICH. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

HUBERT. A monk, I tell you: a resolvéd villain,  
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

SIR RICH. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUBERT. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,  
And brought Prince Henry in their company;  
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
And they are all about his majesty?

SIR RICH. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
And tempt us not to bear above our power.  
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—  
These Lincoln washes have devouréd them:  
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.  
Away, before! conduct me to the king;  
I doubt, he will be dead or e'er I come. *Exeunt, R.*

SCENE VI.—*Moonlight.—The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*  
*The Abbey with lighted windows runs diagonally R. to R. C.*

*Enter ESSEX, PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT,*  
R. U. E.

P. HENRY. It is too late: the life of all his blood  
Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Fortel the ending of mortality.

*Enter PEMBROKE, R. U. E.*

PEMBROKE. His highness yet doth speak; and holds relief,  
That, being brought into the open air,  
It would allay the burning quality  
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. HENRY. (L., to BIGOT) Let him be brought into the  
orchard here.—(*who exits, R. U. E.*)

Doth he still rage? (*to PEMBROKE*)

PEMBROKE. He is more patient

Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. HENRY. I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

SALIS. (R.) Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born  
To set a form upon that indigest,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Enter BIGOT, KNIGHTS, MONKS, &c., with torches, R. U. E.,  
carrying a bench on which KING JOHN is lying, a white  
bandage round his head.—The bench is placed in front, c.*

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room :  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

P HENRY. (L. of couch) How fares your majesty ?

K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill fare ;—dead, forsook, cast off,  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips,  
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much :  
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. HENRY. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,  
That might relieve you !

K. JOHN. The salt in them is hot.—(sits up)  
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize  
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

*Enter SIR RICHARD and HUBERT, R. U. E. Both go down  
R. of couch.*

SIR RICH. (kneels, R. c.) Oh ! I am scalded with my vio-  
lent motion,

And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. JOHN. Oh, cousin ! thou art come to set mine eye :  
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;  
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair ;  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

Which holds but till thy news be utter'd,  
And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
And model of confounded royalty.

SIR RICH. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devourèd by the unexpected flood.

(KING *dies, falling back on couch*)

HUBERT. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—  
My liege ! my lord !—(*all advance to couch*) But now  
a king, now thus.

SIR RICH. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

\*SALIS. The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honor and respect may take  
With purpose presently to leave this war.

SIR RICH. He will the rather do it when he sees  
Ourselves well sinewèd to our own defence.

HUBERT. At Worcester must his body be interred ;  
For so he willed it.

SIR RICH. Thither shall it, then.  
And happily may you, sweet prince, put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land :  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services,  
And true subjection everlastingly.

SALIS. (*all kneel with him*) And the like tender of our  
love we make.

P. HENRY. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears. (*all rise*)

SIR RICH. Oh ! let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

---

\* Generally omitted in performance.

## KING JOHN.

This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these, her princes, are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them : naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.

*(organ music.—all gather round the body of the  
KING as the curtain descends)*

MONKS. BIGOT AND ATTENDANTS.

Essex. Hub. Sir Rich. K. John. P. Hen. Sal. Pem.  
R. L.

**Curtain.**





## Old Honesty.

*DAME.* (Who has entered on tiptoe) —Ah!

*MICHAEL.* (In alarm) Ah! —is it you Dame? —Why do you come sneaking into the room, in that sort of way? —

*Act 2. Scene 1.*

# OLD HONESTY

A COMIC DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

J. M. MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Dying for Love—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Thirty-three Next Birthday—Poor Pillicoddy—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners' Holiday—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Going to the Derby—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife—Irish Tiger—Ticklish Times—Take care of Dowb—Muleteer of Toledo—Game of Romps—How Stout You're Getting—A Prince for an Hour—Aunt Charlotte's Maid—Little Savage, &c. &c. &c*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market

LONDON.

## OLD HONESTY.

*First produced at the Royal Haymarket Theatre,  
April, 1848.*

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### CHARACTERS.

|                                                 |                    |
|-------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| MICHAEL BRADSHAW, a Master<br><i>Bricklayer</i> | Mr. WEBSTER.       |
| JOSEPH BRADSHAW, his Son . . . .                | Mr. H. VANDENHOFF. |
| SIR PERKINS BESBOROUGH . . . .                  | Mr. HOWE.          |
| MR. SEPTIMUS HOOK, an Attorney . .              | Mr. TILBURY.       |
| TOBY PERCH, a Bricklayer . . . .                | Mr. KEELEY.        |
| DAME BRADSHAW . . . . .                         | Mrs. GLOVER.       |
| MARY . . . . .                                  | Miss REYNOLDS      |

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TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—2 hours 10 minutes.

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### COSTUMES.

- MICHAEL BRADSHAW.—Fustian suit. 2nd dress—Green skirted coat, drab trowsers, stuff waistcoat.  
JOSEPH BRADSHAW.—Modern suit.  
SIR PERKINS.—Modern suit.  
MR. SEPTIMUS HOOK.—Suit of black.  
TOBY PERCH.—Smock frock, nankeen trowsers, hairskin cap, blue handkerchief. 2nd dress—Green Pantaloons, pepper and salt jacket, cloth cap.  
DAME BRADSHAW.—Common habit, black bonnet, neck handkerchief. 2nd dress—Red satin dress, black crapo victorine, pink satin bonnet.  
MARY.—Muslin dress, black apron.

# OLD HONESTY.



## ACT FIRST.

SCENE.—*An Apartment, undergoing repairs. It is partly fresh papered, and rolls of paper are heaped upon a common deal table. The skirting-board at R. is taken away, and the brickwork is seen.—A pair of plasterer's steps against the wall.—The carpet is rolled up, and placed with the furniture of the room on the L.—the furniture being covered with large brown holland sheets.—The whole having the appearance of a room undergoing extensive repairs.—A chandelier hanging from the ceiling also covered.—A window at L. 3 E. and a door at R. 3 E.*

SIR PERKINS appears at folding doors in c., looks about him surprised—enters carefully, protecting his clothes from the plaster, mortar, &c.

SIR PERK. Here's a scene of desolation! For some reason or other, my worthy tenant, Mr. Septimus Hook, is continually pulling this unfortunate room to pieces. The last time I was here, that side of the room was undergoing the torture—(*pointing to L.*)—now the operations are transferred to this. *He* calls it “putting it in order.” (*looking about him*) It looks like it! I visit this property of mine, in Bloomsbury Square, four times a year, to receive my rent—an act of politeness which I consider due from a landlord to a tenant. I've done so now for three years—that makes a total of twelve visits, and I have never yet found a chair fit for a gentleman to sit down upon. Oh, here comes the attorney.

*Enter* HOOK, B. D.

HOOK. Sir Perkins Besborough, your most obedient. You are certainly the most punctual of landlords.

SIR PERK. In money matters, my dear Mr. Hook, I confess I am punctuality itself.

HOOK. (*smiling*) You mean, when you have money to receive?

SIR PERK. Exactly!

HOOK. But when you have money to pay—

SIR PERK. I never *do* have any money to pay. Ha, ha!

HOOK. Ha, ha! A very good joke, indeed; though, I confess, I didn't at first take it.

SIR PERK. I thought you lawyers took everything.

HOOK. I mean, I didn't seize the idea.

SIR PERK. Oh, then, I presume an idea is the only thing that lawyers do *not* seize.

HOOK. You're very hard upon our profession, sir. You should do as you'd be done by.

SIR PERK. A fine moral axiom, my dear Hook—but unfortunately not applicable to *your* profession. You may be done *by* a lawyer, but I defy you to do *him*.

HOOK. (*annoyed*) I presume, Sir Perkins B., you've come for your rent?

SIR PERK. You do *not* presume—for I have.

HOOK. (*handing notes*) There it is, sir, minus the income tax, making a total of—

SIR PERK. (*pocketing money*) Never mind the total. There's your receipt; (*giving receipt*) and now, good morning. (*going*)

HOOK. One moment, Sir Perkins Besborough—report says that you're a little involved.

SIR PERK. Then report, as usual, is wrong. I am not a *little* involved.

HOOK. Pray be serious, sir; my object is to serve you—provided—

SIR PERK. Provided I come to your terms, eh?

HOOK. Exactly. You are said to be over head and ears in debt.

SIR PERK. Come, not quite so bad as that, as I still contrive to keep my *head* above water. But over my *ears*.

in debt, I certainly have been for some time past, and that ought satisfactorily to account for my not being able to listen to the applications of my creditors.

HOOK. When will you be serious?

SIR PERK. When you begin to be funny—so, you see, I've plenty of time before me. By the bye, Hook—you've never dined with me, have you?

HOOK. I never had that honour.

SIR PERK. Then I hope you'll give me your company to dinner to-morrow.

HOOK. Oh, delighted! I am sure! (*bowing*)

SIR PERK. Seven o'clock, punctually. Good morning!

HOOK. I beg pardon, but you haven't told me *where*.

SIR PERK. Why, ha, ha, ha! the exact locality is at present uncertain. It will depend entirely on where they take me to.

HOOK. Take you to? They—who?

SIR PERK. Some peculiarly attentive and persevering friends of mine; distinguished officers in the service of the Sheriffs of the County of Middlesex.

HOOK. You surely don't mean—

SIR PERK. Precisely what I say.

HOOK. Sad work! sad work!

SIR PERK. No such thing; I've had some fun for my money.

HOOK. I should say you ought to have had a good deal, for I knew your old uncle Perkins, the distiller, from whom you so unexpectedly inherited your large fortune—

SIR PERK. And the aristocratic appellation of *Perkins* into the bargain.

HOOK. Exactly. He lived very sparingly, I might say parsimoniously, and his accumulations must have been very, very considerable. (*with intention*)

SIR PERK. Very respectable; chiefly household property.

HOOK. And some ready money?

SIR PERK. Very little of that.

HOOK. Doubtless, large investments in foreign and English funds.

SIR PERK. Not a penny—at least, that I could ever trace. The poor old boy, as you know, died somewhat

suddenly. I had been watching by his bedside all night—ay, in that very room. (*pointing to door, R.*) I thought him asleep, and was about to snatch a wink or two myself, when he suddenly called me to his bedside, and in a voice scarcely articulate, said, “Nephew, all I have is yours, but on no account be tempted to part with this house until”—That was his last *word*; but from his impatient gestures I understood him to ask for his writing desk. I gave it to him. He had scarcely opened it, when his hands relaxed their grasp, and he fell back upon his pillow, dead! I was so shocked—for I really loved the old man—that all recollection of the circumstance escaped me, until some days afterwards, when I searched the writing desk myself, but found only family papers—the title deeds of his freehold and household property, a few hundred pounds in notes, and a small dirty slip of paper, on which were these words—“Fifteen thousand pounds in notes—four thousand seven hundred pounds in gold.”

HOOKE. With no other remark that might lead you, I mean give you a clue to—(*anxiously*)

SIR PERK. None whatever. I made all possible inquiries on the subject among those who knew my uncle—of yourself among the rest.

HOOKE. Y-e-s. (*confused*)

SIR PERK. But without success. Old Benjamin, his head clerk, seriously advised me to have the garden dug up, the cellar examined; egad, I believe the old fellow would have had me pull the house down. Ha, ha!

HOOKE. To look for the hidden treasure, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*forcing a laugh*) I suppose that accounts for your refusing the really handsome offer I have made you for it?

SIR PERK. Pshaw! no, but I can't forget my poor uncle's injunction; and, besides, I find a house is a remarkably convenient article to raise money upon. But, between you and me, Hook, I've serious thoughts of getting out of my difficulties by marriage.

HOOKE. Out of your difficulties? Marriage sometimes has a contrary result.

SIR PERK. I say, Hook, there's a sweet pretty face that I've seen peeping through the parlour blinds, down stairs, when I knocked at the door.

HOOK. Oh, my niece, Julia. Egad, Sir Perkins Besborough, she's worth looking after. She's an only child, and her father—

SIR PERK. Her father?

HOOK. Yes, Mr. Rowdy, the eminent architect. Twenty or thirty thousand *down*, and at least double that amount at the old gentleman's death.

SIR PERK. Hook, I feel a sudden and insatiable longing for this old gentleman's acquaintance. Suppose you introduce me?

HOOK. I *will*—and urge your suit into the bargain, provided—

SIR PERK. What?

HOOK. You accept my offer for this house. (*earnestly*)

SIR PERK. The house again?

HOOK. Hush! (*directing SIR PERKINS attention to MARY BRADSHAW who appears at c. d.*)

MARY. If you please, Mr. Hook—(*seeing SIR PERKINS*) I beg pardon—(*about to retire*)

HOOK. Come in, Miss Mary; don't be afraid!

SIR PERK. Come in, Miss Mary, you needn't be afraid of little Hook, or me either. By all means, come in! (*looking at her*) Eh? No—yes, it's my pretty little acquaintance, sure enough.

MARY. Sir!

HOOK. *Your* pretty little acquaintance? What, old Michael's daughter?

SIR PERK. I can't take upon myself to say she is old Michael's daughter, because I don't happen to know who old Michael is.

HOOK. A worthy, hard-working, industrious man—a master bricklayer, and a tenant of mine, in a small court which joins my garden—so that he is an immediate neighbour into the bargain—isn't he, Mary?

MARY. (*curtseying*) Yes, if you please, sir.

HOOK. His name is Bradshaw; but here, in the neighbourhood, he is only known and spoken of as “Old Honesty.”

SIR PERK. To distinguish him from the rest of his immediate neighbours, eh, Hook? (*nudging him*)

MARY. My father wishes to know, sir, if you shall require him to-day.

HOOK. Certainly. I particularly wish to have that little job I mentioned to him finished without delay—the repairs of that brickwork especially. (*pointing to skirting board at R.*)

MARY. Very well, sir.

HOOK. Good bye, pretty one! (*patting MARY's cheek, and then kissing her fingers*)

MARY. Well, what next, I wonder?

SIR PERK. For shame of yourself, Hook! A respectable, venerable old gentleman like you.

HOOK. Venerable old gentleman!

MARY. He, he, he! I beg pardon, sir, but I really can't help it. Ha, ha, ha!

HOOK. So it seems. (*aside to SIR PERKINS*) I am now going to take my niece, Julia, under my arm, and escort her home to her father's, Mr. Rowdy.

SIR PERK. Are you? Then I propose that you just tuck me under your other arm, and take me along with you.

HOOK. On one condition. Sell me this house.

SIR PERK. (*annoyed*) Well, I'll think of your proposal.

HOOK. And I of yours. Sir, your servant.

(*bows to SIR PERKINS—kisses his fingers, aside, to MARY, and exit at C.—MARY curtsies to SIR PERKINS and is about to follow HOOK*)

SIR PERK. Nay, surely you'll not leave on old acquaintance without a word?

MARY. An *old* acquaintance, sir?

SIR PERK. Yes—considering the time I've had the pleasure of knowing you—that is, since yesterday evening.

MARY. Yesterday evening—eh? Yes. You'll excuse me, sir, but now I look at you again—

SIR PERK. Don't apologise. You may look at me again and again—the oftener the better.

MARY. Surely you were the gentleman who so kindly protected me from the insolence of an omnibus conductor?

SIR PERK. One of the threepenny fellows! Exactly. If I remember rightly, I knocked the rascal down.

MARY. No—I'm afraid it was the other way.

SIR PERK. I know it was one of the two. However, it procured me the opportunity of offering you my arm and my umbrella—both of which, you, in the handsomest manner, condescended to accept.

MARY. Y-e-s, sir; because at first I thought you were Joe.

SIR P. Oh, you thought I was Joe? (*aside*) She thought I was Joe. (*aloud*) And who is Joe?

MARY. My brother, sir. I dare say you may think I'm paying you a bad compliment, sir, but although our father is only a bricklayer, I can assure you, Joe is quite the gentleman. I only wish you could see him in his shiney boots, and his white kid gloves.

SIR PERK. (*aside*) Some poor conceited puppy, I'll be bound. (*aloud*) Then I presume, when after exploring a number of courts and alleys, too numerous to mention, I had succeeded in escorting you home, and had knocked at the door, the individual who responded to the summons was—

MARY. My father, sir.

SIR PERK. What, "Old Honesty?"

MARY. Yes, sir.

SIR PERK. Well, his *honesty* may be unimpeachable, but I can't say much for his *civility*. Instead of asking me to come *in*, he contented himself with telling me how to find my way *out* (*in a gruff voice*) "First to the right, then to the left, then straight on—cross over—turn sharp round by the baker's, and there you are." And having thus delivered himself, it strikes me very forcibly that he slammed the door in my face.

MARY. For which I scolded him well. I only wish you had heard me.

SIR PERK. So do I—for then I should have been under the same roof with you, Mary.

MARY. Sir!

SIR PERK. Come, you must make amends for "Old Honesty's" bad manners. Just one pure, fraternal, philanthropic salute—(*taking her hand*)

MICHAEL BRADSHAW *appears at c., in his working dress*  
—his basket of tools over his shoulder.

MICHAEL. Hollo! hollo! Warmish work here, I reckon.

SIR PERK. (*aside*) The devil! My civil friend "Old Honesty" again.

MARY. Father! (*running to BRADSHAW*)

MICHAEL. (*looking from MARY to SIR PERKINS*) Umph! It strikes me I've come just in time--or perhaps a bit too soon. Which is it, Mary?

MARY. (*deprecatingly*) Oh, father!

MICHAEL. That'll do.

(*then turns round, looks at SIR PERKINS from head to foot, and begins whistling a tune*)

SIR PERK. (*nodding to MICHAEL*) How are you? I was here on business with Mr. Hook, and happening to meet Miss Mary, whom I had the good fortune to escort home last evening, I was just asking her—

MICHAEL. Your way out? Oh, I'll tell you. "First to the right—then to the left—then straight on—then cross over—then"—

SIR PERK. "Turn sharp round by the baker's"—

MICHAEL. Exactly—and "there you are!"

SIR PERK. Thank ye. You've enlightened me on that subject already.

MARY. Father, Mr. Hook wishes you to proceed with your work immediately.

MICHAEL. Very well. (*to SIR PERKINS*) As you are here upon business with Mr. Hook, sir, you'll find him somewhere or other, I dare say.

SIR PERK. I think it very probable I should.

MICHAEL. It's quite clear he ain't *here*—at least, I don't see him—perhaps you *do*. You may be sharper about the eyesight than me.

MARY. (*aside to MICHAEL*) Father!

SIR PERK. Ha, ha, ha! Very good! Well, I'll take the hint, friend—so, *au revoir*!

MICHAEL. O what?

SIR PERK. *Au revoir*! That means—I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you again.

MICHAEL. Does it? Then I shan't say *au revoir*, because I don't care if I never see you again.

SIR PERK. Ha, ha! (*is going out—turns round, and kisses his hand to MARY*)

MICHAEL. (*turning round, and seeing him—aside*) So, so—is that what you're after? (*aloud*) Stop, sir! Just oblige me by walking back again, will you? Don't be afraid—I shan't swallow you!

SIR PERK. (*advancing, with slight hauteur*) Well, sir?

MICHAEL. I wish to give you a bit of advice that may be of service to you, if you're not too proud to take it!

SIR PERK. (*with mock deference*) Indeed, sir! I'm sure that any advice from Mr. Michael Bradshaw—(*bowing*)

MICHAEL. Isn't to be despised, young man, in spite of your sneering and sniggering—so just listen to me. If ever you chance again to meet a poor young girl, trudging along in a heavy shower of rain without an umbrella, and you happen to have one, you can hold it over her bonnet—especially if it looks like a new one—and see her to her door, and no harm done; but if you should meet that young girl again, don't go to look sideways at her, or cast sheep's eyes at her, or ogle her, or kiss your hands to her, because she may happen to have such a thing as a big brother—or even a father, and that father may be a brick-layer, like me, with lime and mortar all over his hands, like mine, and if they came to handle you rather roughly, they might by chance spoil your fine clothes! You understand—(*putting his basket down on the stage*)

SIR PERK. I do. (*aside*) It shall be no fault of mine if you don't pay for this, "Old Honesty!" *Au revoir*, Miss Mary! *Exit, c. d.*

MICHAEL. Holloa! he said *au revoir* to you, Mary—that means to say, he wishes to see you again.

MARY. Nay, father—

MICHAEL. I tell you it does—he told me so—but of course that was all nonsense. But you're a nice pretty young wench, and I'm not—and ecod! he'd be a greater fool than I take him for if he didn't wish to see you again. But don't you listen to him, Mary.

MARY. Dear father, you do not—you cannot for one moment imagine—

MICHAEL. Of course, I don't. Bless you! (*kissing her*) But still it's only proper in me, as a dutiful father, to set you on your guard against these dashing young chaps. They are all very well in their fine clothes—but look at 'em out of their clothes, and what are they? No—I don't mean that!

MARY. I am sure, father, I have always followed your advice.

MICHAEL. So you have, Mary—but now there's nobody to give it you. I'm hard at work all day long—and as for that poor, silly old woman, your mother—

MARY. (*putting her hand on his mouth*) Oh, father! for shame!

MICHAEL. So she is a silly old woman. Bless her old heart! always a chattering about her neighbours—what this one does, and t'other one does—just as if I cared. By the bye, Mrs. Briggs gave her husband a black eye, last night—at least, so Mrs. Smith told Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson told the baker, and he told me, and I told—

MARY. (*shaking her fingers at him*) Ah, father!

MICHAEL. (*after a long whistle*) I'm a pretty one to give advice. I say, Mary—have you seen your brother Joe, to day?

MARY. No father. You know he's Mr. Rowdy's managing clerk—his right hand, as he calls him—and of course he can't spare the time.

MICHAEL. True. Do you know, Mary, when Joe came to dine with us last Sunday, I was quite ashamed to sit down to table with him—blessed if I wasn't—with his fine black coat, and black pantaloons, and his blue bird's eye neckcloth, and his hair curled all of a lump!

MARY. Ah, father! he is indeed a fine gentleman!

MICHAEL. A *real* fine gentleman, Mary—for he don't look down upon the poor old bricklayer, who made him what he is. He was always a clever lad—took after his father from his very birth. Ecod, I shouldn't be at all surprised to see him Lord Mayor of London one of these fine days.

MARY. And yet, father, I'm sure our dear Joe is not happy!

MICHAEL. (*anxiously*) Not happy?

MARY. I mean, he looks anxious, as if he had something on his mind.

MICHAEL. Perhaps he's got too much learning there. They say a little of it is a dangerous thing, so what must a great deal be. But I shan't get my work done at this rate. (*taking off his jacket, and going with his basket of tools towards the skirting board at R.*) But where's my mate, Toby Perch? Seen Toby to-day, Mary?

MARY. No, father.

MICHAEL. I'll be bound I know where he is, and what he's about, too. (*opening window*) I thought so. There he is, as usual, sitting on the bottom step of the ladder, reading the "History of England." (*calls*) Toby Perch!

TOBY. (*without*) Holloa!

MICHAEL. A hod of mortar up here, and look sharp!

TOBY. (*without*) Ay, ay, sir!

MARY. Ha, ha, ha! What a funny little man he is!

MICHAEL. And as good as he's funny, Mary.

MARY. He perfectly doats upon *you*, father.

MICHAEL. Ecod, I believe if Toby had his own way, he'd pull the Duke of York down from the top of his column, and stick me up in his stead! Ha, ha, ha! But Mary—it ain't only the *father* he doats upon. He's uncommon sweet upon the daughter!

MARY. Lor, father!

MICHAEL. He says you never look at him without laughing.

MARY. I try to help it, father, but I can't!

MICHAEL. Well—as I tell Toby—it's a good sign. But where the deuce is he? (*shouts again*) Now, then, Toby!

*Enter TOBY, C., with a hod of mortar, and an open book in his hand.*

TOBY. (*reading as he enters*) "Julius Cæsar set sail for Britain about midnight, and the next morning landed his legions on the coast, near Dover." (*closing the book violently*) I never read that passage without its setting my British blood all of a boil! Shades of my ancestors! what were the militia about, I should like to know? Where

were our national defences, I ask? Ecod, it was a lucky thing for Julius Cæsar that I wasn't there! I'd have pitched into his legions! (*showing fight*)

MICHAEL. (*working at back*) Mortar!

TOBY. Ah! Mr. Bradshaw! Miss Mary too!

MARY. Yes, Mr. Perch—ha, ha, ha!

TOBY. (*aside*) There—she's at it again! It's very odd. (*aloud*) Miss Bradshaw, I've observed with considerable astonishment for some time past, that the moment you look at me, your risible faculties are immediately excited to a pitch bordering upon frenzy. Understand me. I don't care about it personally, but, as a Briton, I feel it's humiliating.

MARY. Nay, Mr. Perch—I'm sure I didn't mean—

MICHAEL. Of course she didn't mean! Now, Toby—put that stupid book in your pocket, and bring me the mortar.

TOBY. (*putting down the hod*) Stupid book! *stupid* book! Mr. Bradshaw, I wish to respect you—I *do* respect you—but every man has his tender point—I've *my* tender point, and that tender point, Mr Bradshaw, is the "History of England." I revel in it—I luxuriate in it! Just see how I've thumbed it! I know all the Kings and Queens by heart! I can pick out the good 'uns, and the bad 'uns! Alfred the Great was a good 'un, though he did spoil the old woman's cakes! John was a bad 'un—a reg'lar bad 'un—that's why we never had a John the Second—at least, that's my opinion. Richard the Third was a rum 'un, so was Henry the Eighth. He was the chap for doing what he liked with his own—his wives especially! He had a style of doing things peculiarly his own—

MICHAEL. You'll see my style of doing things, if you don't bring me the mortar.

TOBY. I fly, as the Constable of France said at the battle of Agincourt! Ah, there was a trump, that Henry the Fifth! (*mixing the mortar with trowel*) Nine thousand Englishmen against—against—*turning over the leaves of his book quickly with his thumb*)—ninety thousand Frenchmen—with a constable at their head! Think of that Mr. B.!

MICHAEL. (*knocking book out of TOBY's hand*) Pshaw! Now just mix that mortar up a bit, while I clear away this

rubbish. (*kneeling down, and clearing the old plaster from skirting-board.*)

TOBY. Of course I will. (*taking out mortar out of the hod, and mixing it upon the board*) I say, Mr. Bradshaw, if you had lived in those days, should you have been a Cavalier or a Roundhead?

MICHAEL. I should have taken a little time to consider, Toby.

TOBY. So should I. Not but I should have made a very pretty Cavalier—don't you think so, Miss Mary?

MARY. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

TOBY. (*aside*) She's at it again!

MICHAEL. Now, Mary, run home and tell the old woman to get dinner ready.

MARY. I heard mother say she meant to bring it to you here.

MICHAEL. Very well. I hope it's something nice, Mary.

TOBY. And plenty of it!

MARY. I know there's some pea soup, father—and a great big suet pudding!

TOBY. No? Well, if I have another tender point besides the History of England, it's a suetty pudding!

MARY. Good bye, father. (*kisses MICHAEL*) Good bye, Mr. Perch. Ha, ha, ha! *Runs out c.*

TOBY. (*aside*) She's at it again! (*looking after MARY*)

MICHAEL. (*at work*) I say, Toby—Mary ain't amiss, is she?

TOBY. Ecod, she shouldn't be a Miss long if I could have my way!

MICHAEL. Well, Toby—why don't you ask her! If she says yes, I'm sure I shan't say no.

TOBY. But she won't say yes. No, no, Mr. Bradshaw—Toby Perch isn't good enough for her. And yet I'm sure, if instead of plain Toby Perch—(when I say *plain*, it must of course be obvious that I'm not referring to my personal appearance.)—I therefore repeat, that if instead of plain Toby Perch, I was suddenly and unexpectedly elevated to the upper house, with the title of His Grace the Duke of Perch, Mary Bradshaw should be my duchess!

MICHAEL. You're a good little fellow, Toby—and deserve to have a good wife.

TOBY. I'm sure I do everything I can to please Miss

MARY. I shave regularly every Wednesday and Saturday—I put bears' grease enough on my head every Sunday morning to keep it shiney all the week—I've left off my pipe and my corderoys—I've got seventeen pounds, thirteen shillings and fourpence halfpenny in the savings bank—I am learning the polka—in short, I'm doing all that a young man can do to show a young woman that he's likely to settle down into a steady, respectable father of a family.

JOSEPH. (*without*) Good bye, Mary! I shall find father up stairs.

MICHAEL. That's Joe's voice! Gentleman Joe as I call him. Here he comes. (*putting down his tools, and meeting JOSEPH, who enters at c., in a plain, but gentlemanly dress*)

JOSEPH. My dear father!

MICHAEL. How are you, my boy? Give us your hand. Wait a bit, though. (*wiping his hands on his trousers*)

JOSEPH. Nonsense, father! (*grasping MICHAEL's hand*)

MICHAEL. Toby, you see that. Joe's not ashamed to shake hands with his father.

TOBY. I should think not.

MICHAEL. When I look at him I feel as grand as a lord—I can't help saying to myself, I built that there young fellow, and this good trowel of mine has paid for his education, and made a gentleman of him.

JOSEPH. Yes, father,—I am indeed your debtor.

MICHAEL. No, you arn't!

JOSEPH. But I'll repay you.

MICHAEL. No, you shan't! Look ye, Joe. When a father lays out his money upon a son, and that son turns out an honest man, he repays his father every penny, and swingeing interest, too. So don't talk to me any more about being your debtor, or I'll knock you down, much as I love you.

JOSEPH. At any rate, father, I must and will secure my sister Mary, a wedding portion.

TOBY. Worthy young man!

JOSEPH. Ah, my good friend, Toby!

MICHAEL. Hark ye, Joe. Don't go and make yourself uneasy about Mary. I've managed to scrape together a matter of forty pound for her—but I say—mum—not a word to the old woman. (*to JOSEPH and TOBY*)

JOSEPH. (*smiling*) My mother?

MICHAEL. Yes—as good an old soul as ever lived. Foundation all right enough—(*touching his breast*)—but rather weak in the upper story. She's taken it into her stupid old head, just because I never happen to be out of work, that I'm a rich man—and, ecod, if she knew of this little lump of money, she'd be strutting about directly among her neighbours, with a new silk bonnet, or a great big thumping silver watch, or some nonsensical finery or other, and tossing her head about, as much as to say, "Now, damn it, what do you think of me?"

TOBY. Ha, ha! I fancy I see her. (*imitating an affected walk*)

MICHAEL. Just hold your tongue, will you? Well, Joe, I must get on with my work, so good bye!

JOSEPH. I shall remain here, father, till Mr. Hook comes back.

TOBY. That's right Mr. Joseph—and, if you like, I'll lend you a book to read. It ain't a very new one, and I dare say you'll find I've dog-eared Alfred the Great and Charles the Second a little. I know I've thumbed Oliver Cromwell a good deal, and I'm afraid I've rumpled Queen Elizabeth more than I ought.

JOSEPH. Oh, the History of England. I know it by heart.

TOBY. Do you? I think I could puzzle you for all that.

JOSEPH. Suppose you try? (*smiling*)

TOBY. I will. Now, Mr. Joseph, can you tell me who accompanied Richard the First to the Holy land?

MICHAEL. Why, all the fools he could get to go along with him. (*working*) Ha, ha, ha!

JOSEPH. Ha, ha, ha!

MICHAEL. Mortar!

TOBY. It's no use! (*indignantly thrusting book in his pocket—aside to JOSEPH*) Mr. Bradshaw, junior, I respect your sire—I have the highest possible esteem for him as a man, but devoted as I am—I might say, bound up as I am, in the History of England, I can't help feeling a sort of scholastic indignation whenever I hear him say—

MICHAEL. Hod of mortar!

TOBY. I hear! (*giving an indignant look at MICHAEL, takes hod over his shoulder, and goes slowly off at c.*)

MICHAEL. (*coming down to JOSEPH*) I say, Joe, what do you want to see this Mr. Lawyer Hook about, eh?

JOSEPH. A matter of business, I believe, father. I saw Mr. Hook for the first time, at Mr. Rowdy's, this morning. They are brothers-in-law I find, and Mr. Hook kindly begged me to call upon him. I believe he has something to propose to me in the way of speculation.

MICHAEL. Speculation!

JOSEPH. Yes—some freehold land of his, which he wishes I should build upon. He will undertake to advance the money.

MICHAEL. (*with energy*) Don't ye be having nothing to do with it, Joe! Never speculate with another man's money—for if you do, *your* honesty may have to play second fiddle to *his* roguery—and depend upon it, Joe, with all their fine modern sciences and discoveries, they haven't yet invented anything to beat old Honesty.

JOSEPH. True, father; and I'll take you for my model.

MICHAEL. You can't do better, Joe.

JOSEPH. But, father—Mr. Hook may—perhaps wish to—speak to me on—another subject—(*hesitating*)

MICHAEL. Eh?

JOSEPH. I mean—that is—I should say—

MICHAEL. (*shaking his head*) No secrets between father and son, Joe.

JOSEPH. Oh, no! You see, father, Mr. Rowdy has a niece, Miss Julie—I mean, Mr. Hook has a daughter—no Mr. Rowdy has a daughter—and—and—

MICHAEL. (*imitating*) And—and—you've fallen in love with her. (*coolly*)

JOSEPH. (*energetically*) I adore—idolize her!

MICHAEL. I suppose that means you've asked her to keep your company

JOSEPH. Nay—I haven't dared to express my love, and yet I sometimes fancy that I am not indifferent to her.

MICHAEL. Ecod, I should think not! You're a fine, upright, likely looking young fellow—the very picture of me—and this, a young woman of taste, and has taken a fancy to you, just as my old woman did to me, and—

JOSEPH. But, recollect, father, she has *wealth*—

MICHAEL. Well, and you have *honesty*, there can't be a prettier match.

JOSEPH. Father, you are over sanguine—and yet, this very morning, when Mr. Rowdy, patting me on the shoulder, said to me, with a sly wink at Mr. Hook, “Joseph, we must manage to find a nice little wife for you,” I felt—I felt—

MICHAEL. Just as I did, when I popped the question to my old woman.

JOSEPH. But, remember, father—this is a secret.

MICHAEL. Don't be afraid—I shan't blab.

*Enter TOBY, with hod of mortar c.*

TOBY. Here comes Mr. Hook. He wants to know how the work's getting on.

MICHAEL (*aside to JOSEPH, who seems uneasy*) Now, don't begin quaking and shaking as if you'd got the ague. I'll speak to the old gentleman.

JOSEPH. Not for the world! Let him explain himself first—my hopes may have deceived me.

MICHAEL. Oh, very well. (*aside*) I declare my stupid old heart's beginning to thump now. (*aloud*) Here he comes.

*Enter Hook, c.*

HOOK. Well, Michael, how does our work get on, eh?

MICHAEL. All right, sir!

HOOK. You haven't removed that old brickwork yet?

MICHAEL. No, sir.

HOOK. That's right. I wish that to be done in my presence.

MICHAEL. Lor, I can do it just as well without you.

HOOK. Yes, yes, as far as the work is concerned—but you might perhaps find something that—

MICHAEL. Find something?

HOOK. No, I didn't mean that—but there might be something that I should wish to give my instructions about. In short, I wish to be present.

MICHAEL. Oh, very well, sir. Here, Toby, run for the pickaxe.

TOBY. (*shouting as he passes Hook*) Ay, Ay?

*Runs out, c.*

HOOKE. Confound the fellow! He's got a remarkably big voice for so small a man. *(to JOSEPH)* Ah, Mr. Joseph! I'm glad to see you. *(taking his hand)*

JOSEPH. Thank you, sir.

MICHAEL. *(taking HOOKE's other hand)* Yes, sir—thank ye kindly. *(HOOKE looks surprised)*

JOSEPH. You begged I would call upon you, sir, and not wishing to lose any time, I came, and—

MICHAEL. Yes, sir—exactly. He came, and finding me here, we've been having a little quiet, sociable chat about—*(JOSEPH makes signs to him to be cautious)* about—the weather—and—the price of bricks—and—the state of affairs in general—and other *interesting* matters. *(looking knowingly at HOOKE—another sign of caution from JOSEPH)*

HOOKE. *(aside)* What's the old fellow grinning at me for? *(to JOSEPH)* I certainly have some little matter to propose to you.

MICHAEL. Yes, yes. *(laughing and winking again at HOOKE)*

HOOKE. *(aside)* Very odd old man, that. *(aloud)* Mr. Joseph, what say you to taking your dinner with me and my niece, Julia?

JOSEPH. *(starting)* Miss Rowdy? Really, sir, I feel so honoured, so flattered, so—

HOOKE. *(aside)* Now, what's the matter with *him*?

MICHAEL. *(aside to JOSEPH)* There you've got the staggers again. *(aloud to HOOKE)* No offence, Mr. Hook—but I've seen Miss Rowdy—I've seen her very often, looking over the wall.

HOOKE. You've seen Miss Rowdy very often, looking over the wall? *(surprised)*

MICHAEL. No—I was looking over the wall at the bottom of the garden, when I've been hanging up the lines for my old missus, on washing days, and I must say she's an uncommon pretty young woman. Not my old missus—your niece, Miss Julia.

HOOKE. Ah, and I say, “Old Honesty,” you've got an uncommon pretty daughter.

MICHAEL. What, Mary? Yes, she's a likely wench,

enough—and I've got a pretty son, too. In short, we're a pretty family.

HOOK. (*surprised*) You've got a son?

MICHAEL. Yes—and what's more, I'm his father.

JOSEPH. Mr. Hook, I am proud to present my father to you. (*with an evident pride*)

MICHAEL. (*to HOOK, who looks surprised*) Yes, sir—Joe does you the honour of presenting me to you. I hope you're well, sir, and all the rest of the family.

HOOK. Thank ye. I certainly wasn't aware, Mr. Joseph, that—that—

MICHAEL. That he was the son of a bricklayer? He is, though—but what of that?

HOOK. Oh, nothing, of course.

MICHAEL. Of course not. The more credit to Joe, I say. Suppose, now, I'd refused to shake hands with *you*, because your mother happened to keep a mangle?

HOOK. Y-e-s—yes—

MICHAEL. Lor love you, I can remember old "Mother Hook" as we used to call her.

HOOK. Yes—he, he! (*aside*) D—n his memory!

JOSEPH. I should indeed be ungrateful, Mr. Hook, if I did not love my father—unworthy, if I did not honour him.

HOOK. I admire your sentiment, young man—it raises you still higher, if possible, in my estimation. (*aside*) It doesn't do anything of the sort—but I mean him to be of use to me. (*aloud*) Well, Michael, I shall return presently. Remember what I said about the brickwork. (*going*)

JOSEPH. Shall I follow you, sir?

HOOK. (*stopping, and suddenly remembering*) True—yes—follow me! *Exit at door, R.*

MICHAEL. (*stopping JOE, who is following*) Keep up your spirits, lad—don't be blushing and twiddling your thumbs up in a corner, but speak out to the young woman like a man. Bless you, she'll like it—they all do. Remember, "Faint heart never won fair lady." Come back and tell me all about it. I shall bite all the tops of my fingers off—I know I shall. Now, go along!

JOSEPH. Good bye, father!

*Runs out at R. D.*

MICHAEL. Good bye, lad! and success attend you.

Lord, what wonderful chops and changes there be, to be sure. Only to think now, of Joe's marrying a— But don't let me forget that's a secret—especially from the old woman.

DAME BRADSHAW. (*without*) Joe up stairs? and the old man, too?

TOBY. (*without*) Yes, Mrs. Bradshaw, here they are—

*Enter TOBY, followed by DAME BRADSHAW, with a large brown earthenware jug—MARY with plates, spoons, &c.*

here they are. No, they ain't.

MICHAEL. Ah, Betsy, my lass! (*taking her waist, and kissing her*)

DAME. Don't be so obstropolous, Michael—you'll have the soup all over me. (*putting soup on table*) Where's our dear Joe?

MICHAEL. Ah, Betsy, then you haven't come to see me?

DAME. Bless the man! what should I want to see you for?

MICHAEL. Because you can't do without me. You know you love the very ground I tread upon. Ha, ha, ha! Give us another buss! (*kissing her*)

DAME. Why, Michael, what's the matter? Something has happened, I know—you don't kiss me twice for nothing.

MICHAEL. Well, then, Dame, Joe's been here looking more like his father than ever.

DAME. More like his mother, you mean.

MICHAEL. Oh, the vanity of womankind. Do you mean to say Joe hasn't got my eyes?

DAME. But he's got my nose.

MICHAEL. No, he hasn't! Joe's is a straight 'un—yours is a snub.

DAME. A snub? Mary! Mr. Perch! I appeal to you!

TOBY. Well, then, the feature in question appears to me, to belong to no distinctive class of noses, but to fluctuate between the Roman and the pug.

(DAME slaps TOBY.)

MICHAEL. Ha, ha, ha! Another buss! (*kisses DAME again*) Well, then, Betsy, the long and short of it is, that

Joe is up stairs with Mr. Lawyer Hook, and what's more, Joe's going to propose—(*suddenly stops*)

DAME. Propose?

MICHAEL. No—yes. Propose some business to Mr. Hook—that's all! (*aside*) I was uncommon near letting the cat out of the bag!

DAME. Oh, that's all, is it? (*turning MICHAEL quietly round to her*) Michael Bradshaw, you look to me for all the world like a man who has just spoken an untruth.

MICHAEL. An untruth? I suppose that's the genteel way of saying "You lie!"

DAME. I mean, you are keeping a secret from me.

MICHAEL. (*angry*) Then why are you so d—d curious?

TOBY. Mr. B, let me entreat you to restrain your natural impetuosity. Allow me to observe, that it isn't because William the Conqueror, or Oliver Cromwell—

MICHAEL. Silence, fool! (*to DAME*) Me? an untruth! Ha, ha, ha! I shouldn't know how to set about it! (*aside*) I feel I'm turning all sorts of colours! (*angrily*) Am I to have my dinner to day or not? Sit down, Toby!

TOBY. If it is all the same to you, Mr. B, I'd rather stand.

MICHAEL. Sit down, I say!

TOBY. Oh, lud! (*aside*) He's coming King Henry the Eighth over us! (*imitating*) "Sit down, I say!" (*seats himself at table*)

MICHAEL. (*aside—while DAME and MARY are helping soup*) When I think of poor Joe, hang me if it doesn't quite take my appetite away! (*taking a spoonful of soup*) It's no use, I can't eat anything!

MARY. (*anxiously*) Father!

DAME. Michael, you are ill!

MICHAEL. Ill! Me? No—nonsense!

(*rising from table.*)

DAME. Then you don't like the soup. And yet, Michael—I'm sure—Michael—(*affected*) I did my best—

MICHAEL. (*taking her hand*) You always do, dame—you always do!

DAME. Ah, Michael—Michael! if you had but a little—a *very* little of my spirit, you wouldn't be satisfied with going on working hard, and eating pea soup all your life.

No! you'd do as others have done before you—others, Michael, whom you and I have known standing on the same scaffold with you—toiling up the same ladder with you—but who have now got carriages for their wives to ride in—silks and satins for their wives to dress in—

MICHAEL. Dame Bradshaw, I'm blessed if you arn't getting a sillier old woman every day of your life! I *do* know some one or two—or perhaps half-a-dozen fellow workmen of mine, who *have* done what you say, but for every *one* who has succeeded, I could show you a *hundred* rotting in gaol! Besides, how should I have any money to speculate with? When I married, I didn't think about fortune—not I! I chose a young woman without a penny—but then she was rich in beauty, industry, and good temper—worn't she, Betsy? (*nudging DAME*)

DAME. Be quiet, do! (*aside*) What insinuating ways these men have, to be sure!

MICHAEL. Then the little ones came—didn't they, Betsy? There was Joe to be educated—and Mary to be taught dress-making—and—

DAME. Ah, poor Joe!

MICHAEL. *Poor* Joe, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! (*aside*) Ecod, if she only knew! (*aloud*) *Poor* Joe! Isn't he likely to push his way in the world? (*aside*) It'll come out presently—I know it will! (*aloud*) And as for Mary—why one of these days she'll marry a worthy, honest, hard working man like me!

TOBY. (*choking suddenly*) Ahem!

(*MARY slaps his back.*)

MICHAEL. Holloa, mate! what's the matter with you?

TOBY. Nothing. An exuberance of pepper in the soup, that's all!

MARY. Ha, ha, ha! (*comes down, L*)

TOBY. (*aside*) She's at it again!

MICHAEL. Yes, she will. And as for *poor* Joe—how do you know that there mayn't be, at this very moment, some worthy sensible man—perhaps not very far from here—who would rather give his—daughter—or his niece, as the case might be—to an honest, industrious, worthy young fellow, like Joe, than throw her away upon—

DAME. Michael! Then there *is* somebody—(*eagerly*)

MICHAEL. (*hastily*) I didn't say—

MARY. "Perhaps not very far from here"—

MICHAEL. I'm sure I never—

MARY. Oh, mother, I see it all. Yes, yes—Joe's in love. That accounts for his shiny boots—

DAME. And his white kid gloves—

MARY. And his frequent visits to Mr. Hook.

DAME. To be sure—and Mr. Hook has a niece.

MARY. Yes, Miss Julia—a beautiful young lady—

DAME. With lots of money! Oh, Michael—if it should be—

MICHAEL. (*bursting out*) It is, Dame—it is he! Ha, ha! They're settling it all up stairs between them now. Joe's to marry the young lady, and the young lady's to marry Joe. But remember I didn't tell—you guessed it all! Oh, Joe'll be so happy—we shall all be so happy! Ha, ha, ha!

DAME. I shall have no end of fine gowns—and won't I have a bonnet—and *such* a bonnet!

MICHAEL. So you shall, dame! And I'll have half a pound of 'bacco, and a new Sunday suit.

DAME. So you shall, Michael—and I'll never, never do any work again!

MICHAEL. And I'll work harder than ever.

DAME & MICHAEL. } (*dancing hand in hand*) Tol de rol! tol de rol!

(TOBY dances the polka, MARY laughs at him.)

TOBY. She's at it again!

*Enter JOSEPH, R. D., hastily—he is pale and agitated.*

MICHAEL. Here's Joe! (*anxiously*) Well?

DAME. (*anxiously*) Well?

JOSEPH. You here, mother? And Mary, too?

DAME. Yes, and almost out of our wits with joy.

JOSEPH. Joy! (*sighing deeply, and turning away*)

MICHAEL. (*observing him*) Holloa, Joe, what's the matter, lad? You're pale—

DAME. Agitated!

MICHAEL. All of a tremble! (*JOSEPH takes his father's hand*) What's this? (*looking at the back of his hand*) A

tear! (*half crying*) Joe—Joe, my boy—my dear boy! Speak—speak—your—your marriage—

JOSEPH. Must never—never be mentioned again!

(*hiding his face in his hands*)

MICHAEL. The—the young woman has refused you?

DAME. The proud minx!

JOSEPH. Hush, mother! not a word against Julia. *She* loves me, but her uncle, Mr. Hook—

MICHAEL. Well?

JOSEPH. Treated my pretensions as absurd. Oh, father! there was a mockery in his words that irritated me, and in a moment of indignation—

MICHAEL. You knocked him down? I should!

JOSEPH. No; but I told him to his face, that as *your* son, I was worthy of *his* niece!

MICHAEL. That was right.

DAME. Very right!

MARY. Quite right!

TOBY. Immensely right!

JOSEPH. Mr. Hook peremptorily demanded that I would resign my hopes. Perhaps he is in the right, after all. I should have known the difference between our stations better. It has been a bitter lesson to me, but I hope not an unprofitable one!

MICHAEL. (*blubbling*) And here have we all been laughing and making merry! (*to DAME*) Why did you make me jump and dance about with you, you cruel-hearted old creature, you!

TOBY. (*looking towards R. D.*) Here comes Mr. Hook! He looks like a cruel uncle! He's Richard the Third all over!

JOSEPH. I cannot meet him. Come, mother—come, Mary—

MICHAEL. That's right. Go home, all of you, and leave me to settle matters with Mr. Lawyer. (*clenching his fists*)

JOSEPH. No violence, father!

MICHAEL. Don't be afraid, Joe. I shan't hit him—d—n him!

TOBY. I'm sure *I* shan't!

DAME. Come, Joe—courage! I certainly should have

liked to have had a new bonnet—but never mind that. I had decided on having a pink satin one, with feathers—but I can do without it. Come, Joe, lean on your poor old mother. There—there! Come, Mary!

*Exeunt DAME, MARY, and JOSEPH, c.*

MICHAEL. Now, Toby, let's get this work done! I hate the sight of the house, and everything and everybody in it!

*Enter HOOK, R. D.*

HOOK. *(as he enters)* Well? Heyday! You've been asleep over your work—there has been nothing done since I left you!

MICHAEL. Nothing done? *(aside)* Too much—too much by half! *(aloud)* Perhaps you'd like to do the work yourself! Come Toby!

TOBY. Well? *(pushing against HOOK, as he goes to MICHAEL)*

HOOK. Confound it! Take care, sir!

MICHAEL. Now, Toby, another hod of mortar!

TOBY. *(aside)* Ay, ay, sir!

*(rubbing against HOOK again.)*

HOOK. 'Sdeath!

TOBY. Can't be helped, sir. Allow me—

*(rubbing Hook's coat with the sleeve of his jacket, and making it worse)*

HOOK. Get along.

TOBY runs out, c.

Well, Michael—you haven't pulled that old brickwork down yet?

MICHAEL. *(sulkily)* No, I haven't—but if you'll say the word, I'll have the whole house down in five minutes.

*(flourishing the pickaxe before HOOK's face)*

HOOK. Zounds, be quiet! I say, Michael, you knew the late proprietor of this house, Mr. Perkins?

MICHAEL. I did.

HOOK. Well, they tell me he must have saved money—concealed money! Perhaps you may have heard—

MICHAEL. Nothing. Let me go on with my work, will you? *(angrily)*

HOOK. I see how it is. Your son, Mr. Joseph, has told you—

MICHAEL. Everything! How you first gave him hopes, and then crushed them!

HOOK. Nonsense. I assure you I wasn't aware—that is—I thought he—had a name!

MICHAEL. A name? Well, he's got a name, hasn't he? Didn't I and his mother stand godfather and god-mother?

HOOK. I mean—don't think I'm proud—but I thought—I hoped he was higher in the world. In short, that his parents were better off, than—

MICHAEL. Better off than Mother Hook!

HOOK. Nay, Michael—you ought to feel that brick-layers are not—exactly—persons—

MICHAEL. Not persons? What are they, then—vegetables?

HOOK. I mean, that where a young woman has the—*(imitating the action of counting money in his hand)* it is only fair to expect that the bridegroom should also have the—*(repeating the action)*

MICHAEL. I understand you, Mr. Hook—I understand you perfectly. If there had only been money enough on the gentleman's part, you'd have given your niece, Miss Julia, to him, even if he had been the son of a common hangman! Well, for my part, Mr. Hook—but of course, I'm only a working man, and I dare say, a very ignorant one—but I can't make the distinction that you do. Fair play on all sides, I say. I don't see why a poor man shouldn't handle his *skittles* as well as a rich man his *dice*. I don't see why the milliner isn't as much entitled to her *hop*, as my lady patroness to her *Almanacks*—or why players at *put* should be considered more hurtful to society than speculating stockbrokers, or insolvent bankers!

HOOK. I perfectly agree with you, but—

MICHAEL. But, nevertheless, my poor boy may break his heart for the love of your niece, because he's poor—because he hasn't the means—

*(using his pickaxe violently—a part of the brickwork falls away—he utters a subdued cry, and staggers slightly away)*

HOOK. What's the matter? *(approaching)*

MICHAEL. (*pushing him violently away*) Nothing! nothing! (*staggering*)

HOOK. Michael, my friend, you're ill!

MICHAEL. No, I'm not! Yes, I am!

HOOK. I'll fetch you a glass of wine.

MICHAEL. Do—do!

*Exit HOOK, R.*

(MICHAEL *watches HOOK out, then jumps up and runs to the skirting board, and tears the brickwork forcibly away*) I saw it—I saw it—yes! (*thrusts in his hand, and draws out an iron box*) How heavy it is! (*placing box on table*) Padlocked! no key! Oh, d—n the key! (*wrenches it open, lifts up the lid, utters a subdued cry, and remains stupefied*) Gold, gold, gold! Yes, and notes—real bank notes! Oh, Joe—dear Joe! how happy this will make you! Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*laughing convulsively*)

DAME. (*without*) Now, old man, are you ready to come home?

MICHAEL. Yes, yes!

(*seizes the box, and throws it into the basket, throwing his jacket over it*)

*Enter DAME, MARY, and TOBY, C.*

DAME. Now, Michael—Heyday! What's the matter with you?

MICHAEL. Matter—with me? Nothing—nothing. A little matter, that's all. (*staggering*)

*Re-enter HOOK, R.*

HOOK. Well, how is he now?

(*passing close to basket—MICHAEL suddenly seizes him, and pushes him violently away*)

DAME. What—what has happened?

HOOK. Nothing. I was speaking to your worthy husband, when he was suddenly seized with a sort of a—

MICHAEL. Yes—yes!

DAME. Just like poor Joe. He, poor lad, fainted quite away.

MICHAEL. (*grasping his basket*) Did he?

TOBY. Here's a letter for you, Mr. Hook.

HOOK. Ah! (*hurriedly opens it*) Sir Perkins Besborough accepts my offer. The house is mine—mine!

DAME. Come, Michael—let's go home. You'll soon be better.

TOBY. I'll carry your basket.

MICHAEL. (*seizing the basket*) No, no!

DAME. We'll help you.

MICHAEL. No, no, I say! I can carry it; I'm strong and hearty. (*taking basket on his shoulder, and staggering under it*)

DAME. Let me assist you, Michael.

MICHAEL. Don't come near me?

MARY. It's too heavy for you, father!

MICHAEL. Don't come near me, I say!

HOOK. (*aside*) The house is mine, and to-morrow I begin my search for old Perkin's hidden treasure.

(*rubbing his hands*—MICHAEL, with his basket on his shoulder, staggers towards, C. D., and leans up against it—DAME and MARY look at him with surprise—TOBY sits down and begins reading *History of England*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT SECOND.

SCENE.—*A Humbly Furnished Apartment. The furniture of deal—door in C.—a small half glass door, L. 3 E., opening to the garden—a small wardrobe, L. 1 E.—at R. 2 E., a chest of drawers—at R. 3 E., a window—near door in C. a large chest for tools, in which a pickaxe, shovel, &c., are seen—a door, R.*

MARY, seated at table, working—a low tap at glass door heard.

MARY. Hark! What noise was that?

(*rising, and rapidly approaching door, L. 3 E.*)

SIR PERKINS *opens door, and enters.*

SIR PERK. Mary!

MARY. Ha!

SIR PERK. Hear me, but for one moment—

MARY. It would be madness—ruin! Back, back to your hiding place! I entreat—I implore—

DAME. (*without, R.*) Now, Mary! Mary, I say!

(MARY *forcibly closes door upon SIR PERKINS, runs back to table, and resumes her work*)

*Enter DAME BRADSHAW, R. D.*

DAME. Are you asleep, child? I've been calling you for the last five minutes.

MARY. (*hesitating*) I didn't hear you, mother.

DAME. Then you must be getting deaf before your time. I don't know what has come to you all since yesterday. There's your father, hasn't a kind look or a civil word for any one. Never said "Good night," or "Good morning" to me, and laid tossing and tumbling about in bed all night as if he'd got the nightmare. It couldn't have been the supper, because I couldn't get him to eat a morsel.

MARY. He may be indisposed; or perhaps some annoyance in business!

DAME. But he might have said good night and good morning to me for all that. When a wife has been used to kindness from her husband for thirty years, the least change alarms, terrifies her. (*wiping her eyes with her apron*)

MARY. Nay, mother—

*Enter TOBY PERCH, C., in a new suit of clothes.*

TOBY. Good morning, Mrs. B.

DAME. Ah, Mr. Perch!

TOBY. Miss Mary, your most devoted. (*aside*) Now for my new bow. She shan't say I've learnt dancing for nothing. Ahem! (*making a dancing master's bow to MARY—toes turned out, &c.*)

MARY & } Ha, ha, ha!  
DAME. }

TOBY. (*aside*) They're both at it again! (*aloud*) I hope you like my new clothes. They're not quite so comfortable as my old ones. I don't feel as if I had quite settled down in them yet. I haven't made up my mind whether they're too small for me, or I'm too big for them.

DAME. Mr. Perch, have you seen my old man this morning?

TOBY. I saw Mr. Bradshaw just now, walking several times round Bloomsbury Square, with his hands on the ground, and his eyes in his pockets. I mean, with his eyes in his hands—I should say, his— Never mind!

DAME. Did you speak to him?

TOBY. He didn't even see me. How should he, with his eyes in his pockets? I mean, his pockets in his— Never mind!

DAME. Why, what's the mattter with you? You're quite altered, too, like all the rest.

TOBY. Altered! Oh, you've noticed it all at last, have you? (*conceitedly, turning round and admiring himself*)

MARY. Ha, ha, ha!

TOBY. (*aside*) She's at it again! (*aloud*) By the bye, Mrs. B., do you let lodgings?

DAME. Lodgings? Where?

TOBY. Why, in the little shed at the bottom of the garden, where Mr. Bradshaw keeps his tools. As I passed just now, I could swear I distinctly saw—(*seeing MARY, who makes signs to him to hold his tongue*) I repeat, I could swear I distinctly saw—(*MARY's signs repeated*) nothing! (*aside*) But I did, though. I saw a man's hat, and where there's a man's hat, it's only reasonable to suppose there's a man's head, and where there's a man's head, there's generally speaking, a man's body. My mind misgives me. Miss Mary may have another lover—perhaps handsomer than me. That's not very probable, but still it's possible. Such a man *might* be found. If it should be so, what would become of me?

*Enter HOOK, c.*

HOOKE. Good folks, good day!

DAME. (*aside to TOBY*) I wonder how he dares show his face here again.

TOBY. (*aside to her*) Bless you, he's a lawyer, and has impudence enough for anything. (*aside to MARY*) Who is the individual that has taken apartments in the tool house?

MARY. Hush! Be silent if you wish me to love you.

HOOK. Dame, is your husband at home?

DAME. (*turning her back on him*) No!

HOOK. (*to MARY*) Do you know where he is?

MARY. (*turning her back on him*) No!

HOOK. (*to TOBY*) Perhaps you can inform me?

TOBY. (*turning his back*) No!

HOOK. A pleasant reception. (*to DAME*) I wish to see him particularly. Can you tell me when he'll be back?

DAME. No.

HOOK. (*to MARY*) Have you any idea?

MARY. No.

HOOK. (*to TOBY*) Perhaps you can—

TOBY. No.

HOOK. Ha, ha, ha! Ladies, after what occurred yesterday, the disappointment of your foolish hopes relative to my niece, and your son, Mister Joseph Bradshaw—(*smiling*) I can, and do make some allowance for your present behaviour; but as for you, young gentleman—

(*to TOBY*)

TOBY. I'm not a young gentleman—there's nothing of the gentleman about me at all.

HOOK. Oh, here comes Michael.

*Enter MICHAEL, C., quietly, and respectably dressed, but looking pale and careworn, followed by JOSEPH.*

HOOK. Well, "Old Honesty!"

MICHAEL. (*starting at the words, then suddenly recovering himself*) Well, sir?

TOBY. Mr. Bradshaw says, "Well, sir?"

HOOK. The fact is, Michael, I have just looked in to ask you—

MICHAEL. (*starting, and hurriedly*) For what—for what? I've nothing—nothing of yours, sir.

HOOK. (*surprised*) Who the deuce said you had? Why, how now, friend? You're quite agitated.

MICHAEL. Agitated? Me? Ha, ha! just as if I could

be as merry as I am now, and laugh as I do now, if I was agitated! Ha, ha, ha! (*forcing a laugh*) Dame! Mary! Joe! He says I'm agitated. Ha, ha, ha!

DAME. (*anxiously*) Michael!

MARY & } Father!  
JOSEPH. }

MICHAEL. (*sharply*) Silence! And pray, Mr. Lawyer, what should I be agitated about, I should like to know—(*walking up to HOOK*) unless it be to see *you* here!

TOBY. Mr. Bradshaw observes, "Unless it be to see *you* here."

HOOK. I came here for two objects—the first, to inform you that this house is now mine, being part and parcel of the same property with the large mansion in Bloomsbury Square, which property *I* have purchased.

MICHAEL. The big house in the Square? You? When—when? (*anxiously*)

HOOK. This very morning.

MICHAEL. Oh, then yesterday—I say, *yesterday*, that house did not belong to you? (*eagerly*)

HOOK. Certainly not.

MICHAEL. (*bursting into a fit of laughter*) Ha, ha, ha! So much the better—so much the better! (*aside, throwing a look towards wardrobe, L.*) It can't be *his*, then—it can't be *his*!

HOOK. I have a few jobs for you.

MICHAEL. In that house? No, no; I'll never—never set foot in that house again! (*HOOK and the rest look astonished*)

TOBY. Mr. Bradshaw observes, "That he'll never—never set foot in that house again."

HOOK. But hark ye, "Old Honesty"—

MICHAEL. (*again shuddering, and then recovering himself*) And hark *you*, Mr. Hook; I suppose I can work for whoever I like?

TOBY. Mr. Bradshaw observes, "He supposes"—

MICHAEL. Silence, fool! (*to HOOK*) And I *don't* choose to work for *you*. And now, sir, listen to me. My time will be out next month, and then I'll leave *your* house. In the meantime, sir, I'll trouble you to leave *mine*.

DAME. Well said, husband!

MARY & }  
JOSEPH. } Very well said, father!

TOBY. D——d well said, Mr. Bradshaw! (*to Hook*) Mr. Bradshaw observes, "He'll trouble you to"—(*pointing to door*) I shall have infinite satisfaction in showing you the way out, as William the Third did James the Second. This way, Mr. H. Don't go and fall down stairs, Mr. H., because I feel it incumbent on me to tell you that I shouldn't think of picking you up again. This way—

(*Hook pushes TOBY aside, and goes out, c.—TOBY following*)

MICHAEL. (*watching him out*) I'm better now he's gone! So, come, dame—come, children—I have given myself a holiday to-day, so let's enjoy ourselves. What shall we do? Where shall we go? To Greenwich, or Hampton Court? I don't see why we shouldn't be merry and as happy as others. (*with forced gaiety*)

JOSEPH. (*anxiously*) Father, I am certain something ails you!

MICHAEL. (*quickly*) Me? There's nothing the matter with me. Yes there is, though—

DAME.

MARY, & } (*anxiously*) Ah!

JOSEPH. }

MICHAEL. What are you crying out "ah!" for? What are you all staring at me in that way for? I say, Dame, what do you think? Here's Joe, our son—our only son—talking of leaving us—transporting himself to America, or Botany Bay, or some outlandish place or other, and all because the little purse-proud, upstart Miss wouldn't have him!

DAME. Leave us, Joe? You only say so to frighten us. You know you do. Say you do—

JOSEPH. Mother—mother, I am so unhappy, so miserable here!

MICHAEL. More shame for you! Do you think I should have gone and broken *my* heart, if your mother hadn't a had me?

DAME. Yes, Michael, that you certainly would.

MICHAEL. Ha, ha, ha! Well said, Betsy. Why, you quite jumped at me!

DAME. Me? Now, Michael—when you popped the question, didn't I hesitate? Wasn't I on the point of saying "no?"

MICHAEL. But, somehow or other, before you could get the word out; it changed to "yes."

DAME. Because you threatened to make away with yourself.

MICHAEL. Lor! That was only to gammon you! Ha, ha, ha! I certainly was desperately gone in love, though—and no wonder, for folks as knew you then, Betsy, tell me I could span your little taper waist with my fingers, and now it's as much as I can do it with my arms. And why do they tell me this? Because I don't see the change *they* talk about, for I love you better than ever.

DAME. Dear—dear Michael! (*throws her arms around her neck, and kisses him*) I didn't marry you for your beauty, Michael, for you were anything but handsome; but I knew I couldn't do wrong in giving my hand to an honest man.

MICHAEL. (*shuddering, and letting her hand fall—then suddenly recovering himself*) Come, come—no more of this. Let's be jolly. Mary, something to drink!

DAME. Drink?

MICHAEL. Yes. I'm thirsty—parched with thirst! I don't care what it is, as long as it's strong, very strong! Now, Mary! (*MARY is going towards wardrobe, L.—he sees her, suddenly follows, and stops her*) Not there, Mary, there's nothing there!

MARY. Don't speak so angrily, father.

MICHAEL. I'm not angry—no, no, there! (*kisses her—MARY goes in at door, R. 1 E., and immediately returns with bottle and glass, which she places on the table.*) Now, Joe, sit down, (*seats himself*) and our first toast shall be, "Confusion to Mr. Hook, and all that are like him!"

(*drinks.*)

JOSEPH. Nay, father, you mustn't hate him.

MICHAEL. Hate him? (*savagely*) Not I. I hate nobody. I'm sure I love the whole world, and be d—d to it!

(*drinking again.*)

JOSEPH. Excuse me, father, but I have already overstayed my time. I must return to—to—

MICHAEL. To your employer, Mr. Rowdy. Well, go along. But, I say, Joe, don't go sneaking in, but hold your head up, like a man. Don't let him see you're cast down. I say, Joe, does the old gentleman know you've done him the honour of asking him to be your father-in-law?

JOSEPH. He does.

MICHAEL. Well? (*drinking again*)

JOSEPH. He spoke to me very kindly, father—very kindly—but—

MICHAEL. But, I suppose, he takes the same view of the matter as his precious brother-in-law, Mr. Hook?

JOSEPH. He does. (*sighing*)

MICHAEL. All alike, all alike. The same story with them all. Money, money, money! (*drinking again*)

JOSEPH. I never valued it before, father; but now that I know the want of it is the cause of all my misery—

MICHAEL. Misery! (*rising, and bringing JOSEPH forward*) Misery! Are you, then, so very, very unhappy? (*JOSEPH turns his head away*) And money—money would make you happy?

JOSEPH. The happiest man in the world, father.

MICHAEL. (*throwing a look on the wardrobe at L. 1 E., then, unable to contain himself*) Then you shall have it—I say, you shall have it! (*DAME and MARY look at him, and then exchange glances of surprise and alarm*)

JOSEPH. Thank you, father, but (*smiling*) I am afraid it is not a trifle, such as you could give me—

MICHAEL. A trifle! Ha, ha, ha!

(*looks again hurriedly at wardrobe.*)

JOSEPH. Five thousand pounds would be the least.

MICHAEL. You shall have 'em Joe, ha, ha! and if that ain't enough, I'll give you ten, twenty, a hundred thousand! Ha, ha, ha! (*falls into chair, laughing hysterically, and about to drink again*)

DAME. No, Michael, you've had too much already.

(*snatches bottle and glass out of his hands.*)

MICHAEL. Too much! just because I talk about giving Joe such a lump of money? Well, it would be odd, wouldn't it? People would wonder how I came by it,

wouldn't they? I'll be bound they'd say—ha, ha, ha!—they'd say I'd come by it *dishonestly*.

MARY. They never could say that of *you*, father.

MICHAEL. No, no! (*aside*) I look like a thief—I'm sure I do!

DAME. But, Michael, dear Michael, such a sum as that! Where could you find it?

MICHAEL. (*starting*) Find it! Who said I found it?  
(*looking anxiously towards wardrobe.*)

JOSEPH. (*aside to DAME*) Pay no attention. He is under the influence of some strange delusion. Dear father, let us speak seriously.

MICHAEL. I can't now. I feel a sort of dizziness. I'm not used to drink. (*angrily to DAME*) Why did you make me drink? Put that cursed bottle out of my sight! (*MARY puts bottle into cupboard*) But, I say, Joe—no more going to America, d'ye hear? Stick to old England, boy! It isn't such a bad place to live in, after all—and, ecod, folks are beginning to find that out. Now, go along, Joe, and come back again presently; I shall be better able to talk to you. Mary, do you go along with Joe.

DAME. And I'll stop with you, Michael.

MICHAEL. No you won't. I wish to be alone.

DAME. Well, but—

MICHAEL. I tell ye, I wish to be alone.

JOSEPH. Good bye, father!

MARY. Dear father!

MICHAEL. (*kisses her*) Bless you both!

*Exeunt JOSEPH and MARY at c., speaking to each other, and looking with anxiety at MICHAEL.*

DAME. Good bye, Michael! (*aside*) I'm sure there's something the matter—and what's more, I'll find it out!

*Exit R. 1 E.*

MICHAEL. (*watching her out*) They're gone at last, and now I can breathe freely. (*drawing a long breath*) No, I can't—and why can't I? I say, why can't I? It's no use shirking the question, Michael Bradshaw—it's because—(*in a loud whisper, and looking cautiously about him*) it's because you've got that as don't belong to you! I don't look myself in the face, or anybody else. And yet I found it? (*pointing to wardrobe*) It may have been buried in

that house for years—and that house may have been bought and sold again and again—then whose is it? I say whose is it? Do what I will, I can't get my conscience to say "It's your's, Michael!" And yet it would make Joe happy—it would save the dearest, the best of sons from wretchedness. I'll just look at it once more. (*going towards wardrobe*) I tried to count how much there was this morning, but, somehow or other, everything in the room began to swim round and round. (*opens wardrobe with key*)

*Enter DAME, R.—sees MICHAEL at wardrobe, and suddenly stops.*

DAME. Ah!

MICHAEL. (*who has raised one of the bags of money, lets it fall into the wardrobe again, which he hastily closes—turns round*) Well? (*sees DAME*) Ah, is it you, dame? Why do you come sneaking into the room on tiptoe in that sort of way? Why should you want to play the spy upon me?

DAME, (*shaking her head*) Rather let me ask you, Michael, why you should be afraid?

MICHAEL. Afraid! Me? No such thing! But, you didn't see anything, did you? You didn't hear anything?

DAME. Not I! (*aside*) I did, though! the chink of gold—there! (*locking towards wardrobe—aloud*) Michael, there should be no secrets between husband and wife. There's something pressing upon your mind. I know it, I'm sure of it! You were talking in your sleep all night long!

MICHAEL. (*starting*) Talking? Me! What about?

DAME. Nothing distinct, but—

MICHAEL. Ha, ha, ha! It was only because I had too much supper.

DAME. You had none at all!

MICHAEL. Then it was because I didn't have none at all! (*goes towards table*)

*Enter MARY and TOBY, C.*

DAME. (*aside*) He's left the key in the wardrobe now! if I could only contrive—

TOBY. (*to MARY, as he enters*) It's no use denying it, Miss Mary. I have had that tool house in my eye for the last half hour, and I know who the fine gentleman is that you have got locked up there!

MARY. (*seeing her father*) Hush!

MICHAEL. How now, Toby! What are you talking about?

TOBY. Why, nothing particular, Mr. B. Miss Mary was saying to me, that she—to which I replied, that I—upon which we both observed that we—that's all!

MARY. Yes, father—that's all! (*DAME passes the wardrobe, takes the key, and conceals it*)

MICHAEL. I thought I heard you talking about—

TOBY. Very true—so I was. I was talking about Mr. Hook, who wishes you to make out your bill, which he wants to settle, since you refuse—and in my humble opinion very properly refuse—to do any more work for him.

MICHAEL. Very well. The sooner that's settled the better! (*seats himself at table—DAME goes to drawer of table—takes out writing materials, which she places before MICHAEL*)

MICHAEL. "Septimus Hook, Esquire"—a pretty chap to be called an Esquire—"to Michael Bradshaw. One day's work, five and sixpence—three hundred of bricks, seven shillings and"—(*the church bells are heard in the distance, ringing a wedding peal—MICHAEL stops, listens, and drops his pen*)

TOBY. Those distant sounds proclaim the auspicious union of Miss Susan Tupman, the undertaker's daughter, with Mr. Thomas Horatio Jones, the baker. (*tenderly, to MARY*) Happy Jones! equally happy baker!

MICHAEL. (*rousing himself*) Well, who knows but those chimes may soon ring again for another wedding? perhaps, two weddings, eh, Toby?

TOBY. The sooner the better, I say. (*looking at MARY*)

MICHAEL. Perhaps Mary thinks so too. Just ask her, Toby.

TOBY. Ahem! Miss Mary, I—

MARY. Ha, ha, ha!

TOBY. (*aside*) She's at it again! (*aloud*) Look you

Miss B. ! I don't pretend to be an absolute model of masculine beauty—perhaps there isn't quite enough of me, and I'm afraid I've done growing—but this I *will* venture to say, that I'll up a ladder with a hod of mortar, and dance the polka, with any gentleman in the profession. But that's not all. I can offer you my hand, and say that it belongs to as *honest* a man as he you call your father. (*pointing to MICHAEL*)

MICHAEL. (*starting*) Hold your tongue, Toby!

TOBY. I shall not hold my tongue, Mr. B. Gratitude will find its way out of a man's mouth, and you musn't think to shut mine! What was I when I came to you? A charity boy, with all the vicious propensities of a charity boy—powerfully impressed with the fascination of pitch and toss—partial to pipes and porter, even at that early age, and you reformed me! partly, by advising me—that I didn't care about—partly, by thumping me, that I did care about—but chiefly by example; by proving to me, in your own person, the truth of that well known old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

MICHAEL. (*starting again*) Silence!

TOBY. I shan't silence, Mr. B. ! Don't be so modest, Mr. B. ! Doesn't everybody respect and honour you? Were you ever known to charge a whole day for half a day? Never! Were you ever addicted to purloining bricks, or priggings mortar? Never! Were you ever known to commit a dishonest action? Never!

MICHAEL. (*hiding his face in his hands*) Silence, I say!

TOBY. I shan't! Again, I emphatically ask, what name do you go by? Not by that of Michael Bradshaw, but that of "Old Honesty."

MICHAEL. (*shutting his ears with his hands*) Silence!

TOBY. And why, why do they call you "Old Honesty?" because—

MICHAEL. 'Sdeath and the devil! (*springing upon TOBY, and flinging him from him*)

DAME. (*alarmed*) Michael!

MARY. Father! (*DAME and MARY run towards him*)

MICHAEL. (*wildly*) Don't come near me! I'm stifled, suffocated! I want air! air! air! *Rushes out c.*

DAME. What can be the matter with him? He must be weak in the head!

TOBY. (*rubbing his back*) It's more than he is in his arms!

DAME. Follow him, Toby.

MARY. Yes, follow him, Mr. Perch!

(DAME and MARY *push him towards c. d.*)

DAME. Make haste. Who knows but he may do himself a mischief?

TOBY. It never seems to occur to you that he's much more likely to do *me* one!

MARY. Never mind!

TOBY. Thank ye!

MARY & } Now, make haste, run after him, go along—

DAME. } (*they push TOBY out at c.*)

DAME. Now don't be alarmed, Mary. There's nothing to be frightened about, for I think I know—(*looking sideways at wardrobe*)

MARY. Know what, mother?

DAME. Nothing (*aside*) I won't tell her yet. (*aloud*) You shall know all presently, Mary, when I have counted the—I mean, when—now don't stand staring there, child, but go into the kitchen, and see to your father's dinner. He'll soon be back, depend on't. Now run along.

*Exit MARY, R. D.*

Now Mr. Michael Bradshaw, you presume to keep me out of your secrets, do you? Me, of all women in the world—who haven't an atom of curiosity about me, not an at—(*twisting the key about her finger, and looking anxiously at wardrobe*) but when a wife sees there's something weighing on her husband's mind, then, of course, it's her duty to find out what that something is, there can't be a question about that! (*by this time she has reached the wardrobe, puts key in—starts, turns round*) Who's there? Pshaw! (*opens wardrobe*) What's here? an iron box? I never saw it before. How heavy it is! now, then, for one little peep. (*opens lid of box, gives a low cry, and lets the lid fall again, catching hold of the table to support herself*) I thought as much! it is money! (*opens box again*) Mercy on us! here are guineas by the handful! (*thrusting in her hand, and tossing the gold about*) How nice they do feel, to be sure,

and how the dear little creatures glitter! And here are bank notes, too, rolled up in little bundles? Oh, it's too much! I'm getting quite giddy! (*falling into chair*) Yes, now I see it all! Michael has been hoarding up this money all his life, adding to it day by day, and now he has become a miser, and can't bear to spend it—and it's that as frets him, and makes him ill. Very well, then I'll spend it for him—money ought to be circulated, and so, Mr. Bradshaw, by your leave, I'll just—(*putting a handful of gold into her pocket*) there, that'll do. And now I'll run and pay off my little debts, and then—then for that love of a bonnet! What a laugh I will have at the old man, to be sure! Ha, ha, ha! Only to think of his turning out such at old Jew—ha, ha, ha!

*Re-enter MARY.*

MARY. Mother!

DAME. Yes! (*sees MARY*) Oh, Mary, come here—come here! No, don't—stop where you are—there! And now, recollect, Mary, you haven't seen anything—and I haven't told you anything!

MARY. I *want* you to tell me something, mother—and that is, what are we going to have for dinner? There's some pea soup left—

DAME. Pea soup? Faugh! No more pea soup for *me*. No, no; go and make up a roaring fire, Mary, and prepare yourself for a turkey—and a big one!

MARY. A turkey? But where's the money to come from? (*smiling*)

DAME. We'll arrange that. We'll furnish the supplies. (*conceitedly, putting her hand in her pocket, and shaking the gold*) By the bye, child—(*with comic grandeur*) I've seen you once or twice looking, with a longing eye, at a shawl at the corner shop—would you like to have it?

MARY. Oh, yes, mother—that I should, indeed!

DAME. It's yours—it's yours! Ta, ta! I shan't be long. I shall step into the nearest cab.

MARY. A cab, mother—when there are so many omnibusses?

DAME. Ha, ha! no, no—no more pea soup or 'busses for me! Ta, ta, Mary! (*aside*) What a laugh I will have at Michael, to be sure!

*Exit, c.*

MARY. (*watching her mother as she goes out*) Oh, it's a melancholy fact, but father and mother are both of them certainly out of their wits. *He* runs out of the house like a wild man, and *she* talks about buying turkeys and shawls, and riding in cabs, and turns up her nose at pea soup and omnibusses! What can it all mean?

*The small glass door opens, and SIR PERKINS appears.*

SIR PERK. She's here—and alone! (*closes door, and advances on tiptoe behind MARY*)

MARY. However, whatever it is, it has prevented either of them noticing my uneasiness. I'm afraid I have acted foolishly—imprudently; and yet I couldn't find the heart to refuse the poor young gentleman shelter. He said he was pursued—in danger of being arrested—

SIR PERK. (*putting his arm round MARY's waist*) Mary!

MARY. You here, sir! Oh, leave me, I beseech you—(*hastily disengaging herself*) Consider, sir, should my father find you here—

SIR PERK. There's no fear of that. I din't stir from my hiding place till I had watched my civil friend, "Old Honesty," out, and the old lady as well—and the other individual too. I don't exactly know how to describe him, except that he's small and protuberant.

MARY. (*smiling*) Oh, yes—Mr. Perch.

SIR PERK. I haven't the pleasure of Mr. Perch's acquaintance, but he seems excessively anxious about mine, for he's been describing circles round and round that tool house ever since I took possession of it.

MARY. Don't be afraid, sir, he'll not betray you—I have forbidden him to do so.

SIR PERK. Forbidden him? Oho! Then I shrewdly suspect this Mr. Perch is a bit of a sweetheart of yours?

MARY. Y-e-s, sir, a little bit of one—a very little bit.

ST. PERK. There certainly might be more of him.

MARY. Oh, sir, think of yourself—of the risk you are running. You said that people were in pursuit of you—sheriffs' officers, I think you called them.

SIR PERK. Yes, Mary, it's a melancholy fact. How-

ever, there's this comfort about it ; that as long as I can keep them in pursuit of me, they'll never catch me. Ha, ha, ha !

MARY. But surely you have friends—

SIR PERK. I did think I had *one* I could depend upon—that villain, Hook. A selfish, sneaking scoundrel, who, taking advantage of my embarrassments, compelled me to sell him part of my property, and *that* part of it which, out of respect to my poor uncle's memory, I would have kept for ever. No, no ; I'll never ask a favour of *him* again. And now, my kind and generous preserver, farewell !

MARY. Farewell !

SIR PERK. Why, how, Mary ? Just now you were about to turn me, head and shoulders out of the house, and now—

MARY. I do so dread your meeting my father. And then there's Mr. Perch—he's so terribly jealous—

SIR PERK. (*looking at her, aside*) She's really very pretty ! Now I look again, she's excessively pretty—and would make a very agreeable travelling companion. Shall I venture ? (*aloud*) Take my advice, Mary, and never love a man that's jealous. Now I'm *not* jealous. Then you're not so *very, very* partial to this undersized individual, Mr. Perch ? and I'm over head and ears in love with you.

MARY. (*drawing herself up*) Sir, I don't understand you.

SIR PERK. In a word, then, be mine—fly with me—  
(*taking her waist*)

MARY. Shame—shame upon you, sir !

(*escaping from him*)

SIR PERK. Nay—(*about to follow her*)

TOBY. (*without*) Very well, Mrs. B. I'll first see the turkey put down, and then I'll run for the sausages.

MARY. (*running to C. D. and shutting the large bolt*) You can yet escape, sir. (*pointing to glass door*)

SIR PERK. Say you forgive me ; it was folly, madness !

MARY. I do, I do ! Now, quick, quick !

TOBY. (*without, and trying to open the door*) Open the door !

MARY. Directly! directly!

*Watching SIR PERKINS, till he disappears through glass door, and then unbolts door.*

TOBY runs in, with a large turkey under his arm—looks round him on all sides, then looks under the table, &c.

TOBY. We were getting impatient.

MARY. Who?

TOBY. Me and the turkey.

MARY. Ha, ha, ha!

TOBY. She's at it again! (*aside*) It's no use your laughing Miss B, (*aloud*) you can't deceive me, no, no! (*about to gesticulate—passes the turkey from one arm to the other*) I repeat, you can't deceive me. You were not alone, consequently, (*passing turkey again under the other arm*) consequently, I repeat, I am not exaggerating in saying that there was somebody with you. Where is he? for it was a he! I heard his voice. Where is his voice? (*passing turkey to other arm again*) I demand to see his voice!

MARY. Why, it was mine you heard.

TOBY. Yours! yours! (*passing turkey to his other arm*) Then, all I can say is, Miss B, you must have had a violent cold at the time, or else you were practising your lower notes. But don't trifle with the feelings of a bricklayer. (*changing turkey again*) Don't flatter yourself I'm such a fool as I look—no, no! That mysterious individual in the tool house, ha, ha! who is he! and why has he selected that particular part of this extensive parish for his residence? Answer me Miss B, (*changing turkey again*) or I shall instantly give way to my indignation, or, what's worse, drop the turkey. (*changing turkey again*)

MARY. What if I were to tell you that you only heard me talking to myself?

TOBY. Indeed! And pray, what might you be talking to yourself about? (*with grandeur*)

MARY. You.

TOBY. Me?

(*gradually relaxing into a smile of self-conceit.*)

MARY. Yes. You'll not be offended, Toby, but I was saying to myself, "What a dear, good, kind, polite, obliging little man he is!"

TOBY. Oh, Miss B. ! Really I—(*rapidly passing turkey from one arm to the other*) Oh, bother the turkey ! (*throws it on table*) Pardon my insane suspicions—I deserved to be kicked. Shall I kick myself ? Ecod, I feel so happy. I say, Miss Mary, did you hear what your estimable father said, about the *two* weddings ? (*slightly nudging MARY with his elbow*)

MARY. Yes.

TOBY. I like to hear your father talk—there's always so much good sense in what he says. Don't you think so, Miss Mary ?

MARY. Sometimes. But where's my mother ?

TOBY. Oh, she's busy enough, I can tell you, looking at her new bonnet and gown.

MARY. But, Mr. Perch, I mustn't waste my time here—I must go and look at the kitchen fire.

TOBY. I'll go and look at the kitchen fire, too, if you've no objection, Miss Mary ?

MARY. And help to cook the dinner ?

TOBY. What, baste the turkey ? That I will !

MARY. Ha, ha, ha ! Come along, Mr. Perch.

TOBY. (*aside*) She's at it again !

MARY *dances out* R. D.—TOBY *follows her, then returns, takes turkey off table, and dances out after MARY.*

*Enter MICHAEL, hurriedly, c.*

MICHAEL. What does it mean ? What can it mean ? My secret *must* have been discovered. Impossible ! And yet, one neighbour says to me, " Michael, I give you joy ! " Another, with a sly wink in his eye, says, " Who'd have thought it ? " and hopes my money won't make me proud. And somehow or other, not one of them called me " Old Honesty," as they always used to do, as if they could see the rogue written in my face. What's to be done ? There is but *one* thing, and that is, to put it back—every shilling of it—where I found it. I will—I will ! I wish these hands had dropped off before I ever touched it ! (*hurriedly going towards wardrobe*)

HOOK. (*without*) I'll find him—I'll find him !

MICHAEL. That infernal lawyer again !

*Enter Hook, c.*

HOOK. Why, how now, Mr. Bradshaw? What's all this I hear, eh? Half the parish is talking about it.

MICHAEL. It! What?

HOOK. Why, egad, I can't give you the particulars, but everybody seems to agree in one thing, and that is, that you're rolling in riches. Ha, ha, ha!

MICHAEL. Me? Pshaw!

HOOK. The very remark I made. If he is rich, I said, it can only be by unfair means, and that I'm sure is impossible.

MICHAEL. (*controlling himself*) Thank ye, sir—thank ye. I wish people said the same of you, sir—I do, indeed, sir. But it's no such thing, sir—and to prove it, I hope you'll kindly look over my rudeness to you this morning. I wasn't quite myself, and if—if you've any little job for me, sir, why I shall feel obliged. (*aside*) I shall then be able to put it back again. (*looking at wardrobe*)

HOOK. Now you speak sensibly, Mr. Bradshaw. You ought to feel that insolence to your superiors—

MICHAEL. (*biting his lips*) Yes, sir!

HOOK. But I forgive you.

MICHAEL. (*with forced humility*) Thank ye, sir, kindly.

HOOK. I have some work for you, unless—(*smiling*) you still refuse to set your foot in *that* house again.

MICHAEL. On the contrary, sir! (*quickly*) Just now, sir, I'd rather be working there than anywhere, sir. (*looking again at wardrobe*) And, sir, if you'll be good enough to go and put matters to rights for me, I'll follow you directly. (*going towards wardrobe*)

HOOK. You must bring a good stout pickaxe with you—I wish you to take down part of a wall.

MICHAEL. Part of a wall?

HOOK. Yes. I am going to make a thorough search of the premises.

MICHAEL. What for? Something you've lost?

HOOK. No, something I wish to find. Harkye, Michael. There are reports—very absurd ones, I dare say—but people *do* say, that the late proprietor of that house must

# THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY

A FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

J. M. MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Dying for Love—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners's Holiday—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Going to the Derby—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife—Irish Tiger—Ticklish Times—Take care of Dowb—Muleteer of Toledo—Game of Romps—How Stout You're Getting—A Prince for an Hour—Aunt Charlotte's Maid—Little Savage, &c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market

LONDON.

## THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.

*First performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre, Nov. 22nd, 1858.*

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### CHARACTERS.

|                           |                   |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| MAJOR HAVOC . . . . .     | MR. COOPER.       |
| MR. CACKLEBERRY . . . . . | MR. F. MATTHEWS.  |
| GEORGE BENSON . . . . .   | MR. G. EVERETT.   |
| WAITER . . . . .          | MR. WARREN.       |
| ANASTASIA HAVOC . . . . . | MISS MURRAY.      |
| CICELY . . . . .          | MISS R. LECLERCQ. |

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### COSTUMES

MAJOR HAVOC.—Green coat, lavender trousers, white vest, gaiters, &c.

MR. CACKLEBERRY.—Brown Tweed suit.

GEORGE BENSON.—Drab Tweed suit.

WAITER.—Usual dress.

ANASTASIA HAVOC.—Pink morning dress, hat.

CICELY.—Blue check muslin.

## THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.



SCENE.—*Langollen, Wales.*

*Part of an Hotel, seen R.; the words "Langollen Arms" on a sign board. The stage is tastefully laid out in beds of flowers, garden chairs, &c. A small low hedge running across with wicket gate c., beyond which a beautiful mountainous country.*

CICELY comes out of Inn.

CICELY (*in a slight Welsh accent*) I wonder where Mrs. Havoc can be! I did not see her go out, but I saw Mr. Benson here—sure she's not gone walking with him again.

MAJOR HAVOC appears at back, L. U. E.—*enters through gate—he is evidently dreadfully knocked up, and very hot.*

MAJOR. Wheugh! I have'nt an atom of breath left in my body. A chair, young woman, if you love me.

CICELY. (*places a chair*) Why, dear me, Major, what is the matter?

MAJOR. Matter! Your infernal, diabolical, Welsh mountains are the matter—nothing but climb, climb, climb. (*imitating.*)

CICELY. And yet, when you do reach the mountains summit, how beautiful the view is!

MAJOR. Is it? I can't say anything about that, because I never *did* reach the summit—confound your mountains, I say! I'll go back to England, where I can get a comfortable walk, along a level turnpike road!

CICELY. Surely Major, you don't mean to leave our beautiful Llangollen! (*using the Welsh pronunciation*)

MAJOR. Your beautiful what? say it again if you can!

CICELY. Llangollen!

MAJOR. (*trying to pronounce*) Llan—go—It's no use! how people can manage to get such words out without dislocating their necks, I can't imagine.

CICELY. Ha, ha!—and where is Mrs. Havoc?

MAJOR. Oh, she's gone to see another of your precious swindles! Some waterfall or other, in the neighbourhood.

CICELY. And why didn't you accompany her?

MAJOR. Thankye! I had enough of the falls; the other morning, I was fool enough to go there alone, and when I got to the top and looked over, my poor head began spinning round and round, at such a rate, that I was glad to lay down flat on my face, and in that undignified position I lay for three hours and a half, admiring the wonderful works of nature. However, I've done with it—so you'll be good enough to desire your respectable aunt, Mrs. Morgan, to make out Mr. Havoc's bill at once—I'm off this very day!

CICELY. I am very sorry, because look you, Mrs. Havoc is such a kind, agreeable, beautiful lady—do you know I thought at first you were her father?

MAJOR. (*with a grin*) Did you?

CICELY. Because, look you, you were not quite old enough to be her grandfather.

MAJOR. Thankye! (*aside*) And this I'll be bound, is what they call a nice young woman! (*aloud*) Mrs. Havoc has plenty of admirers, I can tell you; a parcel of meddling, persevering coxcombs, who are eternally prevailing on her to go here and go there, and see this and see that, because they know I abominate sight seeing, and probably shan't go with them—but I had them nicely yesterday morning, ha, ha! It seems they had arranged, over night, to go on some equestrian expedition for when the horses came round to the door, there was I amongst them, mounted on an animal they call a pony, something between a brown bear and a black poodle.

CICELY. And you found it no easy matter to get on it's back?

MAJOR. No; but I found a wonderful facility in getting off again. Now, go along and deliver my message to Mrs. Morgan. This evening I leave Lang-go-lin.

CICELY. Llangollen! (*with a Welch pronunciation.*)

*Exit to inn.*

(*a laugh heard outside, L. U. E.*—MAJOR *looking off.*) Oh, here comes Anastasia! Why, I do declare, she has got only two out of her numerous admirers with her to-day. Come, that's moderate! Oh, young Benson and Mr. Cackleberry, the attorney.

ANASTASIA *appears at back, followed by GEORGE BENSON and CACKLEBERRY, from L. U. E.*

BENSON. Allow me!

(*he puts his hand over the gate and opens it*—ANASTASIA *enters*—CACKLEBERRY *is about to follow, when BENSON steps before him and slams the gate violently behind him, against CACKLEBERRY.*

ANAS. Oh, what a delicious morning, to be sure.

MAJOR. Very, for any body that likes a broil.

ANAS. Pshaw! you should get up before the heat of the day. I'll be bound you never saw the sun rise.

MAJOR. Never! and I never shall, unless he happens to over sleep himself some fine morning.

ANAS. *I was up with the lark.*

MAJOR. So would I be if he'd get up at ten, as a sensible bird ought.

BENSON. Ha, ha! what a very original observation.

CACKLE. (R. C.) A very rational one, young man! It clearly demonstrates that our gallant friend's pericranium is sound—sound—sound! You are not aware, perhaps, that before I took to the law, I was six months with a chemist and druggist, consequently I know what I'm talking about. In short, I'm a bit of a doctor.

ANAS. (R. C.) Ha, ha! well, gentlemen, let us decide—what shall we do after breakfast?

MAJOR. (R.—*rises*) I beg pardon, Mrs. H., but as Mrs. Glass, in her directions how to dress a hare, very sagaciously observes, "*First catch your hare,*" so *I say!* let's first have breakfast—I'm literally starving.

ANAS. Well, we can just have a mouthful of something or other. (*goes to table*)

MAJOR. Excuse me, but I must have a good many mouthfuls of something or other—I can't live upon poetry, as *you* do.

CACKLE. Besides, exercise on an empty stomach is not

salubrious. I know what I'm talking about—I'm a bit of a doctor.

BENSON. My dear Mrs. Havoc, there is the most lovely picturesque grotto in the neighbourhood.

CACKLE. Yes, perched on the extreme summit of a perpendicular mountain—twelve hundred feet above the sea.

BENSON. (*aside*) Confound this meddling attorney! I wish he wouldn't interfere. (*to CACKLEBERRY*) I presume, sir, that the Major is perfectly capable of deciding for himself, sir. (*angrily*)

MAJOR. (*to BENSON*) Very true! I *am* capable of deciding for myself, therefore, Mrs. H.. (*to ANASTASIA*) you'll be good enough to get everything packed up as soon as you conveniently can.

CACKLE. (R. C.) Right! right!

ANAS. (L. C.) Packed up! you're joking.

MAJOR. On the contrary, I am perfectly serious.

ANAS. Then, Major, allow me to say that such an abrupt determination on your part is little short of downright tyranny.

BENSON. A decided abuse to authority.

ANAS. Against which I shall most certainly rebel! in the first place, this fine bracing air agrees with me.

CACKLE. But unfortunately, it does not agree with the Major.

ANAS. Oh, no—the poor man looks very delicate, certainly—Ha, ha! (*goes round table, L., to table, R.*)

BENSON. A very pitiable object, indeed—ha, ha!

MAJOR. No matter—ill or well—tyranny or no tyranny—I'm off.

CACKLE. Very well, then, I'll come back presently with a little prescription for your cough—something very simple. Mrs. Havoc, I have the honour—(*crosses to c., aside to BENSON*) A word in your ear, young man. Although the Major did not perceive your *attentions* to his wife, I did! The result is that you are done—(*goes up L., to gate*)—decidedly done. Ha, ha! (*going out at gate—stops*) Once more, I have the honour! (*bows*) Hem—done! (*to BENSON*) *Exit at back, to L.*

BENSON. Then, madam, as you are about to depart, I will fetch the album which you were so kind as to lend me.

ANAS. (*comes down, c.*) You need not hurry, Mr. Benson, we are not gone yet. (*significantly*)

MAJOR. No, but we soon shall be, my dear.

ANAS. Don't be too sure about that, my love.

*Enter CICELY from inn, with a paper.*

CICELY. (R.) There is your little bill, Major, which you asked for.

MAJOR. (R. C., *unfolding bill a yard long*) Oh, this is my little bill, is it? Well, all I can say is that a little goes a long way in Llan-goll—oh bother! Come along, Mrs. H.—we've no time to lose. Servant, young man!

(*nodding to BENSON, and goes into inn.*)

BENSON. Adieu for the present, madam! (*goes to gate, stops, looks tenderly at MRS. HAVOC*) Heigho!

*Goes out, L. U. E.*

CICELY. (*aside*) He doesn't take the slightest notice of poor me. Heigho! (*sighing*)

ANAS. (*overhearing her*) Another "heigho!" There must be an echo here. (*sees CICELY*) Ah, Cicely! Hey-day, child, there is something in that eye of yours that looks amazingly like a tear.

CICELY. (*quickly*) Oh dear, no! (*wiping her eye*)

ANAS. You're too late, for now it's running down your nose. Ha, ha! come, what is the matter? tell me.

CICELY. Well, then, I am very unhappy. (*makes a wry face*) because I am dreadfully afraid I'm going—going—

ANAS. Going where?

CICELY. To be married!

ANAS. Oh, lud! Well, that is rather a serious journey to set out upon, I must confess, especially if you don't very much fancy your travelling companion.

CICELY. Oh, I dare say I should like him well enough, if—if—

ANAS. If what?

CICELY. If I didn't hate him so! but I won't have him! I never will become Mrs. Cackleberry.

ANAS. Cackleberry! What, is that "bit of a doctor" your intended?

CICELY. Yes; you must know he and Aunt Morgan are cousins, and have been at daggers drawn about some property; but suddenly they have become great friends again; and from certain hints, I suspect—

ANAS. That they intend to settle their differences in the court of Cupid instead of a court of law, and that you are the innocent lamb that is to be sacrificed as a peace offering.

CICELY. Exactly—isn't it dreadful?

ANAS. Very shocking, indeed! and yet, if Mr. Cackleberry's age is the only objection—(*looking at her with intention*)

CICELY. (*quickly*) But it isn't!

ANAS. (*smiling*) Come, my dear, make a clear breast of it.

CICELY. Well, then, I do admit there is a certain—a certain—

ANAS. (*impatiently*) Yes, a certain handsome, charming, amiable young man—

CICELY. Yes, no—a fickle, inconstant, perfidious, good for nothing young man— But it's a very long story.

*She stops at seeing the MAJOR, who re-enters from inn.*

ANAS. Major Havoc, I must say you somehow or other generally contrive to make your appearance when—

MAJOR. When I'm the least expected, eh? Husbands generally do. (*to CICELY*) Take this to your aunt, and tell her to add the breakfast, which I have just ordered—go along!

(*CICELY goes into inn, after exchanging a look with MRS.*

HAVOC—the MAJOR looks after CICELY—*this done, he places himself opposite to MRS. HAVOC.*

MAJOR. (*folding his arms*) Now, then, niece. (*sits*)

ANAS. Now, then, uncle.

MAJOR. I hope you've had enough of this masquerading --because if you haven't, I have.

ANAS. But my dear uncle—

MAJOR. Tut, tut! don't call me your dear uncle.

ANAS. I will, because you are the dearest, kindest—

MAJOR. Silliest, stupidest old pump in the three kingdoms, or I never should have consented to anything so absurd and preposterous as this precious scheme of yours. (*rises*) But I wash my hands of it, and this very day I go back to my comfortable cottage at Tunbridge Wells.

ANAS. Then you will go *alone*, uncle! Why did I leave Tunbridge Wells? because (*in a low tone*) at "Thirty-three next birthday," I found myself continually exposed to the mortification of seeing all my former schoolfellows getting married before me, under my nose, and then of course, followed the agreeable necessity of *congratulating* them, when they called on me under pretence of presenting their *husbands*—their dear "Johns" and precious "Harrys," but in reality to vex and humiliate *me*. *Husbands!* Men, every one of whom I had myself rejected.

MAJOR. Why did you reject 'em? Why didn't you marry 'em—not all, of course?

ANAS. (L.) I soon became the object of sympathy. "How very odd Miss Havoc does not get a husband—she must be forty at least"—"no only thirty-eight." "She had an *offer* once, I believe"—"yes, fifteen years ago." "Poor thing, she lost her *only* chance"—wasn't it enough to drive any one nearly out of their senses? (*crossing, R.*)

MAJOR. (R.) Ecod! it must have driven you clean out of yours, or you never would have concocted such an extraordinary scheme as you did.

ANAS. There's nothing so very extraordinary! Surely I left Tunbridge Wells with the fixed determination of not returning to it until I brought a husband back with me—"a husband!" I already revel in the consternation that one little word will produce among my *dear* friends, Mary Briggs especially, who gives herself such airs, because she married a widower with three grown up gawky girls. And Fanny Jones, too, who is so absurdly proud of her fat old Major, with his wooden leg.

MAJOR. But why you should consider your chance of getting a husband improved by our passing ourselves off as *husband* and *wife*, instead of *uncle* and *niece*, I can't imagine.

ANAS. Because, as Major Havoc's *niece*, I should have been unnoticed; but as Major Havoc's *young wife*, I find myself flattered, fêted, courted, surrounded by a host of ardent admirers, each vieing with the other in their efforts to gratify my slightest wish. Ah! it's very delightful, uncle.

MAJOR. Well, you must admit that if this mas-

quering business turns out a failure, it will be from no fault of mine, for I flatter myself that such a cross, ill-tempered, grumbling, discontented old brute never was seen in Lang-go-lin before.

ANAS. True; for we had scarcely arrived before you called me a giddy young coquette.

MAJOR. Upon which you retaliated, and called me a disagreeable old savage.

ANAS. Upon which, according to our plan, you swore you wouldn't live under the same roof with me, and took up your quarters at the hotel opposite.

MAJOR. While you remained here.

ANAS. Since which we have only taken our meals together, and scarcely exchanged a civil word.

MAJOR. True; but in spite of all this are you one atom nearer getting a husband than you were at Tunbridge. Is there any one likely to nibble, eh? Let me see: Mr. Benson is a fine, handsome, dashing fellow, and always fluttering about you, like a moth round a candle.

ANAS. He is certainly very attentive, and would be still more so, but for Mr. Cackleberry, who for some extraordinary reason or other, seems to watch him as a cat does a mouse.

MAJOR. Perhaps he's a rival!

ANAS. Mr. Cackleberry? Impossible! he's barely civil to me, and yet he's always here—always in the way.

MAJOR. So he his—I must get rid of him quietly. The next time I see him, I'll say to him, Cackleberry, you're a nuisance. (*seeing BENSON, who appears at back—aside to ANASTASIA*) Ahem!

(*the MAJOR turns away, L., and pretends to be admiring the flowers, but steals a look occasionally at BENSON, who has entered with album, from L. U. E.*)

BENSON. (R.) Here is the album, madam, and (*aside to her*) if I might venture to ask a favour, a great favour—

ANAS. (C.) What is it, Mr. Benson?

BENSON. (*tenderly*) That when you are far away, you will condescend to cast your eye through it carefully?

MAJOR. (*coming down, L.*) Ah, Benson, my boy, how goes it? Had your breakfast, Benson? If not, Benson, breakfast with us, Benson. (*aside to ANASTASIA*) That's a good idea of mine, eh?

*Enter CICELY and WAITER with teapot, eggs, and muffins, which they place on table and exeunt.*

BENSON. Really, Major, this attention is so unexpected.

MAJOR. Not at all, Benson—I like you, Benson—I like you much. Come, let's sit down. (*sits L. of table*) Now, Benson, my boy, sit next to Mrs. Havoc, and then you can help her to all the tit-bits—ha, ha!

BENSON. (*aside*) What an extraordinary change in the old Major in the last half-hour.

ANAS. Mr. Benson, be good enough to put the album on that table.

(BENSON *sits by the side of ANASTASIA, at back of table.*)

*Enter CACKLEBERRY, at back—stops suddenly, on seeing the party.*

CACKLE. (*aside*) Eh? no, it can't be—yes, it is. Benson—Benson himself, positively sitting down to breakfast with them. (*aloud*) Ahem! (*advances, R.*)

MAJOR. (*with his mouth full*) Ah, Cackleberry!

BENSON. (*with his mouth full*) Ah, Cackleberry!

ANAS. (*sipping tea*) Ah, Cackleberry!

MAJOR. Here we are, you see—enjoying ourselves. Benson, my boy, a little more butter.

CACKLE. (*aside*) Poor, blind, infatuated old man—he's actually asking for more butter.

MAJOR. I suppose you have breakfasted?

CACKLE. (*aside*) I've just eaten an enormous one—enough for six—But anything as an excuse for stopping. (*aloud*) No I haven't.

MAJOR. Then sit down, and there—there's some fowl and ham to begin with.

CACKLE. Thank ye! (*aside*) I couldn't swallow another mouthful to save my life. (*sits R. of table*)

ANAS. A cup of tea, Mr. Cackleberry? (*helping him.*)

BENSON. Muffins, Cackleberry? (*putting several on his plate*)

ANAS. You don't eat, Mr. Cackleberry?

CACKLE. Yes I do. (*pretending to eat*) Delicious!

MAJOR. I can recommend these eggs; you'll find them capital.

CACKLE. Thank ye! (*watches his opportunity and pockets the eggs.*)

ANAS. I'm afraid the tea is not to your fancy?

BENSON. Nor the muffins either?

CACKLE. Oh, yes! By the bye, Major, I've brought you the cough pills.

MAJOR. Pills?

CACKLE. Yes, to take with you on your journey—here they are! (*puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out the egg, hastily thrusts it back again, then produces a large pill-box.*)

MAJOR. Thank ye—but we are not going.

ANAS. We're not going, Mr. Cackleberry.

BENSON. You hear, Mr. Cackleberry, not going—ha, ha!

CACKLE. Oh, very well! (*to MAJOR*) I've warned you, that's all; if you wish to trifle with your health, that's your affair.

MAJOR. Pshaw! a few days are of no consequence. Besides, there are several things to be seen in the neighbourhood; and as my friend, Benson, has offered to escort Mrs. Havoc—

CACKLE. Oh, he has, has he?

MAJOR. Yes; it's very kind of him, isn't it?

CACKLE. Yes, it's very *kind* of him, indeed—ha, ha, ha!

BENSON. Why, what's the matter?

CACKLE. Nothing, rather warm, that's all. (*rises*) I won't leave this spot, I'm determined, till I've opened this unhappy old man's eyes. (*walks up, R., sits by the table, R., and begins turning over the leaves of the album.*)

MAJOR. By the bye, Benson, my boy, didn't you say something about a cavern or a grotto.

CACKLE. (*examining album*) Ah! (*with a sudden start.*)

MAJOR. What's the matter now?

CACKLE. Nothing! (*aside*) I distinctly saw it!

BENSON. Yes, major, a most lovely, exquisite spot.

CACKLE. (*suddenly, again*) Ah!

MAJOR. I wish you wouldn't, sir.

CACKLE. (*aside, and reading the album*) "Who can look upon you and not adore you?" (*rises*) Ha, ha, ha! Capital! delicious! (*comes down, R.*)

MAJOR. What the deuce are you laughing at?

CACKLE. Nothing, nothing! la, la, la!

*(humming a tune.)*

MAJOR. *(rises—crosses to c.)* I don't wish to frighten you, but hang me if you don't seem a little queer in your pericranium this morning.

CACKLE. No, no! *(suddenly grasping the MAJOR's arm—aside)* Beware!

MAJOR. What the deuce—

CACKLE. Hush!

MAJOR. But I insist—

CACKLE. Hush—la, la, la! *(singing again)*

MAJOR. Oh, bother! *(takes stage, L.)* Now, this is what I propose—*(to ANASTASIA)* you and Benson to set off for this famous grotto, or whatever it is—

CACKLE. *(crossing to MAJOR, L.)* Beware!

MAJOR. Zounds, I—

CACKLE. Hush!

MAJOR. But I tell you—

CACKLE. Hush!

MAJOR. Pshaw! I repeat, Mrs. Havoc and friend Benson will start off, while Cackleberry and I will stop at home and have a game at billiards. That's what I call a capital notion of mine.

CACKLE. A very brilliant idea, indeed! ha, ha! *(aside)* Isn't this enough to drive a man stark, staring mad?

*(unconsciously swallowing pill after pill—BENSON and ANASTASIA rise and come down, R.)*

MAJOR. Holloa! are you aware that you are swallowing all my pills?

CACKLE. *(L. C.)* Am I? it's the heat—I mean the cold!

ANAS. *(R. C.)* I shall be ready in a few minutes, if Mr. Benson will be kind enough to call for me.

BENSON. *(R.)* I shall be only too happy—too delighted. *(aside to CACKLEBERRY)* I say, Cackleberry, who's "done—decidedly done" now, eh? ha, ha!

*Runs out at back—ANASTASIA goes into inn—CACKLEBERRY, seizing MAJOR, brings him down, rapidly.*

MAJOR. *(L.)* Holloa! zounds!

CACKLE. Hush! did you ever feel the shock of an

earthquake? (MAJOR *is about to speak*) Hush! (*feels his pulse*) How old are you?

MAJOR. Sixty-two!

CACKLE. You look like it! And at sixty you were insane enough—I might say idiotic enough—Hush! I repeat—idiotic enough to marry a young wife.

MAJOR. Hark'ee, Mr. Cackle—

CACKLE. Hush! Mrs. Havoc is young and pretty—you are old and the other thing. Now, what's the result? that at this moment there are two men here, on this very spot, both bachelors, and both in love with Mrs. H. —*I am one.*

MAJOR. You!

CACKLE. Yes, I adore her! I can't help it—it's *your* fault, not mine—you've no business with a young and pretty wife; therefore, I repeat, I adore her, and to prove it, I'd marry her to-morrow, if you were defunct, which, I am sorry so say, you are not. Hush! but I smother my unhappy passion—I resist Mrs. H.'s fascinations, because I say to myself—"Why make the poor old Major miserable, he can't last much longer—I'll wait." But that's not the case with the other scoundrel.

MAJOR. The other scoundrel!

CACKLE. Yes, Benson—the profligate, unprincipled Benson.

MAJOR. He in love with Mrs. H.! Pooh, you're dreaming.

CACKLE. On the contrary, I'm wide awake, and so will you be when you read this. (*fetches album*) There, read that, written by the aforesaid Benson, in Mrs. H.'s album—"Ah, madam, who can behold you and not adore you?" What do you say to that?

MAJOR. (*looking through his glass at it*) Why, I say it certainly is "adore you."

CACKLE. Well!

MAJOR. Well, I can't help it, can I?

CACKLE. Can't help it! Is that all, when you ought to be frantic with fury, and purple with indignation!

MAJOR. No, no, you distinctly told me not to excite myself, because you said it would bring on my cough.

CACKLE. Pshaw! you won't allow a man to make love to your wife under your very eyes—I might say nose!

MAJOR. Eh? well no, I don't think I will.

CACKLE. Of course not—you'll call Benson out.

MAJOR. I will—I'll call him out directly after dinner.

CACKLE. That's right!

MAJOR. And I'll tell him that I don't consider his conduct is quite the ticket. But here comes Anastasia!

CACKLE. Not a word to her.

MAJOR. (*assuming great indignation*) On the contrary, you've roused the indignant husband within me, and the indignant husband must come out, and come out strong.

(*crosses R.*)

*Enter ANASTASIA, from inn.*

ANAS. (R.) Mr. Benson not returned yet?

MAJOR. (C., *in a sudden and violent tone*) No, madam! (*aside to her*) don't be frightened. (*aloud*) No, madam, Mr. Benson has not returned.

CACKLE. (L.) My dear Major—

MAJOR. Silence! here, madam, here! (*shows note out of album*) See to what your frivolity has exposed you. (*aside*) It's all right—Benson nibbles. (*aloud*) Read! read, madam, and blush! (*aside to CACKLEBERRY*) That's speaking to some purpose, eh?

CACKLE. Yes, but you needn't be a brute to her.

ANAS. Well, sir, am I responsible for an attachment of which I have been the involuntary cause?

MAJOR. Involuntary! ha, ha! when you take every opportunity of encouraging the young man, by flirting with the young man—I know it—you know it—Cackleberry knows it.

CACKLE. No, no!

MAJOR. No? (*turns furiously*) Then fire and furies! you've been imposing on me. (*follows him, C., CACKLEBERRY goes L., round table to R.*)

CACKLE. He's a maniac! I wish I was well out of this!

ANAS. Oh, oh, oh! (*aside to MAJOR*) Hadn't I better faint, uncle?

MAJOR. Certainly!

ANAS. Oh, oh, oh! (*screaming*)

CACKLE. She's going to faint.

MAJOR. Let her faint!

ANAS. I see how it is—you want to break my heart. Oh, oh! (*falls into chair*—CACKLEBERRY *fans her, then runs to table for album, to fan her with*—*aside to MAJOR*) Get him out of the way before Mr. Benson returns.

(*falls again, fainting.*)

MAJOR. I will! (*aloud*) Let this be a lesson to you, unhappy woman.

ANAS. (*jumps up*) I'll bear this no longer, inhuman tyrant! I won't, I won't.

CACKLE. Good gracious! there'll be a frightful domestic tragedy presently. (*gets between them*)

MAJOR. (*pulling CACKLEBERRY towards him*) Out of the way.

ANAS. (*pulling CACKLEBERRY towards her*) Save me! oh, take him away.

MAJOR. (*seizing CACKLEBERRY and pretending to struggle*) No, sir, you shall not drag me away! (*pulls him across stage*) Tremble, madam! Let me go, sir, I will not be dragged away.

*Drags him into inn.*

ANAS. Ha, ha! poor Mr. Cackleberry! (*looks at note*) "Ah, madam, who can look on you and not adore you?" It reads very pretty! the hand that traced these letters was evidently under the influence of some strong emotion. There's a nervous, anxious tremulousness about the "m" that is unmistakeable; and this "a," this dear, queer, shaky little "a" tells a tale of powerful excitement. (*crosses R.*)

*Enter BENSON at back.*

BENSON. She has got my slip of paper. Ahem!

ANAS. (*aside, with a start of pleasure*) He's here! (*aloud, and assuming a cold tone*) Mr. Benson, after what I have read here, I scarcely expected you would venture to present yourself to me. (*places them on table*)

BENSON. (L. C., *aside*) She's horribly offended! (*aloud*) True, madam, but those lines were only intended for your eye when far away. I confess—I mean—I regret—that is, I wish you a very good morning. (*going*)

ANAS. (R., *aside*) Oh lud! that will never do. (*aloud*) Stay, sir! (BENSON *runs to her*) There, that will do.

When you penned that somewhat extraordinary effusion, you must surely have forgotten the duties of my position—the ties that bind me to another.

BENSON. No, madam. Alas, I am but too well aware that you are married to another—a very worthy man, no doubt—a man that I sincerely respect, and—cordially abominate. I know it's very wrong of me, but I can't help it.

ANAS. Fie, fie! when you marry—

BENSON. I marry, madam?

ANAS. Nay, make no rash vows; you possibly may—nay, probably will meet with a woman—

BENSON. I have met with one—and she—she, alas, is already married.

ANAS. No! (*recollecting herself*) that is, yes; but supposing, I say supposing that she were free?

BENSON. Oh, then with what delight—with what rapture would I lead her to the altar—for what happiness can equal that of uniting oneself to the woman one loves and adores—

ANAS. To the man one esteems and respects—

BENSON. To introduce her to the men of one's own sort—

ANAS. To present him to the women of one's own circle—

BENSON. To excite their admiration and envy!

ANAS. To make them die with spite and vexation.

BENSON. Oh, delightful!

ANAS. Charming! and if you *did* meet with such a woman—

BENSON. Then would I fall on my knees— (*kneeling*).

*Enter CACKLEBERRY, from inn.*

CACKLE. Ah!

(BENSON *rushes off*, L. 1 E.—ANASTASIA, R. 1 E.—

CACKLEBERRY *runs into inn and drags out the*  
MAJOR.

MAJOR. (R.) What the deuce is the matter now?

CACKLE. (L.) Matter? Benson on his knees to your wife.

MAJOR. No!

CACKLE. Yes!

MAJOR. That's all right.

CACKLE. All right?

MAJOR. Yes, I mean no. (*quickly*) Well, what of that?

CACKLE. What of that?

MAJOR. Hark'ee, Mr. Cackleberry, I won't allow you or any man to interfere in my affairs.

CACKLE. What, is this my reward for endeavouring to open your eyes?

MAJOR. I don't choose to have 'em opened. What if Benson does make love to Mrs. H.? she is my Mrs. H., not yours; and if I don't mind it, why should you? d—n it, I like it.

CACKLE. Like it, fie, fie, you depraved old man! But I've done with you, I leave you to your fate—I cast you off at once and for ever.

*Enters the Inn*

MAJOR. Confound the fellow, I've got rid of him at last.

*Enter BENSON hurriedly, L., seizes the MAJOR's arm and turns him round.*

BENSON. Hush!

MAJOR. Zounds, now he's beginning!

BENSON. (L.) Major Havoc, you know all—words are therefore unnecessary—you have a right to demand satisfaction—I'm prepared to give it, so name your time, place, and weapons.

MAJOR. (R.) Pshaw! listen to me—now young man, place your hand upon your heart—the other side, and deny this if you can—you love my wife?

BENSON. Sir, I—

MAJOR. Say no more—give me your hand—you've my full consent to marry her.

BENSON. Marry her! Allow me to say, Major, that such an extraordinary proposal from the lips of a husband—

MAJOR. Husband! I'm not a husband; no I am—and always have been—a bachelor.

BENSON. A bachelor! then Mrs. Havoc—

MAJOR. She's a bachelor too—I mean a spinster, in short she's my niece, and what's more, I'm her uncle, ha, ha—you may well look astonished; but everything

shall be explained. In the mean time ain't you glad, you dog, eh?

BENSON. Yes, enraptured of course! (*aside*) Here's a pretty business; I thought I was indulging in a little harmless flirtation, and I'm in a precious scrape; I feel so bewildered—so I don't exactly know how I feel—a spinster! (*aloud*) But perhaps Mrs.—I mean Miss Havoc wont accept me!

MAJOR. Oh, wont she, though! no, I mean—(*aside*) Ecod, I was too quick there! (*aloud*) I have it—suppose you write to her!

BENSON. I'll go home and write to her!

(*running up L.—MAJOR, runs R., and meets him*)

MAJOR. No, there's nothing like striking the iron while it's hot.

BENSON. (*aside*) What a confounded hurry he's in!

MAJOR. Ah! well thought of! (*taking up note*) Here's your own tender and passionate declaration, “who can behold you and not adore you” couldnt be a better beginning, so sit down and finish it! (*pushes BENSON into chair*)

BENSON. Well, but—(*gets up*)

MAJOR. (*pushes him down*) Go on, go on!

BENSON. But there's no pen and ink! (*getting up*)

MAJOR. Never mind, you've got a pencil.

BENSON. No, I haven't!

MAJOR. I have; there, it only wants four words, something very tender, “will you be mine?”

BENSON. (*writing*) “Will you be mine?” Don't you think that's rather abrupt?

MAJOR. Nonsense, go on!

BENSON. (*finishes letter*) There! (*aside*) Poor Cicely; I must find Miss Havoc, and throw myself upon her generosity.

MAJOR. Here comes Anastasia—now you can present the letter yourself!

BENSON. Yes, but really the emotion, the feelings which you must feel—I can't help feeling—

MAJOR. Of course; then I'll present it for you! (*snatches paper*) Now go along—I'll manage it for you. (*pushes him off, L. U. E., BENSON tries to get the paper back*) Wheugh, this is deuced hard work!

*Enter ANASTASIA, R. 1 E.*

Victory, victory, read this! (*giving paper to her*)

ANAS. Can it be possible? (*joyfully—suddenly*) But of course you have explained!

MAJOR. Of course I have; everything, ha, ha! I shan't have to go back to Tunbridge Wells alone, eh? ha, ha! (*going*) By the bye, Anastasia, not a word to Cackleberry, for as I told you, he's Benson's rival—

ANAS. Mr. Cackleberry!

MAJOR. Yes, he loves, he adores you—he just told me so himself, so mum's the word. *Exit into Inn.*

ANAS. So, so, this accounts, for Mr. Cackleberry's continual prying and watching, poor man! And really—though he's not for one moment to be compared with George, "my George," still there's nothing positively objectionable about the man!

*Enter CICELY, crying, from Inn.*

CICELY. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

ANAS. (L.) Heyday! crying again?

CICELY. Yes, Aunt Morgan has just settled that I am to marry Mr. Cackleberry; I heard her through the key-hole—but you won't see me sacrificed, will you? you'll save me, the poor innocent lamb, won't you?

ANAS. Certainly—but how, by what means?

CICELY. By telling aunt the truth—that I love George!

ANAS. George! What George?

CICELY. My George—Mr. Benson!

ANAS. Benson; but why fix your affection on one who doesn't return it?

CICELY. But he does return it—only he's what they call a flirt; and he says he can't help admiring every handsome face he sees. I hope he's not admiring you, ma'am.

ANAS. No! pshaw! nonsense!

CICELY. For after all, he loves me; for when I met him just now in the garden, he looked at me with both his eyes full of tears, then taking both my hands in his, and giving them such a squeeze, he began dancing like a madman upon aunt's tulip and carnation beds. Now don't you think this proves that he loves me?

ANAS. Well, really, I am no judge. (*aside*) I won't have him. No, no! better—far better return to Tunbridge Wells as I left it—unmarried.

CACKLE. (*within*) Very well, I'll find her.

ANAS. Mr. Cackleberry! and at such a moment as this. Now, if I were a believer in coincidences—(*to CICELY*) Run and find Mr. Benson; tell him I have fulfilled his request by placing this paper in your hand—

(*giving her the paper.*)

CICELY. (*hurriedly reading paper.*) Can it be—yes—oh!

*Runs off, L. U. E.*

*Enter MR. CACKLEBERRY, from Inn.*

CACKLE. (*sees ANASTASIA*) Ah!

ANAS. (L.) Is that you, Mr. Cackleberry?

CACKLE. (R.) Yes! (*aside*) I wish the Major was here—I devoutly wish the Major was here—he ought to be here, to take care of me—I mean, of her, of himself, of us. (*going—during this ANASTASIA has seated herself, and has taken out a long skein of worsted, which she pretends to unravel.*)

ANAS. Mr. Cackleberry!

CACKLE. (*about to approach her—stops—aside*) No, Cackleberry—no, you must not stop, Cackleberry—so go, Cackleberry, go.

ANAS. Mr. Cackleberry! (*he stops*) Dear, dear, what a dreadful state of tangle this worsted has got into to be sure.

CACKLE. (*tenderly*) Has it? (*aside*) Halloa! Cackleberry, that's too tender by half. (*aloud, in a gruff tone*) Has it?

ANAS. Yes, only look here. (*holding up worsted*) You can't see it at that distance—come nearer.

CACKLE. (*aside*) Shall I? (*takes a few steps towards her, then retreats*) That was nobly done, Cackleberry—I'm proud of you Cackleberry.

ANAS. Now, why don't you take compassion on me, and help me unravel it? you would so much oblige me.

CACKLE. Should I? (*aside*) Halloa! Cackleberry, mind what you're about, Cackleberry; (*gruffly*) Should I?

ANAS. Yes; so sit down. (*he sits at a distance*) Nearer,

nearer! Now then, Mr. Cackleberry, hold up your hands. (CACKLEBERRY, *after sundry hesitations, holds up his hands, upon which she places the worsted*—CACKLEBERRY gazes on her with intense admiration, every now and then turning away his head.) How very odd I cannot see the end of it.) (*looking at worsted*)

CACKLE. (*aside*) I can—I can see the end of it distinctly. I shall be flopping down on my knees to her and confessing my love, if that old fool of a Major doesn't make haste and come.

ANAS. Bye the bye, Mr. Cackleberry, there is an absurd report that you are contemplating a marriage with my sweet young friend, Cicely. Are you sure, quite sure that you love her? (*looking knowingly at CACKLEBERRY.*)

CACKLE. (*about to exclaim, then aside*) Take care, Cackleberry. (*aloud, in a very cold tone*) I adore her!

ANAS. Cackleberry, look me in the face.

CACKLE. Not for the world—I mean—(*aside*) Why doesn't that wretched old Major come? never mind, I told him—I distinctly told him I adored her—I'll take my oath I did.

ANAS. I repeat, look me in the face. (*he looks at her then turns away, then looks again*) Believe me, Cicely's not the woman you ought to make your wife.

CACKLE. Don't, don't—I know it. (*aside*) Cackleberry, I'm ashamed of you.

ANAS. Do you know the kind of woman you ought to marry?

CACKLE. Do I—don't I?

ANAS. Not a young, thoughtless, inexperienced girl.

CACKLE. No!

ANAS. But one whose years would correspond a little with your own.

CACKLE. Yes, yes, go on—no don't—yes, do.

ANAS. Now, surely, Mr. Cackleberry, you might find such a woman!

CACKLE. (*passionately*) I have—I have found her. (*suddenly*) No I haven't! (*starting up*) Don't come near me! (*shouting*) Major, you're wanted! you know I love her—I told you I did.

ANAS. Love me? (*with pretended astonishment*)

CACKLE. Yes! no! (*shouting*) Major, are you coming? it's the last time of asking—no—then thus Cackleberry fulfills his destiny! (*kneels*)

*Enter MAJOR, from Inn.*

MAJOR. (R.) Halloa! Get up, sir—get up this moment!

CACKLE. (C.) I shan't get up—it's your fault—not mine—I told you I loved her, you know *I* did—so drag me before the House of Lords—the Bench of Bishops—I don't care, I'm desperate!

MAJOR. Don't make such an infernal noise, or Benson may overhear you, and that would spoil all.

CACKLE. Spoil all—spoil what?

MAJOR. Hush! in a word, then, he's going to marry her.

CACKLE. Marry who?

MAJOR. Anastasia!

CACKLE. Your wife?

MAJOR. Pshaw! (*in a loud whisper*) She's not my wife—we've been masquerading!

CACKLE. Masquerading!

MAJOR. Yes, she's my niece; come here and I'll explain. (*they go up*) Come this way and I'll explain all!

*Enter BENSON and CICELY, L. U. E.*

BENSON. (L.) Where is she? madam you have made me the happiest of men. (*to ANASTASIA, and taking her hand.*

CACKLE. (R. C.) Not yet—I forbid the banns! (*running forward*)

MAJOR. (R.) You have abused my confidence!

CACKLE. That for your confidence! (*snapping his fingers*) And as for you, sir, (*to BENSON*) I'll not give up the lady to you, or any other man. If you love her, so do I—if you adore her, so do I—if you marry her, so will I!

BENSON. (L.) Very well, sir, let her aunt decide between us.

CACKLE. Aunt! (*to ANASTASIA*) You've got an aunt. (*to MAJOR.*) You never said a word about her aunt.

BENSON. Pshaw! I mean Cicely's aunt.

ANAS. (L. C.) Yes, Mr. Cackleberry, Cicely, whom I have taken the liberty of uniting to the man of heart.

CACKLE. Then you are still free! Major, I respectfully solicit the hand of your niece in marriage.

MAJOR. You must address yourself to the lady.

CACKLE. True. Madam, I respectfully solicit the hand of your uncle in marriage. (*all laugh*) No, I don't mean—really, I'm so bewildered, so confused—

ANAS. Never mind—there! (*gives her hand*)

CACKLE. Oh, joy! oh, rapture! oh, delirium! it's too much. Luckily I'm a bit of a doctor. (*all laugh*)

ANAS. (*to AUDIENCE*) And now, ladies, single ladies of course, I mean; when you receive an offer, a reasonable offer, don't say no, for the mere pleasure of snubbing the man—great as I confess that pleasure is, but rather take a little time for reflection—in short think of me and the narrow escape I have had at

### THIRTY-THREE NEXT BIRTHDAY.

|         |            |        |        |         |
|---------|------------|--------|--------|---------|
| CACKLE. | ANASTASIA. | CICELY | MAJOR. | BENSON. |
| R.      |            |        |        | L.      |

CURTAIN.

---

#### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

|        |               |         |              |       |
|--------|---------------|---------|--------------|-------|
| R.     | R. C.         | C.      | L. C.        | L.    |
| Right. | Right Centre. | Centre. | Left Centre. | Left. |

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

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THE  
PORTER'S KNOT

A SERIO-COMIC DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Twice Killed—A Day Well Spent—A Family Failing—Only a  
Halfpenny—The Dice of Death—Reigning Favourite—  
Rape of the Lock—My Fellow Clerk—I and my  
Double—A Quiet Day—No Followers—  
What have I Done? &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

# THE PORTER'S KNOT.

*Produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre  
On Thursday, December 2nd, 1858.*

## CHARACTERS.

|                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| CAPTAIN OAKUM . . . . .      | Mr. G. COOKE.                 |
| SAMSON BURR . . . . .        | Mr. F. ROBSON.                |
| AUGUSTUS BURR . . . . .      | Mr. W. GORDON.                |
| MR. SMOOTHLY SMIRK . . . . . | Mr. H. WIGAN.                 |
| STEPHEN SCATTER . . . . .    | Mr. G. VINING.                |
| BOB . . . . .                | Mr. H. COOPER.                |
| PASSENGER . . . . .          | Mr. J. HOWARD.                |
| WAITERS . . . . .            | { Mr. FRANKS.<br>Mr. B. NDER. |
| MRS. BURR . . . . .          | Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY             |
| ALICE . . . . .              | Miss HUGHES.                  |

SCENE.—A Seaport Town on the Kentish Coast.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—1 hour and 35 minutes.

## COSTUMES.

- SAMSON BURR** (1st Act).—Velveteen coat, buff figured vest, drab breeches, white stockings, shoes, white cravat, black hat. (2nd Act).—Porters' white frock and badge, straps.
- AUGUSTUS BURR** (1st Act).—Black frock coat, vest, trousers, and hat. (2nd Act).—Sailors' jacket, trousers, blue shirt, and oilskin hat.
- SCATTER** (1st Act).—Grey fashionable coat and vest, red plaid trousers, black hat. (2nd Act).—Railway police inspector's coat, blue trousers, policeman's hat, bushy beard.
- SMIRK**.—Black frock coat, vest and trousers, black hat and gloves, white cravat.
- BOB**.—Drab jacket and trousers, white apron, paper cap.
- WAITERS**.—Black coats, white vests and trousers.
- CAPTAIN OAKUM**.—Pilot coat and trousers, blue vest, black hat, and large handkerchief.
- PASSENGER**.—Drab overcoat, brown frock coat, drab trousers, travelling cap.
- MRS. BURR** (1st Act).—Neat claret coloured merino gown, white cap, small white apron. (2nd Act).—Coloured cotton gown, white apron, black bonnet and cap, small shawl.
- ALICE** (1st Act).—Pink and white muslin dress. (2nd Act).—Grey stuff dress, black silk mantle, bonnet, black gloves.

# THE PORTER'S KNOT.



## ACT FIRST.

SCENE.—*A Room in a Neat Cottage—door in flat, c. —doors, R. and L. 2 E.—fireplace L. U. E.—a table, R. C. a porter's knot hanging on flat, c,*

ALICE *discovered seated at table, at work, R. C.—Enter*  
BOB, C.

BOB. (L.) Miss Alice—Miss Alice! (*she turns round*) Here be the young doctor's diploma—I think you call it. Master's framed it in his very best style.

ALICE. (*taking it*) Very neat, indeed, Robert.

BOB. For all the world like magic, ain't it Miss Alice? to think that there bit of paper should turn a man into a real doctor.

ALICE. Quite like magic, Robert!

BOB. Ay, one feels a pride in doing a job like that! When Master Gussy is a great man, and physics all the town, I shall say to myself—"Though them great folks in London made Master Gussy a doctor with that 'ere thing that looks for all the world like a Christmas piece, it's master and I that gave him the finishing touch."

ALICE. Very true, Robert.

BOB. Why, the best picture in the land ain't nothing without a frame. Good afternoon, Miss Alice.

*Exit BOB, C. D.*

ALICE. (*hanging up the diploma, c.*) There! everybody can see it there. Poor dear uncle—he feels proud of it; and I ought to be quite as pleased, but—I don't know how

it is—I can't look at it without something like an uneasy feeling—something like a thought that Gussy might have been better down here, instead of going to that great wicked city, with nobody to take care of him.

*Enter MRS. BURR, R.*

MRS. B. Not returned yet! Really, Alice, your good uncle is very selfish. He keeps Gussy all to himself, and can't fancy that his mother wants to see him.

ALICE. Why, you know, dear aunt, he has only been here three days, and uncle can't help shewing the young doctor to his friends. By-the-bye, aunt, they have framed the diploma that makes Gussy a doctor.

MRS. B. My dear child, didn't Mrs. Carp tell you that he is not a doctor, but only a surgeon—a plain *mister*.

ALICE. Yes, yes, I know that—but Uncle Samson always calls him a doctor, and I can't get out of the way of it.

MRS. B. (*goes up and looks at diploma*) Really it looks very smart. Ah, child, your uncle will be more proud of that framed paper than if it were the finest picture in the world. I don't know how it is, his feelings about Gussy are different to mine. (*coming down R.*) He hopes to see his son a rising man—a great man, whom all the folks will talk about. I don't care so much about that—I like to have my son near me, and all else is indifferent. Oh, that horrid time when he was in London—I wonder how I lived through it. Thank Heaven it won't return again. Heigho! (*sits, R.*) Just give me those apples, Alice!

ALICE. (*fetches basin full of apples from L., and exclaims*) Here they come, aunt—here they come!

*Enter SAMSON BURR and AUGUSTUS, C. D., laughing heartily—MRS. BURR commences peeling apples, R.*

SAMSON. (L. C.) Ha, ha, ha! Well, old Huggins won't beat that, anyhow. Physician Extraordinary to the Royal Family! Why, Gussy, I'm hanged if they ain't all as proud of you as I am myself. But I say, Gussy, the old 'oman looks in her sulks a bit.

AUGUS. (*goes down R. to MRS. BURR*) My dear mother—

MRS. B. Ah, you find time to think of your mother at last.

SAMSON. (*goes up and sits in arm chair by fire, L.*) Now now, Milly—don't pout, Milly—don't frown, Milly. You knew he was all right with his old father. It ain't like when he was in London, a walking the hospitals. Egad! I had a precious life of it *then*.

MRS. B. Surely you need not have stopped so long.

AUGUS. It was all father's fault, I assure you, dear mother.

SAMSON. Ah, that's right—lay it all on your old dad, boy. He has carried many a burden on his back in the way of business, so he can afford to carry a little in the way of pleasure—can't get out of the heavy porter line anyhow. There, kiss her and make it up, boy.

(AUGUSTUS *embraces her*.)

MRS. B. My own darling! There, sit close to me, Gussy. (*he does so*) Your naughty father shan't take you away again, for all the friends in the world.

ALICE. (R. C.) No, no, you must not leave aunt again, Gussy, there's been enough gadding about.

SAMSON. Ha, ha! that's just the way with them—the woman are always on the same side, except now and then, when two happen to have one sweetheart between them. By-the-bye, Milly, we've been to see Oakum's ship, among other odd things. He is going to sail off this evening, and has promised to eat a bit with us before he starts.

ALICE. I'm glad of it—the more the merrier!

MRS. B. But now, tell me something, Gussy. You have hardly talked to me yet. Ain't you glad, Gussy, to be home again with your mother, and your father, and dear Alice?

AUGUS. My dear mother, could I be otherwise—

MRS. B. I don't know, Gussy, sometimes I have fancied you have looked not quite happy—as if your thoughts were wandering somewhere else.

ALICE. (*somewhat piqued*) He is regretting London, perhaps.

SAMSON. *rising and crossing at back to R.*) Regretting

LONDON! Not he! "Physician Extraordinary," my boy knows better than that. Whoever regrets London, when he has got a pretty little cousin in the country, eh?—ha, ha, ha! I say, missus, don't you think you might as well see how dinner is getting on in the kitchen.

(ALICE rises and goes up L.)

MRS. B. No, everything is quite right, I assure you.

SAMSON. Pooh! the pot may be boiling over, or the fat may be falling in the fire, or the cinders may fall into the dripping pan.

MRS. B. Oh, don't bother!

SAMSON. Don't you see, the young folks want to be left together.

MRS. B. I understand, (*rises and crosses to R.*) Oh, Samson, Samson! what a cunning fox you are!

*Exit MRS. BURR, R.*

SAMSON. (*crosses to L.*) Yes, I flatter myself I've got a head piece of my own—(*goes up C. looking at ALICE and AUGUSTUS*)—ha, ha! "Physician Extraordinary to the Royal Family!" Huggins won't beat that any how.

*Exit C. to L.*

AUGUS. (*still seated, to himself, R.*) My poor dear parents, how delighted they are, and how little do they suspect—

ALICE. (*L. aside*) Not so much as a look for me!

AUGUS. I shall never have courage to break the dreadful secret.

ALICE. Cousin Gussy!

AUGUS. (*rises and comes forward C.*) Eh, oh! Alice, dear, I beg your pardon, I thought I was alone.

(*They both advance a little C.*)

ALICE. Yes, Gussy, you very often think you are alone, even when we are all here, There's something on your mind, Gussy. I'm sure there is—I'm afraid I'm on your mind.

AUGUS. Of course you are, my own dearest.

ALICE. No, no! I don't mean that, Gussy. I'm afraid, but—but—I don't know how to say it. Your father and mother, Gussy, have always meant that we should be married, Gussy, and I'm afraid that makes you unhappy. Perhaps you have met some one in London<sup>th</sup> Gussy, whom you love better than your poor little cousin

AUGUS. No, I assure you. (*taking her hand.*)

ALICE. And if that is the case, don't sacrifice your happiness on my account, because I would rather die—yes, die (*intercepted by sobs.*)

AUGUS. Dear, dear Alice, you are utterly mistaken, I assure you. It is true that I am not—not quite happy; but it is not that my heart is estranged from you—some day you shall know all—and then—

SAMSON. (*behind scenes*) Gussy, Gussy!

ALICE. Hush, hush! Here's your father!

*Enter SAMSON BURR, c. from L.*

SAMSON. (c.) Gussy, here's a friend of yours come from London, the other young doctor, you know, who had such a bad head-ache when I called at your lodgings in town, and you said it was from over-study.

*Enter STEPHEN SCATTER, c. from L. and at the same time  
Enter MRS. BURR, R.—all come down stage.*

SCATTER. (R.) Augustus, my boy, I'm delighted to see you—(*shakes hands*) and you too, sir, (*shakes hands with SAMSON.*)

SAMSON. (L.) Equally glad to see you, sir. My Missus, sir! (*introducing MRS. BURR, by pointing across to her on R.*) You're glad to see him, too, ain't you, Missus. A young gentleman of the right sort—studies a little too much, that's his only fault.

MRS. B. Any friend of my son's, will, I am sure, be welcome here.

SAMSON. Of course he will (*aside*) I wish he had come a few minutes later, though—the boy hadn't half time to speak his mind. Oh, oh, (*turning to ALICE, L.*) Another member of the family, sir—(*introducing her*) my niece, Sir, and, perhaps, by-and-bye, she will be something more than my niece, eh.

ALICE. Uncle, uncle!

MRS. B. (*crossing R. to SCATTER*) Gussy won't have to go to London again, will he, sir?

SCATTER. No, ma'am, no; I don't see why he should go to London—he has got his diploma—there is nothing

else to be done. In fact, I should say that London is at present the very last place he would think of visiting—eh, 'Gustus? (*winks*—AUGUSTUS *sighs*.)

MRS. B. Oh, sir, you make me so happy. Perhaps my anxiety may seem ridiculous to you, who have a thousand objects to distract your thoughts; but I—I have only Gussy. (*goes back to R. and sits by table*.)

SAMSON. And me; and me; you need not leave me out. A worthy woman in her way, Mr. —.

SCATTER. Scatter.

SAMSON. Mr. Smatter. (*places a chair for him, c.*) But I'll be hanged if I don't think she'd like to have that great hobbledohoy fastened to her apron strings; but it won't do, I tell her—it won't do. Men must be men at last—they can't always be children.

ALICE. (*coming down, L.*) Oh, I forgot to tell you, uncle, Robert has brought home the diploma in its frame. (*points to it. SAMSON turns round and looks at it.*)

SAMSON. Ay, ay, there it is, and its hung in the right place, too, close to my old Porter's Knot. Look at that knot, sir—if it had'n't been for that knot, sir, you would never have seen that bit of framed paper. The knot and the truck—I ain't ashamed to say it, sir—they are Gussy's professional forefathers.

(ALICE *goes up again and gets at back to R., AUGUSTUS passes at back, and shakes his father's hand—returning to place, R.*)

SCATTER. (C.) Why, Mr. Burr, you don't mean to say that you have been—

SAMSON. (*taking chair from L. to L. c.*) A porter, sir—neither more or less—though I'm now the father of a doctor. (*sits*) Many people are proud of their ancestor's, sir. Now, that's not my way; I don't like to look back, but I like to look forward, and I am proud of my son. Many years ago, when he was a little chap, *that high*, I chanced to hurt myself, met with an accident like, and was laid on my back till the doctor set me on my legs again; says I to myself, a man as can set another man on his legs when he's down must be a sort of a great man after all—so if I can manage it, by hook or by crook, by pinching or by screwing, that little urchin there shall be a doctor.

SCATTER. A most praiseworthy resolution!

MRS. B. (*seated at the table, R.*) So I said, sir, till I found it took my boy away to London.

SAMSON. Well, then, I said, too, that he had a natural turn for the business. After he was breech'd he was always breaking his toys to see what was inside on 'em, and when he got a little bigger, what do you think, he dissected a dead rat, with one of my razors. As the twig is bent, you know, so is the tree inclined, (*laughs*) and he was a rum sort of a little twig, any how

MRS. B. The sweetest child, I assure you.

SAMSON. Well, he warn't bad looking, I admit, though you would hardly say so *now*. Well, missus and I, having made up our minds that young Hopeful should be a doctor, we did pinch, and we did screw! (*SAMSON and MRS. BURR, exchange glances*) Ay, many's the long week we never tasted butcher's meat, from one end to t'other—dumplings is all very well in their way, sir, when you have them now and then for a treat, with a apple inside, but dumpling after dumpling with no apple at all—it's rather dull work, believe me.

SCATTER. (*with genuine enthusiasm*) Upon my word, sir, it does one good to hear you talk—a grand object of life, achieved by honest industry, by self-denying frugality. You're a pattern for your age, sir.

SAMSON. I don't know anything about that; but I know after all the pinching and all the screwing, and after all the hard dumplings, we find that we have enough—more than enough to make young scapegrace a doctor, and we've got enough to live comfortable on without any work at all, and we've got enough also to take care of this little girl here—(*ALICE, who comes forward, L.*) my poor brother's child, sir—and give her something like a decent training. Hold up your head, girl! You wouldn't think her uncle was an old porter.

MRS. B. I hope, sir, you will do us the honour of staying to dinner!

SAMSON. (*rises and puts chair back to L.*) Of course he will! I'm a sporting character, and you shall have some game of my killing, a fine fat capon, whose neck I wrung this blessed morning.

SCATTER. That's your sportsmanship, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*rises*)

SAMSON. Yes, and very good sport too. It strikes me, that wringing a capon's neck is quite as good sport as driving a heap of poor devils of pheasants into a corner, and then slaughtering them by dozens with a gun!

MRS. B. (*rises*) Well, well, we musn't be idle! (*going R.*) Alice, go into the garden and get us some more vegetables.

*Exit ALICE, C. D., off L.*

I must attend to the dinner! *Exit MRS. BURR, R.*

SAMSON. (*calling after MRS. BURR.*) Yes, do; mind the capon is delicately browned, and don't forget the sausages. I'm going to the cellar to find something to cheer the spirits, eh? The best of humours will bear polishing! (*looking at AUGUSTUS*) Physician-Extraordinary!

*Exit SAMSON BURR, L. D.*

AUGUS. (R.) So at last I have the happiness to see you, after a separation of six weeks—you quitted your London friends rather abruptly.

SCATTER. (L.) That was because I was obliged to quit my London creditors.

AUGUS. Hush! not so loud! creditor is not a popular word here!

SCATTER. Ah, I forget, we are in a region of primitive innocence. Here every virtue grows of its own accord, solvency in particular.

AUGUS. I beg of you, Stephen, don't speak in that heedless tone beneath my father's roof. What to you may seem a slight misfortune, to Samson Burr would be disgrace and ruin.

SCATTER. Yes, yes, prejudices are long lived in the country.

AUGUS. Look here, Stephen—you know the embarrassed condition in which you left me! You have been the sharer in all my follies, the partner in all my extravagances!

SCATTER. *We* didn't live upon dumplings without apples, but always had the best of pippins.

AUGUS. Pray be serious! Well, three days ago, I came here, intending to confess all to my father; but when I saw his face beaming with honest pride, because I had

passed my examination—when I saw my mother extend her arms towards me, delighted that the period of separation was at last ended, I felt that I could not destroy so much happiness, and—and—

SCATTER. (L.) You held your tongue—the most judicious course. For once and away, sentiment and expediency were on the same side.

AUGUS. (R.) But the moment for confession must come at last.

SCATTER. I don't see that—perhaps things are not so bad as you imagine. (*looks round*) You know that in most of our little affairs we are both liable alike, and that the good fortune of the one is, therefore, the good fortune of the other.

AUGUS. Yes—well?

SCATTER. You have heard me speak of a distant female relative in Yorkshire?

AUGUS. Yes, I know—an old lady with an enormous estate, whose life was not worth a month's purchase.

SCATTER. Precisely, my dear boy, you have named both her virtues at once. In a word, I shall marry her, and I've come here to ask you to be groom's-man.

AUGUS. But I always understood you were not on very good terms with that cousin?

SCATTER. The more reason I should be on good terms with her now. You know the fickleness of woman. Besides, I've made a kind of a friend of the steward—a fine specimen of the good old school of steward, who has robbed his mistress without scruple, and would like her to have a husband not too inquisitive. It's a sort of partnership, you see—he gives me a good word, and I'm not to be strict with the accounts.

AUGUS. (R.) It's a perfect dream.

SCATTER. (L.) Indeed! I hope not—I hope it's a great deal more substantial. Just put on your hat and come with me to the Post Office.

AUGUS. Do you expect a letter?

SCATTER. Of course! Do you suppose that two fond hearts severed from each other could exist without communicating their ardent thoughts through the medium of the post office? Prosaic individual! Besides, we can

smoke a cigar on the road, and talk about business. No sooner will the happy ceremony be over, than I shall pay your most exacting creditors, and offer myself as security to the others. (*offering cigar to AUGUSTUS*)

AUGUS. My true friend! (*grasps his hand*) Oh, how happy she will be!

SCATTER. She! The Yorkshire cousin? I should think so, indeed!

AUGUS. No doubt; but I am thinking of *my* cousin, of Alice, who seeing me so dispirited, begins to suspect that I do not love her.

SCATTER. Then I mean to say she is very ignorant on the subject of her own attractions—if you mean the pretty little girl who was here just now!

SAMSON. (*behind scenes, L. 2 E.*) Milly! Milly!

SCATTER. But come along! If your good father lays hold of us, escape will be impossible; come along, and the subject of our conversation shall be our two cousins.

*Exeunt, C. to L.*

*Enter SAMSON, with jug of ale, D. L. 2 E.*

SAMSON. Milly! Milly! do make haste! we shall have the captain here in a minute; you know he is forced to sail this evening. Milly, I say! (*calling off, R.*)

*Enter MRS. BURR, L. D. 2 E.*

MRS. B. (L) What is the matter?

SAMSON. (C.) Eh? where did you come from?

MRS. B. From the passage there; some one knocked at the little door. It's a strange gentleman, who wants to speak to you alone.

SAMSON. Why that door is never used; it must be a mistake.

MRS. B. No mistake at all—he asked for Mr. Samson Burr as plain as I say it now.

SAMSON. Very well, shew him in.

MRS. B. Come in sir! (*calling off, L., then crossing at back to, R., and whispers to SAMSON*) What can he want?

SAMSON. How should I know? Look after the capon, and mind it don't get burnt.

MRS. B. It's very odd, though, I must confess. Alone!

*Exit MRS. BURR, R. 1 E.*

*Enter SMOOTHLY SMIRK, L. D. 2 E., he bows to SAMSON, and places his hat and gloves on chair by door, L.*

SAMSON. Now, sir! (*places chair L. C., for SMIRK who sits*)

SMIRK. (L. C.) I believe I have the honour of speaking to Mr. Samson Burr.

SAMSON. (R. C.) Yes, sir, you do speak to Mr. *Samson Burr.* (*sits*) Proceed!

SMIRK. I feel all the pride befitting the occasion. You must know, Mr. Burr, that this visit is a sign of the high character you hold in this most respectable neighbourhood.

SAMSON. (*aside*) Can anyone have voted me a small piece of plate?

SMIRK. The business about which I come relates to your very estimable son.

SAMSON. (*aside*) Gussy's first customer! perhaps the gentleman is likely to have an increase in his family.

SMIRK. London, sir, is a great city—the centre of the world's commerce—the seat of civilization—the pride of every Englishman who deserves that exalted name.

SAMSON. No doubt, sir, no doubt—pray go on.

SMIRK. But at the same time, sir, London has been called, not altogether unjustly, the modern Babylon—The home of many virtues, it is also the abode of many vices. It is illustrious from its countless charitable institutions—less illustrious from its casinos. No place like London to make a fortune, sir—no place like London to lose one.

SAMSON. This sounds uncommon like a sermon! But may a plain man ask you, what you are driving at?

SMIRK. London, sir, has temptations, and youth has passions, and when passions meet temptations, you, as a man of the world, know the result.

SAMSON. I have a shrewd notion you mean something disagreeable, but hang me if I know what it is!

SMIRK. Now, sir, there is your son—an excellent young man, a charming young man, a handsome young man, very like his father, by the bye,—what a blessing that I met with him!

SAMSON. (*rises*) Sir, if you have been a friend to my

boy in any way, I respect you, I do indeed; thank ye, sir!  
(*grasps his hand—sits again*)

SMIRK. Heaven be praised! there is some gratitude in this wicked world! (*wiping his eyes*) Oh! if your son had fallen into the hands of one of those vampyres, who—no! the picture is too horrible to think of!

SAMSON. What picture? what's a vampyre? My dear sir, I have no doubt I am very much obliged to you—I *want* to be very much obliged to you—but what are you talking about?

SMIRK. No! I refrained—I might have devoured, but I checked my feeling of cupidity. Thanks to my forbearance, respected sir, you can settle the whole affair, with a paltry two thousand pounds!

SAMSON. Eh? two thousand pounds! what for?

SMIRK. To repay me the monies I have advanced to that excellent young man.

SAMSON. No, no, don't say that—to my Gussy?

SMIRK. To Mr. Augustus Burr. But my good sir, don't distress yourself, you have to deal with the least exacting of mankind. I don't want all the money at once, pay me something down, a little more six months hence, if you please,—if not, twelve months hence, giving me, of course, the security of your note of hand.

SAMSON. (*rises*) Two thousand pounds! what the devil could the boy have done with two thousand pounds? why, I paid all his fees, and his lodging, and his board, and I bought his books. Ah, I recollect, there was one of them cases full of death's heads like, as nearly frightened the women out of their wits. Then I allowed him seven shillings a week pocket money—what in the world did he want more money for?

SMIRK. (*still seated*) My dear sir, the wants that arise in London are perfectly indescribable.

SAMSON. Now, you need not go on in that way about London—it strikes me London's like a certain person—it's not as black as it's painted. I tell you what, sir, unless I see proof positive I won't believe that Gussy owes a farthing to anyone.

SMIRK. My dear sir, his acceptances are in my pocket book, and I am ready to deliver them up, in return for bank notes. Shall I produce them?

SAMSON. No, no, no! I see it's true, though I'm trying not to believe it. Oh, Gussy! Gussy! you have broken your old father's heart, and your mother—no, I can't think of that. (*sinks into chair by table, R. C.*)

SMIRK. (*rises and goes to him*) My dear sir, take things a little more calmly. Your case is not singular. Every day of my life, I see elderly gentlemen—all with estimable sons—and all in precisely the same predicament as yourself.

SAMSON. (*starting up, and collaring him*) I see now—I see it now—this is your miserable trade.

SMIRK. Stop, my dear sir—stop! don't strangle me, for your own sake. My executors mayn't be half so easy as I am.

SAMSON. (*letting him go*) There! I won't hurt you; but I won't pay you either—not a penny. What! the money that I have been scraping together by dint of honest labour for forty years to slide into the pocket of a pettifogging scoundrel.

SMIRK. My dear sir, that expression, to say the least of it, is offensive.

SAMSON. Not half so offensive as asking me for two thousand pounds. But I won't pay it, if I do I'll be—

SMIRK. Very well, my dear sir, then don't pay it! you are not legally bound to pay it—you are not morally bound to pay it. Your son is the responsible party, and I merely called out of civility, because I thought you might not like to see your son arrested.

SAMSON. (*staggers into chair again*) Arrested! Gussy arrested! (*rises*) Pray, sir, speak lower. If his poor mother were to hear you—

SMIRK. What! do you appeal to the feelings of a pettifogging scoundrel?

SAMSON. Oh, sir! I am a plain man—an uneducated man—I have not learned to pick and choose my expressions when my temper is upset.

SMIRK. Then, sir, as you call "scoundrel" the man who merely comes for his own money, what pretty word would you bestow on the man who borrows money without the slightest chance of repaying it at all?

SAMSON. Oh, I don't know—I don't know!

SMIRK. Well, then. I will tell you the expression that will be used by people in general. They will say, that although Mr. Burr, senior, is an honest man, Mr. Burr, junior, is a—swindler!

SAMSON. (*enraged*) Take care what you—(*suddenly checked*) No, he's right, Gussy is a— Ugh! I could send my fist into his malicious face—but he's right—he's right. (*humbly*) Sir, pray don't use any more hard words. There is a poor woman in the house who would break her heart if she were to hear you; and my heart might be broken too, but I don't so much mind that. (*sits, R. C.*)

SMIRK. My dear sir, I'm the best natured creature in the world—I don't want to break anybody's heart—I only want my money, that's all—I wouldn't hurt a fly if it payed me what it owed.

SAMSON. Oh, Gussy! Gussy! the work of forty years! and you have destroyed it all!

SMIRK. Nay, give the young gentleman his due—he didn't ruin himself without the assistance of his friends. There was one Mr. Scatter, for instance—a model fast man, who, having squandered every shilling of his own. long ago, spends his time in persuading every foolish youth to follow his example.

SAMSON. I know him—he's here now. Oh, all bad alike—all bad alike! Milly—Milly! you were right, after all—I never should have sent that boy to London.

SMIRK. (*with something like real feeling*) Upon my word, sir, I'm very sorry to see you so distressed—I am indeed, sir. But, as a man of the world, you are aware that business is business—I won't intrude any longer upon you. (*fetches his hat and gloves*) Here is my address, sir; (*giving card*) you will write to me at an early convenience—pray make it early, sir, because the contents of your letter will regulate my proceedings.

SAMSON. Oh, yes, I'll write to you—I'll pay all—I'll drain every drop of blood from my veins sooner than allow this disgrace to continue. (*rises*) But, sir, I'll make bold to ask one favour; and you may guess, sir, how I am broken down, when I stoop to ask a favour of *you*. If I settle this matter, you'll promise me that you won't mention it to anyone; and you will take care that my wife—*his mother*—knows nothing of it.

SMIRK. Make your mind perfectly easy as far as that goes. And now, sir, I will bid you good bye, and express the delight I feel at making your acquaintance.

*(going towards C.)*

SAMSON. No, sir, this way—this way! *(crossing to L. D.)*  
No offence, sir, but I should like your visit to be as little noticed as possible.

SMIRK. *(crossing to L. D.)* Good morning, my dear sir.

SAMSON. Good morning! *Exeunt, D. L. 2 E.*

*Enter ALICE, followed by CAPTAIN OAKUM, C. from L.*

ALICE. Come, captain, you'll find uncle in doors.

*Enter MRS. BURR, R. D., with tray of dinner things, which she places on side table, R.—ALICE assists her to lay cloth on table, R. C.*

MRS. B. *(as she enters)* Ah, Captain Oakum, how d'ye do? Pray sit down—we shan't be a minute laying the cloth.

ALICE. *(looking round)* Why, where's uncle?

OAKUM. What, old Samson missing? That's the last thing I should have guessed. Halloa! Samson Burr ahoy!

MRS. B. (R.) Hush! I hear the latch! he is letting the strange person out.

ALICE. *(up R.)* Strange person! who do you mean?

MRS. B. I'm sure I don't know. When did you ever see a husband who had not some fine secret or other that he could not tell his wife.

OAKUM. (C.) Ho, ho! Samson's a sad rogue! I wouldn't put up with it, missus. I'd ferret him out, if I were you. Halloa! Samson Burr ahoy!

*Enter SAMSON, with affected gaiety, L.*

SAMSON. Ah, captain, there you are, with your lungs in the best order.

OAKUM. Don't talk to me, you bad man! you'll catch it, I can tell you. *(pointing to MRS. BURR)*

SAMSON. (L.) Why, what's the matter! you didn't hear—

MRS. B. (R.) Oh, yes, I heard how sllily you let your fine friend out at the door—

SAMSON. (*aside*) Thank Heaven! Now, Milly—Milly! don't be cross! (*goes up L. and sits by fire*)

MRS. B. Ah, yes, you can be very pleasant before company, can't you? Pray, after all, who was this gentleman, about whom there is so much mystery?

OAKUM. Oh, it is a gentleman! that's better than I thought—I thought it was a lady.

SAMSON. Come, captain, that's too bad. (*nudges him*) Ha, ha! for shame, captain.

MRS. B. But you don't tell me who it was.

SAMSON. (*sits again*) Oh, it was—a—nothing particular—a gentleman—who called about business—nothing very important—but still business—business, I say. You know the captain is in a hurry—why don't you make haste with the dinner?

MRS. B. Ah, true—I had forgotten.

*Exit B., taking empty tray.*

OAKUM. Forget the dinner! that's the way to revenge yourself, ma'am. When the old man offends you, forget the dinner. But I say, I'm really in a hurry—It's nearly high water. There's a stiff breeze, and I should have been off by this time, if I had not made up my mind to give a parting shake of the hand to my old friend Samson, and perhaps a parting kiss to my little friend here.

ALICE. (*down R.*) You are always so kind, captain.

SAMSON. But where's that boy—where's Augustus?

ALICE. Bless me, uncle, I never heard you call him anything but Gussy.

SAMSON. Well, where—is—is—Gussy?

ALICE. I'm sure I don't know. (*looks out at door, c.*) Gussy! Gussy! your father wants you.

OAKUM. Another missing at dinner time. Egad! what an irregular family this is.

*Enter AUGUSTUS, c. from L.—he comes down c.*

AUGUS. (*c.*) Here I am! Ah, Captain Oakum—I hope you will excuse me—I've been walking a little way with an old London friend—Mr. Scatter—you know, father.

SAMSON. (*L.*) Oh, yes, I know—a most estimable man—so, you have been walking a short way with Mr. Scatter. (*to himself*) Yes, the road to ruin is confoundedly short.

ALICE. (R.) You must like that friend very much, Gussy—I see his visit here has quite revived your spirits. (*approaching him*) Perhaps, now you are in a good humour, you can tell me that little secret.

AUGUS. That little? — Oh, I know what you mean. All cause of trouble is gone; and the only secret that I have to tell is no secret at all—namely, that, dear Alice, I love you.

*Enter MRS. BURR, R. D., with fowl and sausages on dish, and dish of potatoes on tray.*

MRS. B. There! (*setting dish on table*) Now, all take your places—you, captain, between Alice and me—so! Here be the capon nicely browned; and I ain't forgot the sausages. (AUGUSTUS, ALICE, MRS. BURR, and OAKUM sit at table, R.) But, Gussy, your friend is not here!

AUGUS. (*seated in front, R.*) No; he said we were not to wait. He is detained by an affair of importance; but he is sure to be here shortly.

SAMSON. (*rising from chair, L., and going to chair L. of table*) All right—all right! whenever he comes, he'll find he's quite soon enough, I'll warrant.

OAKUM. (*seated at top of table*) Heyday! a little out of sorts, eh, governor?

SAMSON. I? stuff o' nonsense! ha, ha, ha!

AUGUS. (*aside*) What can be the matter?

OAKUM. Well, friend Samson, it will be a long time before we meet again; but I hope you won't forget old Charley Oakum.

ALICE. (*seated R., of SAMSON*) You are going a long way, captain?

OAKUM. To Australia, that's all; and I hope the voyage will bring me good luck.

SAMSON. So do I! (*fills*) Here's fair weather and plenty of money, old friend. (OAKUM nods—they all drink) Ah! we part pretty comfortable, at any rate. I wonder how we shall all be when we next meet.

OAKUM. Oh, I don't know—let's us hope there's a good time coming, as well as a good time now.

SAMSON. Yes, we set a great store on that good time coming, we make up our minds for fine weather, and

down comes a hurricane! (*rises gloomily and goes back to chair by fire, and begins to smoke his pipe.*)

MRS. B. (*seated R. of table*) Don't go on in that way—it does not sound lucky.

OAKUM. No, it is not very cheering, I confess, to a fellow who will see nothing but sky and water for five long months.

MRS. B. I'm sure that strange visitor has done you no good.

AUGUS. What, has there been another visitor?

MRS. B. Yes, a gentleman who would not leave his name, and who remained talking with your father for some time alone!

AUGUS. (*uneasily*) Ha!

SAMSON. (L.) Oakum, I think, you said you were in a hurry to be off. Well, then, as I have a favour to ask you—there's no time to lose—I'm sure you won't say "no," when you know that I want to do a good turn to one of our old friends, who is not the worst fellow in the world!

OAKUM. Why, if it's anything in my power I am sure I shall be most happy.

SAMSON. You recollect old Tom Plummer!

OAKUM. Of course I do. He bought a neat little snuggerly somewhere hereabouts, which he's living in now, I hope. Recollect Tom Plummer? Of course I do. He made enough to retire upon, by dint of hard work, after your fashion, Samson.

SAMSON. That's the man I mean. Well, poor Tom is ruined

|                 |             |                |
|-----------------|-------------|----------------|
| OAKUM.          | } Ruined! } | (all together) |
| AUGUS.          |             |                |
| MRS. B. Samson! |             |                |
| ALICE. Uncle!   |             |                |

SAMSON. Yes, poor fellow! the little snuggerly you talk about did not look quite big enough in his eyes, so he must needs dabble in speculation—railways, mines, and banks, and I don't know what, till all of a sudden, one fine day, a crash comes, and poor Tom wakes up and finds himself without a farthing in his pockets!

OAKUM. Well, now, who'd have thought of such a

thing! a steady, quiet fellow—well, there's no knowing any one!

SAMSON. In consequence of this misfortune, he is obliged to work again—work hard, just as he did when he was young.

MRS. B. Oh, I suppose that was the news that was brought you just now!

SAMSON. Yes, that *was* it! (*aside*) Or, something very like it!

OAKUM. Ah! now I recollect—he had a son, hadn't he?

SAMSON. Yes, you are quite right—a son that was all his hope—a son that his mother doated on.

OAKUM. Well, what's *he* doing?

SAMSON. He is now here—in this town, seeking some employment that will bring him an honest living; and with nothing in the world besides the coat on his back.

MRS. B. Poor young man!

SAMSON. Now I am coming to the point. It seems to me, friend Oakum, that if you could take this youngster aboard of your ship—

MRS. B. Oh, no, Sampson, no! impossible! what will his poor mother do!

SAMSON. It is the young fellow's own wish that you should do this. *He* asked me to speak to you. You were saying, not long ago, that you were in want of a smart, active lad, who could be a help to you. Well, here's an opportunity. (*with rising eagerness*) Oh, I entreat of you, take this young man with you. I beg the favor in the name of his family, of his mother. Perhaps, some day his labours will repair all.

(CAPTAIN OAKUM rises and goes over to L., taking chair L. of fire place—SAMPSON and he converse apart.)

MRS. B. Oh, what a distressing case! If my Gussy, were forced to leave *me* like that, it would break my heart, I'm sure it would.

OAKUM. (*taking SAMSON's hand*) I say, Samson, old boy, you seem strangely excited about Tom Plummer and his son.

SAMSON. Not at all! not at all! hush!

ALICE. (*rising and observing them*) There's something in this!

MRS. B. (*seated*) After all, that must be an excellent young man, to devote himself in that way, when his father is in trouble.

SAMSON. You understand, Oakum, I rely upon you in this business. You will return to your ship, and my young friend will follow you. You don't refuse, eh?

OAKUM. No, no, (*shakes hands*) It's all right—you and I understand each other perfectly.

MRS. B. And be sure you are kind to the poor lad, for his mother's sake.

OAKUM. Never fear that.

MRS. B. (*rises*) He ought to have something like an outfit; ah, to be sure—he is about Gussy's size—he shall have some of Gussy's clothes. You don't object, Gussy!

AUGUS. (*distractedly seated in front, R.*) I—oh, no, certainly not!

OAKUM. (*pulling out his watch*) Well, there's no time to lose any how, so if you'll be good enough to look sharp. (*rising.*)

SAMSON. (*rises*) Well, old boy, we'll just take another glass (*going to table, R.*) another—here's to you! (*they drink, and SAMSON goes away towards, L.*)

MRS. B. (*R.*) Captain, perhaps you may never see me again; but you will remember what I say, "take care of the poor young man, for my sake."

ALICE. (*giving OAKUM his hat and great coat from R.*) And for mine, Captain, for mine!

OAKUM. Well, good bye to you all—good bye!

(*shakes hands with all—going down to AUGUSTUS, R.*)

ALICE. Good bye, a pleasant voyage, Captain?

*Exeunt CAPTAIN OAKUM and SAMSON, C. and off L.*

MRS. B. (*up R.*) Come, Alice, we must make haste and look out these things. Poor young man! what will become of his mother!

(*Exeunt MRS. BURR and ALICE, R.*)

AUGUS. (*rises*) So at last I am alone! I feel, at least, that I can breathe more freely. What can my father mean with this story of a sudden ruin? Why should he be so strangely affected at the misfortunes of this man? No, no, I am convinced—his words have some hidden meaning.

*Re-enter SAMSON BUER, suddenly c. from R.*

Father! (*a slight pause.*)

SAMSON. (*L. pulling out card*) There, you know that name!

AUGUS. (*R. aside*) Smirk's card! I—do!

SAMSON. Now, sir, the man who left that card asked me if I could find a name for a person who had acted as you have done—I could not—you are better educated than I am—perhaps you *can*?

AUGUSTUS. (*R.*) Don't, father, don't!

SAMSON. Well, you need not trouble yourself, for the person in question kindly enlightened my ignorance, and he told me people of the sort were commonly called swindlers.

AUGUS. Father, father!

SAMSON. Hush, not so loud! Your mother may overhear you. She has but one comfort left, that of thinking her son an honest man—don't deprive her of that. (*turning away from him.*)

AUGUS. (*sinks into chair. L. of table—a slight pause*) Oh, misery!

SAMSON. You now understand, I suppose, the real meaning of the story I told Captain Oakum. You must leave the country!

AUGUS. Leave her! leave Alice?

SAMSON. Yes, leave Alice! She has a lucky escape, poor thing! (*goes to chair and sits—a pause*)

AUGUS. (*side*) Father, I will not insult you by offering an excuse for my conduct. It has been wholly unjustifiable; but all is not quite desperate—that friend, who called on me this morning—

SAMSON. What! your fine London friend, Mr. Scatter? Oh, I dare say a great deal of good will come from that quarter.

AUGUS. Pray listen! He is about to contract a wealthy marriage, and he has promised to assist me.

*Enter SCATTER c. from L.*

See! here he comes, (*SCATTER comes down c.*) Now, speak out, Scatter, without reserve—my father knows all.

SCATTER. (*c.*) Humph!

AUGUS. (R.) But I have told him you are a friend in need.

SCATTER. You had better have said that I was a needy friend. Read that! (*gives letter*)

AUGUS. (*glancing over letter*) That wealthy cousin of yours—

SCATTER. Has married her steward! It's cursedly provoking, to say nothing of the bad taste of the thing.

AUGUS. We are lost!

SCATTER. *My view precisely!*

SAMSON. (*seated L.*) Ay, this is the fate of you spend-thrifts; who only listen to the voice of your own selfish passions, and who, while you waste your substance abroad never reflect on the hearts you are breaking at home. You flatter yourselves that when you have fallen into the abyss of ruin some chance will extricate you; but you are deceived. For the sake of such as you, providence will not interfere.

(AUGUSTUS goes to R. and throws himself into chair.)

SCATTER. My good sir, don't be angry with Gussy, it was all my fault.

SAMSON. Yes, and I've a good mind to—(*dashing down his pipe in a passion*)

SCATTER. Don't fly at me! I'm a dying man!

SAMSON. Dying?

SCATTER. That was the melancholy expression. I am going to walk down the jetty, and at the end of the jetty I shall find the sea. It may be absurd on my part, but I prefer sharks in the water to sharks on the land.

*Exit SCATTER C. off L.*

SAMSON. (*calling*) Jump in, if you like! It will be a precious long time before I fish you out again!

*Enter MRS. BURR and ALICE, R. with portmanteau.*

MRS. B. Here, Gussy, this is all we could find. Poor lad, I could not feel more anxious about him if he were my own son.

AUGUS. (R.) Mother!

SAMSON. (*going to him*) Hush! you will carry the portmanteau yourself, Gussy.

MRS. B. Yes, do, and make haste.

(ALICE gives him his hat.)

# AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID

A FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

J. M. MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Dying for Love—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners's Holiday—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Writing for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Going to the Derby—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife—Irish Tiger—Ticklish Times—Take care of Doreb—Muleteer of Toledo—Game of Romps—Away with Melancholy—How Stout You're Getting—A Prince for an Hour—The Little Savage—Thirty-three Next Birthday, &c. &c. &c.*

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**AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID,**  
**ALTERED FOR PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATION FROM**  
**OUR FRENCH LADY'S MAID.**

*First produced at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, 1858.*

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**CHARACTERS.**

|                                                |           |                  |
|------------------------------------------------|-----------|------------------|
| HORATIO THOMAS SPARKINS                        | . . . . . | MR. B. WEBSTER.  |
| MAJOR VOLLEY                                   | . . . . . | MR. SELBY.       |
| PIVOT ( <i>a Lawyer</i> )                      | . . . . . | MR. C. J. SMITH. |
| MRS. PUDDIFOOT                                 | . . . . . | MRS. CHATTERLEY. |
| FANNY VOLLEY                                   | . . . . . | MISS HAYMAN.     |
| MATILDA JONES ( <i>Aunt Charlotte's Maid</i> ) |           |                  |

Guests, &c. &c.

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**SCENE—LONDON.**

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**MODERN COSTUMES.**

# AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.



SCENE.—*An Apartment. Large door in flat, R., with a double curtain hanging on each side of it—at L. in flat, a door leading into a conservatory, which is seen beyond—at L. U. E. the general door of entrance—between this door and L. 1 E. a fireplace—doors, R. U. E. and R. 2 E.—a piano, sofa, easy chair, table, &c. &c.*

MATILDA JONES *discovered, dusting the furniture. Enter*  
MRS. PUDDIFOOT, *door, L. U. E.*

MRS. P. (*as she enters*) 'Tilda! 'Tilda, I say.

MATIL. *Matilda*, if you please, ma'am! I'm rather particular about my *Mat*. You were going to say *summut*, ma'am?

MRS. P. *Summut!* it's really high time you left off murdering the Queen's English in that way, 'Tilda.

MATIL. *Mat*, please ma'am!

MRS. P. You have now been three months in my service, where the very best English is always spoken—the pure unadulterated mother tongue.

MATIL. Well, mum, in three months more I shall speak your mother's tongue, like one o'clock, as your nephew, Mr. Horatio Thomas calls it.

MRS. P. "Like one o'clock!" My nephew may use words which *you* may not. I engaged you from a serious family in the country, where, I am sure, you could not have picked up any such expressions!

MATIL. No, ma'am, I never picked up nothing there, 'cause they never kept no company.

MRS. P. Now, listen to me, 'Tilda—I mean *Mat-ilda!*

MATIL. Yes, ma'am!

MRS. P. I'm going out—how do I look?

MATIL, Jolly!

MRS. P. "Jolly!" Well, there's no harm in *that* expression. Now listen—I shall not be back till late.

MATIL. Eight, ma'am?

MRS. P. *Late!* but I can trust you, for *you* never talk to the policeman as the generality of London servants do!

MATIL. Not I, ma'am. (*aside*) I prefers the *butcher*.

MRS. P. In short, you've too much respect for yourself!

MATIL. I believe you, my boy.

MRS. P. Another of Horatio Thomas's favourite expressions; besides, you tell me you come of a respectable but unfortunate family.

MATIL. Very *unfortunate*, indeed, ma'am! My father kept a public house till he got into trouble for sheep stealing; and then Uncle Jack took care of me till he got transported to Botany Bay, where my other three uncles had been sent afore him; so you see, we *are* a *very* unfortunate family, ma'am!

MRS. T. Tilda, if you're a good girl, you shall never want a good home; and who knows but I may find a husband for you.

MATIL. I have no wish to leave you, ma'am, (*aside*) nor young master neither—he is the husband I've got in *my* eye.

MRS. P. By-the-bye, Matilda, who was that Life Guardsman I saw coming up the area steps yesterday evening?

MATIL. (*confused*) I think I heard the cook say he was her cousin, ma'am.

MRS. P. Indeed! the number of cousins that woman has in the Life Guards is perfectly extraordinary.

MATIL. What shawl will you put on, ma'am? this here!

(*taking shawl off back of chair.*)

MRS. P. Yes, that will do very well. (MATILDA puts on shawl) How do I look?

MATIL. Quite the cheese, ma'am, I assure you.

MRS. P. "Quite the cheese!" Another of Horatio Thomas's favourite expressions. Well, now, I'm off. By-the-bye, don't forget that I want those red curtains taken down, and the white ones put up.

(*pointing to curtains over C. P.*)

MATIL. Very well, ma'am, when you come back you'll find it as right as ninepence.

MRS. P. "Right as ninepence!" another of Horatio Thomas's favourite expressions. Now, go and see if he's ready!

MATIL. (*modestly*) Ma'am!

MRS. P. I say go to my nephew's room and see if he's dressed.

MATIL. Lawks, ma'am; suppose I go to his room and find he *ain't* dressed? I should faint away as dead as mutton.

MRS. P. "As dead as mutton!" another of Horatio Thomas's favourite expressions! True! (*aside*) She's very ignorant; but then she's brimful of virtue and innocence, and all that sort of thing! (*aloud*) I'll call Horatio Thomas—don't be afraid—if he's undressed he won't come. (*goes to R. side*) Horatio Thomas, are you ready?

SPARK, (*without*) Almost. I've put my right boot on my left leg—I mean my left leg into my right boot, and I can't get it out again. I've done it—it's all right.

*Enters from R. door, in fashionable suit—white kid gloves, smart blue and white spotted satin tie—he carries his coat over his arm.*

Here I am.

MATIL. (*turning away*) Oh, lawks!

MRS. P. My dear Horatio, why didn't you put on your coat before you came in?

SPARK. Because I couldn't! Either I'm too big for the coat—or the coat's too small for me—I don't know which!

MRS. P. Matilda, help Mr. Horatio Thomas on with his coat.

MATIL. Yes, ma'am! (*assists him on with it*)

SPARK. (*coldly*) I thank you, Matilda.

MATIL. (*tenderly, and unperceived by MRS. PUDDIFOOT*) Oh, Horatio Thomas!

SPARK. (*aside to her*) Hush! not so loud! I feel Matilda Jones's eyes going through me like a pair of gimlets!

MRS. P. Mercy on me! Horatio!

SPARK. What's the matter, now?

MRS. P. What's this thing you've got round your neck?  
(*laying hold of neckclo'h*) A blue and white neckcloth, on  
such a day as this?

SPARK. (*interrupting and coughing*) Ahem! The fact  
is my complexion being naturally blue and white, I  
thought—

MRS. P. Matilda, go into my nephew's room and fetch  
a white cravat.

MATIL. Yes ma'am! (*as she passes* HORATIO—*she  
stops and says in his ear*) A white cravat? what's up?

SPARK. (*alarmed, aside to her*) Nothing! merely to  
put on, that's all!

MATIL. Horatio Thomas, take care—I smell a rat!

*Exit, R. D.*

SPARK. (*aside*) She says she smells a rat! I'm  
horribly afraid she does! (*to Mrs. P.*) Aunt Charlotte,  
may I venture respectfully to inquire why it has lately  
seemed necessary to your earthly felicity that I should  
wear nothing but white chokers—I mean neckcloths? If  
you intend me for the haberdashery line, or the undertak-  
ing business—say so at once.

MRS. P. Surely, Horatio, you would'nt present yourself  
before your bride elect in a coloured cravat?

SPARK. Hush! (*looking anxiously towards R. D.*)

MRS. P. On the very day, too, when the preliminaries  
of your marriage with Miss Fanny Volley—

SPARK. (*anxiously*) Hush!

MRS. P. Are going to be arranged.

SPARK. (*in an agony*) Hush! there's no necessity for  
shouting out at the top of your voice in that way.

MRS. P. Shouting out! why what's the matter?

SPARK. Nothing! Only you needn't make it the talk  
of the servants! I know I'm going to be married, but  
that's no reason the people in the next county should know!

*Re-enter MATILDA, R. D., with white cravat.*

MATIL. (*handing the cravat*) Here you are, sir, white as  
snow, and lots of starch.

SPARK. I thank you, Matilda. (*taking off neck tie, and  
putting on white one*) Tra, la, la, la! (*trying to sing*)

MRS. P. Tie it for him, Matilda!

SPARK. Pooh, pooh! I suppose I shan't be allowed to brush my own hair, or clean my own teeth next!

MRS. P. I insist upon it!

MATIL. Very well, ma'am. (*begins tying cravat*) Now, sir, look in my face, or I can't tie it! (*fixing her eyes upon HORATIO, who tries to whistle*)

MRS. P. A blue and white cravat would have been such a bad compliment to dear Fanny.

SPARK. Ahem! (*trying to get up a whistle*)

MATIL. (*in a low, angry tone to HORATIO*) "Dear Fanny," eh? I heard it! I'm almost choking! (*tying the neck cloth very tight*)

SPARK. (*almost throttled*) If you come to that, so am I!

MRS. P. By the bye, Matilda, has Mr. Smith the silversmith sent home the pair of bracelets—

SPARK. (*singing, and interrupting her*) "I'd be a butterfly—born in a bower"—

MATIL. The bracelets, ma'am?

MRS. P. Yes, which my nephew ordered yesterday as a present for Miss—

SPARK. (*singing again, and very loud*)

Hokee pokee, wankee fum,  
How do you like your tatoes done—

(*aside*) I have the highest possible regard for Aunt Charlotte, but if she was under the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge at this moment, with a paving stone round her neck, I should feel gratified beyond measure.

MRS. P. Never mind! it's of no consequence, we'll call for them on our way, for, of course, on such an occasion some present or other is always expected from the happy—

SPARK. (*singing*) "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves," &c. (*aside*) There'll be murder presently, I'm sure there will.

MRS. P. So come along, Horatio. Dear me, I've forgotten my parasol—I left it on my dressing table—I'll soon be back—in the mean time, Matilda, brush Horatio Thomas's new beaver hat. (*pointing to hat box on table*)

Hitherto he has always worn silk ones, but on such an *interesting occasion* as this—

SPARK. (*suddenly*) “Wait for the wagon—wait for the wagon.”

MRS. P. As I said before, I'll soon be back. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

MATIL. (*watches Mrs. P. and advances and grasps HORATIO by the arm*) Horatio Thomas!

SPARK. (*indifferently*) Eh? well?

MATIL. Who is this Miss Fanny? (*violently*)

SPARK. Humph!

MATIL. Who is this Miss Fanny?

SPARK. Fanny—Fanny! Oh! perhaps you mean—no! her name's Sarah! I don't know any Fanny.

MATIL. Indeed! You do not know any Fanny, eh? and yet (*fiercely*) you give her a pair of bracelets! Psha! tell that to the marines, the tailors won't believe you.

SPARK. (*aside*) Tailors! she means sailors. I must humbug her. (*aloud*) Ha, ha, ha! you're surprised at my making a present to a lady I don't know? It's a custom we have in London! When a young man enters fashionable society he invariably makes a present of a pair of bracelets to every woman he knows—I mean every woman he *doesn't* know—consequently, it is not to be wondered at—in fact it's only natural that I—now you know all about it.

MATIL. (*who has taken the hat out of box and is brushing it the wrong way*) I know this about it, Horatio Thomas, that you don't budge out of the house!

SPARK. But Aunt Charlotte insists upon my budging!

MATIL. (*snapping fingers*) That for Aunt Charlotte! Here you are, and here you stops!

*Enter MRS. PUDDIFOOT, L. 1 E.*

MRS. P. Now, Horatio, I'm ready.

MATIL. Here is your hat, sir. (*presenting hat to him.*)

SPARK. I thank you, Matilda. (*puts it on*)

MRS. P. Come along!

SPARK. Yes, but—(*throwing a look at MATILDA, who is dusting chair—aside*) If I could only manage to sneak out. (*turns his aunt round, and finds MATILDA's eye fixed upon him and pointing with dusting brush to the floor, signifying*

*that he must stop—aside*) It's more than my life's worth to go, so I must endeavour to humbug Aunt Charlotte. *(putting his hand up to his cheek suddenly)* Oh! oh!

MRS. P. What's the matter?

SPARK. My tooth! Oh, oh!

MATIL. Oh, poor young master! There—sit down. *(making him sit down)*

MRS. P. Dear, dear, how very unfortunate! Which is the bad tooth? Let me see it.

SPARK. *(aside)* You'd be very clever if you *could* see it. *(aloud)* Oh! oh!

MRS. P. I don't recommend young people to have their teeth drawn, still on such an interesting occasion as this—

SPARK. *(very loud, and stamping his feet on the floor)* Oh, oh, oh! *(aside)* This is precious hot work—I can't keep it up much longer.

MRS. P. Matilda, run for the dentist.

MATIL. Yes, ma'am.

SPARK. No, no! I'm a little easier just now,—perhaps the tooth will come out of itself—and, perhaps, if I were to go out into the fresh air for an hour or so—*(getting up—MATILDA pinches his arm)* Oh, it's come on again! *(falling into chair again, and stamping his feet)*

MRS. P. It's a very odd thing! but I've observed lately that you invariably have an attack of tooth-ache—

SPARK. Whenever you want me to go out with you. Yes it is odd—in my opinion it's all stomach.

MRS. P. Goodness gracious, Horatio! what's the matter with your hat—*(taking it off)*—the nap's all the wrong way.

SPARK. Yes—stomach again.

MRS. P. Well, it can't be helped. So you must stop at home and muffle your head up well in flannel.

MATIL. A capital thing, ma'am! *(taking a small white shawl from off her shoulders and tying it round his head)* There!

SPARK. *(aside)* A pretty guy I must look.

MRS. P. As soon as I'm gone, Matilda will make you a camomile poultice, which you must keep constantly applied,

MATIL. Yes, ma'am, but I think mustard would be better!

SPARK. Thank you! (*aside*) She's a fiend!

MRS. P. And when the paroxysm has passed, you can join me at the Major's, and in the mean time I'll explain your absence to your dear Fanny.

SPARK. (*violently*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

MRS. P. Come along, Matilda, and call a cab for me.

MATIL. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. P. *goes out*, L. U. E.—MATILDA *about to follow—stops—turns—and makes a sign to HORATIO to remain where he is, then follows MRS. P., out.*

SPARK (*watching them out—then snatching shawl off his head, and advancing*) This is a pleasant state of affairs, to be obliged to stop at home with an imaginary tooth-ache. Here am I—Horatio Thomas Sparkins, twenty five years of age, five hundred pounds a year, with considerable personal attractions, and no profession—consequently people imagine I can do what I like, think what I like, say what I like, eat what I like, drink what I like—deuce a bit! I'm a *slave*, a *menial*, a *serf*, a *nigger*—and why? I'll tell you why—and let the junior members of the masculine sex present listen to my story, and profit by it. Three months ago, Aunt Charlotte, you've seen her, a tall elderly female, took it into her venerable head to engage a lady's maid. There are plenty of London ones, but she would have one from the rural districts, all rustic innocence, freckles, and red elbows—and the result was Matilda Jones!—you've seen her, too. Well the very first morning she entered upon her duties my tailor happened to send me home a waistcoat, a nice quiet pattern—a mixture of yellow and sky blue—well in trying the waistcoat on, one of the buttons came off. At the time of the accident, Matilda Jones was present, and in the most interesting manner possible, asked permission to sew the button on again. In doing so she ran the needle into her finger—fainted, and fell into my arms—and when she came to, she found me kissing the place to make it well. Now, I ask you—is it to be wondered at that I, whose experience of female society had hitherto been bounded by Aunt Charlotte on one side, and fat Sarah the cook on the other—

I repeat is it to be wondered at that I should have become fascinated with Matilda Jones, from Bury St. Edmund's? Of course not—so I at once set her down as essential to my earthly happiness, and proved it by giving her my portrait—a shilling photograph—and a lock of my hair—in short I was actually seriously thinking of proposing an elopement when I suddenly discovered I didn't care a button about her—or rather that I cared a great many more buttons about somebody else—Miss Fanny Volley—sweet blooming eighteen, with five thousand pounds in her pocket at her father's death—think of that—and he sixty three next birthday, with a tendency to gout in the stomach—think of that. I've managed, hitherto, to keep the affair a profound secret from Matilda Jones. I've made love to Fanny on the sly—proposed to Fanny on the sly, and I'd get married to Fanny on the sly, if I could. Oh, if I could only get my portrait and the lock of my hair out of Matilda's clutches, I'd snap my fingers in her face. I've rummaged all her boxes, fumbled all her pockets, but deuce a bit can I find them. There's only one thing to be done; I'll show a proper spirit and throw off this nightmare, this incubus at once. Here she comes—Horatio Thomas be firm!

*Enter MATILDA, L. U. E.*

Matilda! I want you—nay, more, I require you!

MATIL. (*arranging table and taking no notice*)

Froggy would a wooing go,

Hi ho says Roley.

SPARK. Matilda, I say.

MATIL. Froggy would a wooing go,

Whether his mammy would let him or no,

With his Roley, poley, &c.

SPARK. She seems in a capital humour—I've half a mind to acquaint her with my approaching nuptials. We're alone on the premises—so that if she manifests an intention of scratching my eyes out we shall have all the fun to ourselves. (*aloud, and in a coaxing tone*) Matilda—Tilda—Tilly—I want to say something to you. Come here!

MATIL. Here I am—well!

SPARK. Ahem! has it ever occurred to you that one of these days I *may*—I say I *may* get married.

MATIL. Married? you? Oh, crimini! what a lark! Marry? a hobbledehoy like you? Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

SPARK. (*aside*) No symptoms of scratching eyes out yet. (*aloud*) A desirable match *might*—I say *might*—offer itself.

MATIL. Like “dear Fanny,” eh? (*grasping his arm and looking daggers at him*) Now, Horatio Thomas, let’s square accounts and come to the sum tottle, and that’s this here—I go to your “dear Fanny” with your portrait in one hand, and the lock of your hair in the other.

SPARKS. (*aside*) The devil! (*aloud*) But as I said before, I don’t know any young lady—except Aunt Charlotte.

MATIL. That won’t do, Horatio Thomas; you talked of marriage—you can’t marry your aunt—it isn’t allowed.

SPARK. (*aside*) What the deuce shall I say? (*aloud*) I merely said so to—to—to—

MATIL. Ah, I see!

SPARK. (*aside*) Do you? that’s lucky!

MATIL. (*tenderly*) You only invented this to see if Matilda Jones loved her Horatio Thomas as much as ever. (*he turns away and makes a wry face*) Fie! fie! for shame, you naughty, jealous boy. (*playfully, and patting his cheek, much to his disgust*)

SPARK. (*aside and suddenly*) Jealous! by Jove, that’s not a bad idea! (*aloud and suddenly*) Yes, Miss Jones, I *am* jealous! frightfully jealous! horribly jealous!

MATIL. Jealous? who of?

SPARK. Who of? who of? (*aside*) Who of? I never thought of that!

MATIL. (*aside*) Can he suspect? (*aloud*) Oh, yes, yes, I see!—you mean that soldier?

SPARK. (*aside*) Oh, there’s a soldier, is there? (*aloud*) Yes, Miss Jones, I *do* mean that soldier. Instantly explain that soldier—where did you pick up that heavy dragoon.

MATIL. He’s not a dragoon.

SPARK. I didn’t say he was a dragoon! I repeat, where did you pick up that Sapper and Miner.

MATIL. He’s a Life Guardsman.

SPARK. I said a Life Guardsman.

MATIL. He don't come here for me—he is fat Sarah's cousin. Cruel Horatio Thomas, to suspect your poor Matilda! (*taking out handkerchief and sobbing*)

SPARK. (*aside*) Now she's going to blubber. (*taking handkerchief from her and wiping his eyes*) But I don't suspect you. (*aside*) One of Aunt Charlotte's best cambric handkerchiefs. (*seeing MATILDA, who has seated herself in the arm chair before the fire*) Now, she's making herself comfortable in Aunt Charlotte's arm chair. (*looks at watch*) Seven o'clock, and I promised to be with Fanny at a quarter past seven—if I could only manage to slip out. (*putting on his hat and making for door L.*)

MATIL. Horatio Thomas!

SPARK. Eh? (*stopping and taking off his hat, which he holds behind him*)

MATIL. Put some coals on the fire, there's a dear—you'll find the scuttle outside the door.

(*falling back in the arm chair, and turning over the leaves of a book.*)

SPARK. (*aside*) Was it to hand about coal scuttles that I put on straw coloured kids and a white choker—this is the result of familiarising oneself with one's servant. Oh, if I could only get back my portrait and that lock of my hair—wouldn't I—

(*makes a face at her, goes out at C. D., then returns with large coal scuttle full of coals, which he dashes down near the fireplace, then takes a shovel and puts some on,*)

MATIL. Another shovel full, dear!

SPARK. Oh, bother! (*takes up scuttle and empties it on fire, then dashes it down again—aside*) Nice sort of work this for a gentleman in straw coloured kids, and a white choker. (*looking at watch*) Quarter past seven—I must be off. (*puts on his hat and is making for the door*)

MATIL. Where are you going?

SPARK. Why, I just remember, I've important business at the Mansion House with the First Lord of the Admiralty—I mean the Turkish Ambassador.

MATIL. Nonsense—he can wait—give me that footstool, there's a dear.

SPARK. (*dignified*) Really, Miss Jones—

MATIL. Now look sharp—you're so precious slow,

SPARK. (*taking up footstool—aside*) As I said before, this comes of familiarising oneself with one's servant. (*aloud, and putting footstool down before her*) There's your stool!

MATIL. Thank'ee dear. (*extending herself in the arm chair*) This is what I call comfortable. Horatio Thomas, come and sit by me, there's a dear—you shall have the footstool—there!

SPARK. I thank you, but having, as I said before, important business at the West India Docks, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. (*putting on his hat and going.*)

MATIL. (*impatiently*) Do as I tell you, and come and sit by me.

SPARK. (*banging hat down on table*) I'm coming! (*aside*) A pretty contemptible figure I must cut with my straw coloured kids and white cravat; but, as I said before, this comes of familiarising oneself with one's servant. (*sits on footstool, and looking at his watch*) Half past seven. Oh, if I only knew where she keeps that portrait, and that infernal lock of hair.

MATIL. Horatio Thomas, dear.

SPARK. Well! (*sulkily*)

MATIL. Ain't it prime to sit together and warm our toes by the fire, eh?

SPARK. Yes, remarkably prime. (*aside*) I don't know that I ever endured greater muscular agony in all my life. (*sitting on footstool, with his knees up to his chin*)

MATIL. Now I tell you what, you shall sing me a song—something *tender* and sentimental.

SPARK. (*getting*) You really must excuse me, but having, as I said before, important business at the National Gallery with the Archbishop of Canterbury—

MATIL. Do you hear what I say? Sing me a song, *directly*.

SPARK. (*going towards piano—aside*) As I've observed once or twice already, this comes of familiarising oneself with one's servant. Where the devil she can have put that portrait and that lock of hair, I can't imagine. (*sitting down—aloud*) I'll give you the last new ballad. (*striking up, ad libitum*) "We won't go home till morning," &c.

MATIL. (*starting, and stopping her ears*) That will do—I have had enough of that.

SPARK. Oh, you've had enough, have you? but *I* haven't, so here goes again. "For she's a very good fellow," &c. (*banging on the piano and singing at the top of her voice*)

MATIL. Come away, do! (*pulling him away from piano*) Horatio Thomas, dear, I want you to teach me the last new dance—what do you call it? "Pop goes the Measles?"

SPARK. The measles! the weazel! (*aside*) People would haadly credit the humiliating results of familiarising oneself with one's servant. Here am I—Horatio Thomas Sparkins—five hundred pounds a-year—no profession—turning dancing master, and teaching a servant "Pop goes the Weazel." (*aloud*) Come along! *Dance.*

(*after dance*) Wheugh! I haven't a bit of breath left in my body—this is another of the agreeable results of familiarising oneself with one's servant.

MATIL. By-the-bye, where was you got to last night?

SPARK. Where I was got to!—I was at the opera.

MATIL. The Hopora! And what did you see?

SPARK. Oh—I saw Sardanapalus—no—I saw the Dona del Lago.

MATIL. Did you! Sit down, and tell me all about it.

SPARK. *All* about it—it'd puzzle me to tell her *anything* about it. (*looking at watch*) I really can't keep the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions waiting any longer.

MATIL. Nonsense! Now begin!

SPARK. Well, then, after the overture, the curtain rises, and discovers a mountainous country in the—Bay of Biscay, with Mount Vesuvius in the distance. Well, a flourish of trumpets is heard, and the King of Prussia, attended by his faithful mandarins, comes in, and in a very spirited duetto, which he sings with three of his principal Janissaries—you're told that his nephew, the youthful Mazeppa—

MATIL. Mazeppa? law—I saw him last week at Astley's.

SPARK. He may have been at Astley's when you saw him, but he was at the opera last night. Never mind—as I was saying, we're told that the youthful Mazeppa is in

love with the daughter of the Chinese Ambassador, Prince Poniatowski, and that his presumptuous passion being discovered, he is condemned either to be drowned in a butt of malmsey, or to shoot an apple from the head of his only daughter, the youthful Dona del Lago, so christened after her uncle, a Portuguese nobleman—but at that interesting moment, on rush the Dutch troops, with Columbus at their head—Tableau—the lovers are united—the curtain descends—and—(*dragging out his watch again*) 'Pon my life I shall be too late for the commander in chief! (*putting on his hat and going*)

MATIL. Stop—Missus told me to change them there curtains—so before you go, bring us in the steps, will you, dear?

SPARK. (*dignified*) Miss Jones!

MATIL. (*impatiently*) Bring me the steps, I say! Come look alive!

SPARK. (*with a wry face—aside*) Considering all things, I have reason to congratulate myself on having put on straw coloured kids, and a white choker!

*Exit, L. D., and returns with pair of double steps, which he places near curtains, R. C.*

MATIL. Thankee! And now, while I go for the other curtains, you'll take down those, won't you, dear?

SPARK. Miss Jones! (*dignified*)

MATIL. You will take down those, I say! Now jump up! *Exit, R.*

SPARK. Jump up! This comes, as I've observed before, of familiarising oneself with one's servant. (*by this time he has climbed to the top of the steps*) A pretty state my straw coloured kids will be in.

MAJOR. (*without, L.*) All right—I'll find him. Horatio Thomas, where are you?

SPARK. Zounds! the Major, my father in law!

(*HORATIO takes out pocket handkerchief, and ties up his face*)

*Enter MAJOR, door, L. U. E.*

MAJOR. Where the duece is he? (*seeing him*) Halloa! what are you doing up there?

SPARK. Eh! (*bothered, and not knowing what to say*) Up

here! so I am, I declare! If you'd got such a tooth-ache as I have, you'd be glad to get up anywhere—Oh!

MAJOR. Poor fellow! (*gets up one side of the steps as HORATIO gets down the other—looking down from top of steps and seeing HORATIO*) Halloa! (*coming down as HORATIO goes up—looking up from bottom of steps and seeing HORATIO at the top again*) Halloa! now let's perfectly understand one another, will you stop where you are till I get up, or shall I stop where I am till you get down?

SPARK. It's just the same to me.

MAJOR. Very well, then I'll get up (*ascending*)

SPARK. And I'll get down. (*descending*)

MAJOR. No, no, stop where you are. (*mounts to top*) How deuced unlucky that tooth-ache of yours! Such a disappointment to poor Fanny.

SPARK. Hush! lower! lower!

MAJOR. You wish me to get lower? Oh! very well! (*getting down a few steps*)

SPARK. No! (*pulling him up*) I mean *speak* lower.

MAJOR. Now take my advice—get mesmerised, and you'll get rid of your tooth-ache.

SPARK. Mesmerised! I forgot, you believe in animal magnetism.

MAJOR. I rather believe I *do* believe in in. You've heard of the table-turning, I suppose—a wonderful phenomenon, sir—I'll tell you how it's done. Suppose this is a table—it's a pair of steps, but we'll suppose it's a table—I put my hands so—(*extending his hands*) you do the same—I repeat, you—holloa!

(*during the above SPARKINS has quietly got down, unseen by MAJOR.*)

SPARK. (*looking off*) She'll be here with those infernal curtains directly. What the devil's to be done?

MAJOR. (*who has got down*) As I was saying, I place my hand on this hat, so! (*laying his hand on Sparkins's hat on table*)

SPARK. Suppose we say *this* hat! (*taking away his hat and substituting Major's*)

MAJOR. Well, you do the same. (SPARKINS *places his hands*) By joining the extremities of our thumbs and little

fingers the magnetic chain is completed, and the hat, which is now perfectly flat on the table, will first assume an oscillating movement from side to side, after which, it will become perfectly flat again.

MATIL. (*without*) I've found them at last.

SPARK. Oh lud!

(*falling forward on Major's hat, and crushing it.*)

MAJOR. Holloa! zounds!

SPARK. Wonderful! the hat is flat—perfectly flat, so come along! (*seizing hold of his arm*)

MAJOR. Come along! where?

SPARK. To join Fanny, of course:

MAJOR. She's coming here!

SPARK. (*starting*) Here!

MAJOR. Yes, and all our friends, too! As your tooth wouldn't let you come to *us*. I proposed we should come to you; and what's more, I told Pivot the lawyer to come too, so that we might talk over the marriage settlements. A good idea of mine, wasn't it, eh? (*slapping him on the back*)

SPARK. A delicious idea, (*aside*) Stupid old ass.

MAJOR. Ah! here they come! (*looking off*)

SPARK. Zounds! here, help to take those infernal steps away. (*putting steps into MAJOR's arms*) There, make haste! run along! *Pushing him out, c. to R.*  
Here they come!

*Enter FANNY and several LADIES and GENTLEMEN—MRS. PUDDIFOOT, following, door L.*

MRS. P. Now, Horatio, say how much you feel obliged to the Major's kind friends for taking the trouble to come here.

SPARK. Quite delighted—flattered, I'm sure. (*looking anxiously towards L. C.*) Suppose we adjourn to the drawing-room!

*Re-enter MAJOR, c. from R.*

MAJOR. With all my heart; and we'll get up a dance, and a chorus, till Pivot the lawyer comes, with the marriage settlements in his pocket—eh, you young rogue? (*poking HORATIO*) Come along.

*Exit with FANNY—MRS. PUDDIFOOT and GUESTS, c. to R.*

SPARK. Pivot with the marriage settlements—Matilda with the curtains—and Fanny here. I've half a mind to rush to the nearest railway station, jump into the first train that starts, and go straight a-head somewhere or other. Here she comes.

*Enter MATILDA, with white curtains, R.*

MATIL. Hollo! you've not taken down the red 'uns.

*(pointing)*

SPARK. No! *(aside)* I must get her out of the way somehow or other. *(suddenly)* Matilda, listen—Aunt Charlotte is out of the way—we've got the evening before us, so let's go out and enjoy ourselves. How do you like the idea, eh?

MATIL. Oh, first rate—where shall we go?

SPARK. Cremorne or Exeter Hall!

MATIL. I vote for Cremorne. You're a dear, good, kind duck of a dear! so come along. *(taking his arm)*

SPARK. What, together? no, no, consider your reputation. No, no, we'll meet somewhere or other in half-an-hour! let's see—suppose we say Temple Bar or Battersea Bridge!

MATIL. I will be at Temple Bar!

SPARK. And if by chance you should get there before me, *(aside)* which you probably will—

MATIL. I'll wait till you come.

SPARK. Do, there's a dear! *(aside)* She'll wait till I come! that's satisfactory!

MATIL. Good bye! I'll run and put on my bonnet and slip out up the area steps. Recollect Temple Bar, and I will wait for you—

SPARK. Till I come. Be sure you wait till I come.

MATIL. Of course; and then for Cremorne. *Exit, L. U. E.*

SPARK. Tol de rol—tol de rol! Ha, ha, ha! I've managed that little affair to my entire satisfaction, and now for my darling Fanny; but let me see that I'm all correct first. *(arranging his cravat before glass, and standing on arm chair, dancing all the time)* La, la, la, la!

*Enter MAJOR VOLLEY, C. from R.*

MAJOR. Holloa! what the deuce is he at now? he's

dancing the polka on an arm chair. (*aloud*) Zounds! what are you doing up there?

SPARK. Up here! so I am, I declare. If you were as happy as I am, you'd be glad to get up anywhere. (*jumps*) Tooth-ache all gone!

MAJOR. Well, I congratulate you on having got rid of a nuisance.

SPARK. Yes, my *nuisance* left me about two minutes and a half ago, (*aside*) for Temple Bar, (*aloud*) So now for my adorable Fanny.

MAJOR. By-the-bye, Horatio, Fanny thinks you rather a lukewarm sort of a lover.

SPARK. Oh, does she?

MAJOR. Yes, here she is!

SPARK. Is she? (*aside*) Then I'll astonish her!

*Enter FANNY, C. from R.*

FANNY. Papa, you're wanted to make up a rubber.

MAJOR. Very well! (*aside to SPARKINS*) Now here's a chance for you—d——n it, Horatio, go it a bit.

SPARK. (*aside*) She thinks me lukewarm, does she? then I *will* go it a bit—several bits. (*advancing behind FANNY and kissing her*)

FANNY. (*screaming*) Ah! oh, Mr. Sparkins.

SPARK. I'm afraid you find me timid—shy; but I can't help it—extreme diffidence is my failing! (*kisses her again*)

*Enter MATILDA, L. U. E in bonnet and shawl—seeing him kiss FANNY, throws off her shawl, and sits near table.*

FANNY. (*trying to get away*) Really, Mr. Sparkins!

SPARK. Call me not Sparkins—call me your Horatio Thomas, for I am your Horatio Thomas, and you will be your Horatio Thomas's Fanny! (*falling on his knees and kissing her hands—aside*) And to think of that unhappy Matilda Jones cooling her heels under Temple Bar all this while.

FANNY. Hark! papa, is calling me. *Runs out C. to R.*

SPARK (*who has not seen Fanny's exit—seizing MATILDA, who has come down and taken Fanny's place*) Never mind your papa, my adorable Fanny, but say, say when you will be—(*looking up and seeing her*) the devil!

MATIL. (*with assumed quietness*) So, sir, you send me to cool my heels under Temple Bar, do you? Very well, then look out for squalls, that's all. (*going after FANNY.*)

SPARK. (*stopping her*) Where are you going?

MATIL. To revenge myself, by showing *your* portrait to your *adorable* Fanny.

SPARK. (*throwing himself before her*) Matilda Jones, beware! if you cross the threshold of that door, it shall be over your own body—I'm desperate—mad—frantic—whoorah! (*advancing towards her and flourishing his arms.*)

MATIL. (*screaming*) Ah! help! murder! police!  
(*falls into his arms.*)

SPARK. Zounds! she's fainted! 'Tilda—'Tilda! don't be a fool! I'd slap her hands, only I can't. Will any one come and slap this woman's hands?

MRS. P. (*without, R.*) Horatio Thomas, where are you?

SPARKS. Zounds! Aunt Charlotte's voice. (*seizing up MATILDA, and running about with her*) Where shall I take her to? what shall I do with her? (*shouting*) Will any one tell me what to do with her? I'd put her in the cistern, only we haven't got one.

MRS. P. Horatio Thomas, I say.

SPARK. Oh, lud!

(*Rushing off with MATILDA and runs up against*

PIVOT, who enters, C. from R.

PIVOT. Holloa! what do I see?

SPARK. (*to PIVOT*) Silence! not a word, or I'll strangle you. (*Rushing off into his room, R. with MATILDA.*)

PIVOT. (*astonished*) "Strangle!" he distinctly said "strangle."

*Enter MRS. PUDDIFOOT, C. from R.*

MRS. P. Matilda! Matilda, I say — (*seeing PIVOT*) Ah! Mr. Pivot.

PIVOT. (*suddenly*) No Ma'am, I haven't seen anything—I haven't seen anything—I haven't heard anything—I don't know anything—'pon my honour, ma'am. Good evening, ma'am! (*aside*) "Strangle!" he distinctly said "strangle!" (*makes his escape at door, C. to R.*)

MRS. P. Why, what's the matter with the man?

*Enter MAJOR VOLLEY, C. from R.*

MAJOR. Where the deuce is he! Do you know your nephew is a very extraordinary young man? There's no keeping him in one place for two minutes together.

MRS. P. I thought he was in the drawing-room.

MAJOR. Deuce a bit! we shall find him perched up on some article of furniture or other, I'll be bound

*Re-enter SPARKINS, from R. D.*

SPARK. (*very pale, and carrying a large brown pitcher*) Such a terrific scene! She no sooner came to herself than she threatened to drown herself in the wash-hand basin, upon which I laid violent hands on the pitcher of water, and here it is! (*seeing MAJOR*) Zounds! the Major. (*hiding the pitcher behind him*)

MAJOR. So I've found you at last, eh?

MRS. P. Yes, and you must come to the drawing-room, and sing your favourite song, the "Ship on fire."

SPARK. (*aside*) Sing the "ship on fire" with a pitcher of water in my hand?

MRS. P. By the bye, we can't make up a game of speculation for the want of counters. I think they must be in your room. (*going towards door, R.*)

SPARK. (*rushing and placing himself before door*) No, no, no! you'll find them in that table drawer—there! (*MRS. P. goes to table*)

*Enter FANNY, C. from R.*

FANNY. Now, Mr. Sparkins, are you going to sing, or not?

SPARK. Yes—certainly—most happy—but—(*aside to MAJOR VOLLEY, in a mysterious whisper*) There! (*putting the pitcher in his hand*) Hush! not a word! You understand!

*Runs out with FANNY, C. to R.*

MAJOR. Holloa! a pitcher! (*upsetting water over his legs.*) Zounds! here, stop! (*shouting after him*)

MRS. P. Heyday! what's the matter? why, Major, what have you got there?

MAJOR. Here! who, I—that is—(*bewildered*)

MRS. P. The man's had too much negus, and yet I'm sure it was weak enough! (*aloud*) You may well have recourse to a pitcher of water, sir—drink it, sir—every drop, sir—it will do you good, sir. Ugh! *Exit C. to R.*

MAJOR. The woman's mad! but why the deuce did my son-in-law deposit this ponderous pitcher in my hands?

*Enter PIVOT, C. from R.*

PIVOT. Major, you'll make one at a rubber at sixpenny shorts.

MAJOR. Certainly, but—(*aside to him, and in a mysterious whisper*) There! (*putting the pitcher into his hands*) Hush! not a word—you understand!

PIVOT. What's this? a pitcher! Major! Major! what the deuce shall I do with it. (*looking about at back for a place to deposit the pitcher*)

*Re-enter SPARKINS, C. from R.*

SPARK. (*speaking off as he enters*) There are thirteen more verses, but I can't remember them. (*to AUDIENCE*) No wonder—I can think of nothing but that unhappy creature I left stretched in a state of insensibility on the hearth rug.

PIVOT. (*at R. D.*) Suppose I put the pitcher in here! what do I see? a woman!

SPARK. (*running to him and swinging him round, upsetting the contents of the pitcher over him*) Hush! not a word, or I'll strangle you!

*Runs into room, R., slamming door after him.*

PIVOT. (*after a short pause*) Well, during the thirty years I've practised as an attorney, I'll venture to assert, affirm, and declare that—Zounds! here he is again!

(*seeing SPARKINS at R. runs off with pitcher, C. to R.*)

*Enter SPARKINS, R.*

SPARK. It's all right. I've not only persuaded Matilda that my marriage with Fanny is broken off; but I've actually prevailed on her to retire to her attic for the night—but she insists on having her bed warmed first—and no wonder, for I threw such a quantity of water on her face to bring her to, that I've given her a dreadful

cold in the head. Let me see, where the deuce is the warming pan? I think it's in Aunt Charlotte's room. (*goes into room, L. 1 E., and brings in warming pan—goes to fire place and scrapes some coals into the warming pan*) That'll do!

FANNY. (*without*) Mr. Sparkins!

SPARK. Zounds! here's Fanny.

(*hiding the warming pan behind him, the handle thrust up his coat, and the pan hanging down between his coat tails—*

*Enter FANNY, C. from R.*

FANNY. Well, Mr. Sparkins, you seem to forget that you invited me for the first polka. (*music of polka heard*)

SPARK. The first? no, the second! (*suddenly.*) Ah!

FANNY. What's the matter?

SPARK. Nothing! (*aside*) The warming pan's red hot, I'm sure it is.

*Enter MAJOR, C. from R.*

MAJOR. Well, Fanny, so you've found your partner, I see!

SPARK. (*running to her, still concealing the warming pan behind him*) Yes, here we are, (*putting his arms round her waist*) practising the polka. (*dancing with her, the pan dangling behind him—in passing the MAJOR, he stops, grasps his arm*) There! (*giving him the warming pan*) Hush! not a word—you understand!

*Takes FANNY's waist and exit dancing, C. to R.*

MAJOR. A warming pan! damn it! that's worse than the pitcher; what does it all mean? will anybody tell me what it all means?

*Runs off after SPARKINS, calling after him—runs up against*

*Mrs. PUDDIFOOT, enters C. from R.*

Mrs. P. Ah! (*screaming*)

MAJOR. A thousand pardons—but hush! not a word! you understand! there!

(*puts the pan in her hands and rushes off C. to R.*)

Mrs. P. (*shouting*) Major—Major! (*running about*)

*Enter PIVOT, C. from R.*

PIVOT. What's the matter, my dear madam?

MRS. P. Matter! run after the major! no! hush! not a word—you understand! there!

*Puts the pan into his hands and runs after MAJOR, C. to R.*

PIVOT. No, d—n it! I can't stand this! first a pitcher, then a warming pan. (*runs about*)

*Enter MATILDA, R. D.*

MATIL. What can keep Horatio Thomas so long? why does he not come with the warming pan? (*seeing PIVOT*) Oh, thank'ee, my good man—I will give you sixpence next time. (*about to take the warming pan*)

PIVOT. (*indignant*) Good man! do you know who I am, young woman? I'm Jeremiah John Pivot, Attorney-at-law, come to draw up the marriage settlements.

MATIL. Marriage settlements!

PIVOT. Yes, between Horace Thomas Sparkins, bachelor, and Fanny Volley, spinster.

MATIL. Ah! (*faints on his shoulder—then suddenly starts upright again, grasps him by the arm, and drags him forward*) Listen to me, old 'un—I don't wish to hurt you, but if you don't prevent this marriage, I'll kill you.

PIVOT. Help! murder!

*Rushes out, C. to R., dragging the warming pan after him.*

MATIL. So, then, the marriage is not broken off! Oh, Horatio Thomas, haven't I just got a rod in pickle for you?

*Enter MRS. PUDDIFOOT, C. from R.*

MRS. P. Oh, here you are, Matilda—come here! here are the bracelets. (*giving case*) When I ring the bell, you'll bring them in and present them to Miss Fanny Volley with Horatio Thomas's compliments! It'll be an agreeable surprise for her!

MATIL. Yes, ma'am!

MRS. P. Remember, you are not to come in till I ring the bell. *Exit, C. to R.*

MATIL. Very well, ma'am. (*aside*) Now to fetch the good-for-nothing wretch's portrait and the lock of his

odious hair—perhaps when I present *them* to the *dear creature*, her surprise will not be so very agreeable.

*Exit, L.*

*Enter SPARKINS, C. from R.*

SPARK. Fanny dances like an angel! I could have kept it up for an hour, only I suddenly recollected that that poor creature with a cold in her head was waiting all this time for the warming pan. (*Looking about stage*) Where the deuce can the old major have put it?

MAJOR *appears at door, R. C., with the warming pan in his hand.*

MAJOR. Can what Pivot tells me be true? "Major Volley," said he, putting the warming pan into my hands—I don't see why he should, but he did. "Major Volley," said he, it's my painful duty to inform you that I saw a youthful female come out of your intended son-in-law's room."

SPARK. Ah! (*seeing MAJOR, goes to him and lays hold of the end of warming pan.*) Thank ye, Major—sorry you should have had it in your hands so long, but—

MAJOR. (*gravely*) Stand aside, sir.

(*turning towards R. D.*)

SPARK. (*suddenly*) Where are you going?

MAJOR. (*significantly*) To your room, sir.

SPARK. Pooh! no, you can't—you shan't.

MAJOR. Shan't!

(*they struggle—the handle comes out, and the MAJOR rushes into rooms, R. 3 E.*)

SPARK. It's all over! he'll find Matilda. I shall lose Fanny—zounds!

(*tossing the hot warming pan from hand to hand, and at last throws it into fireplace.*)

*Enter MATILDA, L.*

Matilda! then you're *not there*! of course not—as you're *here*, you can't be *there*. (*anxiously looking towards R. D.*) Why didn't you retire to your attic? Let me entreat my poor suffering Matilda instantly to retire to her attic.

MATIL. (*in a freezing tone*) Not till the suffering

Matilda has obeyed her missuses' orders, and presented *something* she's got in her pocket to Miss Fanny Volley with Mr. Horatio Thomas's compliments.

SPARK. (*aside*) She means the bracelets.

MATILDA. (*taking out a miniature from her right hand pocket, and holding it up to HORATIO*) Here it is!

SPARK. (*aside*) My portrait! my lock of hair? (*suddenly*) Matilda, give me that portrait—that lock of hair—and I'll return you your letters. (*producing letters*—MATILDA *shakes her head*) I'll buy you ever so many shawls, and no end of bonnets—not one of which shall go on your head! There!

MATIL. Catch a weazel—(*shaking her head*)

SPARK. Lots of dresses, loads of stockings, bushels o boots and shoes!

MATIL. No, I want nothing but revenge!—that I'll have. I'll wait till I hear the drawing-room bell, and then I'll rather astonish your weak mind.

*Exit L., closing door.*

SPARK. But Matilda! Matilda, I say!

*Enter MAJOR, from door R., with Matilda's bonnet, which he holds behind his back—sees HORATIO—crosses to him, and leads him to C. of stage.*

MAJOR. Horatio Thomas Sparkins! as Fanny's only father—I mean—only parent, I desire that you will at once, and without prevarication, explain, solve, clear up, and elucidate this article of female attire which I've just discovered in your room. (*holding up bonnet*)

SPARKS. Well, I confess—I confess I am rather inclined to come to the conclusion that—it's a bonnet.

MAJOR. It is a bonnet, sir—but whose bonnet, sir?

SPARKS. (*quietly*) Aunt Charlotte's.

MAJOR. No such thing! I saw it on the head of her lady's maid the day before yesterday.

SPARK. Very likely—the fact is that—I think somebody called me. (*going up*)

MAJOR. (*pulling him back*) No, no, I insist on your explaining this bonnet, sir—this bonnet, sir, sticks in my throat!

SPARK. (*aside*) I wish it did, with all my heart! (*aloud*)

You must know that the owner of that bonnet has got an unfortunate habit of—of walking in her sleep.

MAJOR. A somnambulist! (*suddenly*) By Jove! here's a splendid opportunity of convincing them of the truth of the sublime science of mesmerism. (*running to bell rope*)

SPARK. What are you going to do?

MAJOR. Ring for her of course—I suppose she'd come.

SPARK. (*pulling him away*) I'm horribly afraid she *would*—with my portrait in one hand and my lock of hair in another! What's to be done? I have it. (*aloud to MAJOR*) She's there—in that room—put her to sleep through the keyhole (*imitating mesmeric pauses*) and then tell her to bring you some article or other—no matter what?

MAJOR. I write! what article?

SPARK. For instance, my *portrait*, and lock of *my* hair which I intended for Fanny! they're locked up in Aunt Charlotte's work box, and the key's in the china teacup on the mantelpiece! now begin (*MAJOR turns up his cuffs and begins making violent passes from himself towards the door, increasing in energy!*) Go it—keep it up.

MAJOR. Wheugh! it's very easy to say “go it”—“keep it up”—she must be in the mesmeric sleep by this time—so now to draw her into the room! (*begins again making violent passes.*)

SPARK. Capital—I think she's coming (*lays hold of bell rope and pulls the bell*)

MAJOR. Holloa! somebody rang.

SPARK. The people next door! go it!

*Enter* MRS. PUDDIFOOT, FANNY, PIVOT, LADIES and GENTLEMEN, &c., *C. from R.*

SPARK. (*seeing them*) Confound it, and I've just rung the bell.

MISS P. (*observing MAJOR's actions*) Mercy on me! what's the matter with the Major.

SPARK. (*aside to them*) Hush! slightly deranged, (*touching his forehead.*)

MRS. P. (*aside*) He's been at the negus again!—now then to ring for Matilda, (*rings bell, and MATILDA enters slowly L., and looks steadfast at HORATIO, MAJOR turns to*

company and seems to explain to them his mesmeric experiment.)

SPARK. (*aside*) Matilda (*in an imploring tone*) 'Tilda!

MATIL. Silence! I come here for revenge.

SPARK. (*aside*) She's got that infernal portrait, and that damned lock of hair in her pocket—it's all over with me. (*sinking into a chair.*)

MAJOR. (*to the company*) Now you shall see! ahem!—(*turning to MATILDA, and making mesmeric motions*) Now, young woman, I charge you answer me! (*turning to company*) Of course you are aware that she's in a deep mesmeric trance all this while. (*to MATILDA*) What have you come here for?

MATIL. (*emphatically*) To expose a faithless monster, in all his naked deformity!

(*the COMPANY express astonishment.*)

SPARK. (*aside*) That's me! I wish I was fifteen thousand miles off!

MATIL. I've got him in my pocket—I mean his portrait! (*looking fiercely at him, and at FANNY*)

SPARK. (*aside.*) Oh, for a trapdoor! I wouldn't even mind an earthquake—anything to swallow me up!

MAJOR. Halloo! halloo! what's that about a portrait? (*to HORATIO—suddenly and furiously*) So, sir! I see it all—you are the faithless monster! (*to MATILDA*) The portrait, quick! where is it?

MATIL. There! (*hands miniature to MAJOR*)

SPARK. It's all over! (*falls back*)

MAJOR. Now then! (*ALL surround him*) Now, then, to know who this faithless monster is. Heydey! what's this—who's this? A Lifeguardsman!

ALL. A Lifeguardsman!

SPARK. (*jumping up*) A Lifeguardsman! Tol de rol! tol de rol! (*dancing*)

MATIL. Oh, gemini! I've gone and put my hand into the wrong pocket!

SPARKS. (*to COMPANY*) And shall we allow—I repeat, shall we permit an innocent, a confiding female from the rural districts to be trifled with by a heartless, an inhuman Lifeguardsman? Never! (*to COMPANY*) Oblige me by saying—"Never!"

ALL. Never!

SPARK. (*to MATILDA*) Your wedding portion shall be our care! (*aside to her*) Here's my share—*your letters—* (*taking a bundle of papers out of his pocket.*) which I should only have to show to your Lifeguardsman—but which I will generously exchange for my portrait, and the lock of my hair.

MATIL. There! (*giving them to him*)

SPARK. There! (*giving papers to her*)

MATIL. What do I see? A bundle of five pound notes! Then you're a trump, after all!

SPARK. The devil! I've put my hand in the wrong pocket! Never mind—I've learnt a lesson that's well worth the money, and that is, not to familiarise oneself with one's servants! And now *polka generale!* Gentlemen, take your partners. Fanny—your hand.

(*ALL take partners, except MAJOR.*)

MAJOR. Holloa! holloa! what shall I do for a partner?

SPARK. I'll find you one. (*taking MATILDA's hand, and addressing AUDIENCE as he leads her to front*) Ladies and Gentlemen, I am going to introduce Matilda Jones to my worthy father-in-law; but as he's rather particuar who he dances with, may I refer her to *you*, in the hope that you will overlook her faults—

MATIL. And speak a kind word in favour of AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

*Music—and polka danced by the CHARACTERS.*

CURTAIN.

[THE LAST EDITION.]

# KENILWORTH:

OR,

Ye Queene, Ye Earle, and Ye Maydenne.

A COMIC OPERATIC EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY MESSRS.

ANDREW HALLIDAY

AND

FREDERIC LAWRENCE.

*(Revised and re-written, by Andrew Halliday.)*

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# KENILWORTH:

Or, Ye QUEEN, Ye EARL, and Ye MAYDENNE.

The Overture Composed and the Incidental Music Arranged by MR. FRANK MUSGRAVE.

The new and Splendid Scenery by MR. CHARLES FENTON.

COSTUMES BY MR. S. MAY, MRS. RICHARDSON, AND ASSISTANTS.

*Appointments by Mr. Brogden and Assistants. Machinery by Mr. Drummond and Assistants.*

Perquier, Mr. IMRIE. Gas Appointments by MR. J. HINKLEY.

The Burlesque Produced under the Direction of MR. PARSELLE and MR. A. HALLIDAY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (*A virgin QUEEN, verging on Fifty, the original strong-minded Woman, quite a rough character—at any rate a character in a ruff—with a great deal of hoop, and a little do-den, do.*) . . . . . MR. THOMAS THORNE.

EARL OF LEICESTER (*A Premier of the period, by no means Leicester Square in his policy, who, studying to please his Mistress, sold his stud, and in consequence wears a ruffled front.*) . . . . . Miss RAYNHAM.

AMY ROBSART (*An unprotected female, very much in distress and in the way, who, whilst making herself agreeable to others, will make herself very disagreeable to her husband, as ladies sometimes (?) do.*) . . . . . Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH.

WALTER RALEIGH (A *gent*, but a youth of great *cape-ability*, who, having taken a *Bird's-eye* view of the world, discovers Tobacco, *Returns* to England, and displays great *Shag-acity* by *Screw-ing* himself into the Queen's favour.) . . . Miss ELISE HOLT.

TRESILLIAN (A *Blighted Being*, who, having missed his *Aim-he*, wishes to take a random shot at himself. The whole of his property having *gone to the dogs*, he is not even a *Kennel-worth*.)

Miss E. JOHNSTONE.

DUKE OF SUSSEX (A leader of the Opposition—a *wag-in-waiting*, to be sent for with a party eager to *take a ride* on the seats of office.) . . . Miss WEATHERSBY.

JANET (A *Waiting Maid*—waiting for a husband—in the *blues*, in consequence of the heartless conduct of her particular baker, who has joined the line.) . . . Miss GRESHAM.

VARNEY (Leicester's *Master of the Horse*, (quite a sinecure under the circumstances,) a *villain* with one eye to business, and another *I* to rhyme with *Tresillian*. . . . Mr. D. JAMES.

WAYLAND SMITH Bank Director, Doctor, Horse-tamer, Poor Stroller, Rogue and Vagabond, (but why repeat synonymous terms?) everything by turns and nothing long, and although not of gentlemanly exterior, yet a person *bland in voice and demeanour*.) . . . Mr. C. FENTON.

MICHAEL LAMBOURNE (A swash-buckler, (whatever that may be,) from the *Spanish Main*—*main* fond of a drop of summat and consequently not bound by the *Maine* liquor law.) Mr. J. H. TURNER.

TONY FOSTER, *alias* FIRE-THE-FAGGOT (A *turncoat* in religion, and a *turnkey* in business—a party who has no compassion for a female in distress, and consequently unworthy of the name of, &c.)

Mr. COLLETT.

GILES GOSLING (An *Inn-keeper*, as shown by the fact that he comes *out* to serve his customers.)

Mr. EDGE.

Courtiers—Poets with nothing to *Chaw-Sir*—*Private Soldiers* so excited that their Officers can't keep a *Private still*—*Beef-eaters* (in name only,) and others too numerous to mention in *detail*, but who will be found in *de-tale* itself.

## Scene 1.--Chamber at Cumnor Place.

*With one door to come in at, and another door to go out at, consequently a Chamber in the Two-door style—A Female in distress—Ye Rejected Lover Music and Improper Overtures—Ye Arrival of ye Earle!—Ye Joy!—Y, Songs!—Ye Love-making!—Ye Opera!—Ye departure of ye Earle and—Ye Girl ye left behind him.*

## Scene 2.--YE ROAD TO LONDON.

*A Meeting A Sad Case A Harsh Judgment and an Appeal A Sell and a Bargain Arcades ambo.*

## Scene 3.---GREENWICH PALACE.

*GRAND BALLET DE HORNPIPES.*

*With the whole strength of ye Company and of ye River Thames Arrival of ye Queen in her Steam Galley! Rival Ministers Everybody soundly ratel, and tuel with various misdemeanours Affairs in general and a fair lady in particular Ye Earle in difficulties A Petition to the Court The Case referred for further hearing.*

## Scene 4.--YE ROAD TO KENILWORTH

*Leicester's Arms. "Two smart young Men who don't want a Hat." Down in the Strand. Tremendous Mob of Six. The Immortal Williams. China "this side up, with care." Four Kings all on the Stage at once. Little. The Bird Escaped. A Poor Stroller. A Conspiracy.*

# SCENE 5.--YE PLEA SAUCE AT KENILWORTH

AT SUNSET.

GRAND BALLET DE FOLIE!

**An Aristocratic Fete.** A *Royal Speech*. Court for *Probate and Matrimonial Causes*. *Verdict*, *Temporary Insanity*. Sports and Pastimes. The Wild Horse of—. The Property Room. A Regular Cruiser. Horse-Taming. The Secret Divulged! The Discovery of Tobacco

At the Right Shop. And the Discovery of a Noble Lord in the *Wrong Box*. A Wet Night for the Aristocracy. A *Critical Situation*.

## Scene 6.--The Black Oak Gallery

Transferred to Kenilworth for the sake of "business," which, of course, must be attended to. A trap. Going down the Road. A Rescue! Two Terrific Combats!

\* \* \* This is so terrific that the Scene Changes to

## Scene 7.--KENILWORTH GARDENS.

*The Secret Discovered*. Royal Indignation. *Alarming Intelligence*. False Report. No violence done—save to the History. *All's well that Ends Well*.

# KENILWORTH;

OR,

YE QUEENE, YE EARLE, AND YE MAYDENNE.

---

SCENE FIRST.—*A handsome Chamber of the Elizabethan period at Cumnor Place, richly furnished.*

JANET *dressed as waiting maid of the period, looking out of window at back, L.*

*Duet—Air, "My Pretty Page."*

AMY. (*sings off*) My pretty maid, look out afar,  
Look out, look out afar,  
See you my husband on the plain?  
Or at the turnpike bar.

JANET. (*at window*) No, fairest lady, all's serene,  
All's serene,  
No, fairest lady, all's serene.

*Enter AMY ROBSART, L. U. E.*

AMY. I am a-weary, feel as low and strange  
As Mariana, in the "Moated Grange,"  
And as that interesting female said,  
I wish—I do—I wish that I were dead.

JANET. Come, come, cheer up, your lord will not forget,  
He'll come ere long, and you'll be happy yet;  
This handsome room——

AMY. 'Tis not his room I want,  
'Tis rather for his company I pant;  
What are these gauds and braveries to me,  
If I've no lord these braveries to see?

JANET. Well, I confess, 'tis vexing to attire one,  
And be without a party to admire one.

Patience ! *(AMY shows signs of impatience)*

AMY. A virtue I do not possess,  
When waiting to show off a new silk dress;  
My new Balmoral boots, my crinoline,  
Are worn to catch no eye, because unseen.  
*(wrings her hands)*

JANET. Just as I felt when I went out without  
Meeting my Joseph, on my Sunday out;  
My kiss-me-quicks in vain with soap I twisted,  
Joe took my half year's wages and enlisted.

AMY. In what regiment? Have you heard the news?

JANET. He joined the line and left me in the blues.

AMY. (L.) My case is hard: a husband, and yet not.

JANET. My case is harder, I've no husband got.

AMY. I wish he'd come.

JANET. And so do I, I'm waiting—

A waiting maid.

AMY. It's very aggravating.

Janet, what would you think if you were I,  
In this old house mewed up to weep and sigh,  
Left to yourself for weeks and months so long—  
What would you think?

JANET. That there was something wrong.

AMY. That's just what I think, and I've laid a plan;

My lord is coming with his odious man,  
Varney, the wretch! if he his promise break,  
And take me not to town, I'll hence escape,  
Gammon the chaplain by a make-believe,  
And take by the first train a ticket-of-leave.

JANET. I don't blame you.

AMY. Wilt aid in my escape?

JANET. I will: dress you in my policeman's cape,  
Smug you through the kitchen, by the back door,  
Up th' area steps—I've done the trick before.

AMY. But no, I'll trust my lord for better fate,  
To *dish* my hopes he cannot contemplate,  
I hope he'll come before it's very late.

JANET. He's got the latch key of the postern gate.

AMY. Latch keys for doors I'm very much afraid,  
Are oft the cause that husbands are delayed.

*Exit JANET, L. 1. E.*

SONG—Music by Frank Musgrave, published  
by Metzler and Co., Great Marlborough-  
street.]

*Enter TRESILLIAN, L. F.*

TRESIL. I see now how it is—I smell a rat;  
I'll *pop* on't like a *weazel* or a cat.  
This is the house of Varney—Amy's here;  
She whom I loved, and thought my constant dear.  
I'll seek her out—perhaps against her will  
She has been forced away, and loves me still.

*Enter AMY, R. U. E*

AMY. Tresillian!

TRESIL. Amy!

AMY. Sir, what brings you here?

TRESIL. You hold one cheap, who holds you very dear.  
I come to save you, dear: my love's a brother's.  
Your heart was mine once——

AMY. But 'tis now another's.

TRESIL. What, you confess it, glory in your shame?

AMY. Shame! sir, I bear an honourable name.

TRESIL (*aside*). For me she cares not (*to AMY*) Oh! madam, your dad——

AMY. Eh, what of him?

TRESIL. He's ill: he's very bad:

Can't eat, can't drink, can't even ride to cover:

You know of sport he always was a lover.

But worse remains: my tearful eyes I wipe:

The poor old gentleman can't smoke his pipe.

AMY. My father, oh! my father, oh! alack, ah!

And can't he really take his bit of 'bacca?

TRESIL. No, not a whiff—and, to relieve his ills,

He's taken every ointment, all the pills:

I wonder on his stomach he's got any coats;

And then no longer does he *bruise his oats*;

Doesn't *give more*; I am no sham relater,

He can't *double up his perambulator*.

You've broke his heart, he now has no desires,

He's at death's door, and *no vent peg requires*.

AMY (*as speaking to herself*) I'd take a step my happiness might mar.

TRESIL. Don't mar the happiness of your papa(r).

AMY. My lord, I must consult, whate'er betide.

TRESIL. And put your *par* aside? 'tis *parricide*!

AMY. Father!

TRESIL. If you don't come without a fuss,

Your father will go *farther* and fare worse.

(*advancing to seize her*)

But come, no more, to Lidcote Hall away,

AMY. I won't, if you should *haul* away all day.

With you as *page* these *tracts* I'll never leave,

If you talk *volumes*—sir, you'll spoil my sleeve.

(*she struggles with him*)

Let go your hold—conduct yourself not thus,  
Like the conductor of a Holloway 'bus!

(*AMY screams*)

*Enter* TONY FORSTER and MIKE, *hastily*, L. U. F.

TONY. Gadzooks, what's this, sir? madam—what's the matter?

Ma'am, to your room, and you, sir, stop your clatter  
AMY. Not at your *wicked* will a *stump* I'll stir,

MIKE (L. C.) We've caught her out, I think——

TONY (R. C.) That's *bold* like her.

AMY. I *scont* your orders, now perhaps you're winning,  
I'll go, but not *long stop*, I'll have my *inning*.

*Exit* AMY, L. 1. E.

TRESIL. Her heart's shut up, blockaded, very sad,

She does not even cotton to her dad. *Exit*, L. U. E.

MIKE. He said her dad was ill, well now I'm bursted,  
How could she *cotton* to a dad that's *worsted*.

TONY. He is in liquor, follow him like Nemesis,  
Spirits like him found drunk upon our premises  
Would bring us soon without a single rap.

Mike, draw thy sword.

MIKE. What—treat him to the tap?

Be tapster, you; draw summut from your cellar,

(*TONY shakes his head*)

No sword I'll draw to serve a sordid fellow.

TONY. Away, away, you graceless, roaring sot,  
You'll have your *beer* ere long (*aside*) from Death's  
last pot!

*Exit* MIKE, L. U. E.—*a whistle is heard*, L.

Here comes my lord, 'mid this disorder sad. (*whistle  
is heard again*)

Yes, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad. (*clashing  
of swords outside*, L.)

*Enter* VARNEY at back, L. U. E., sword in hand—*seeing*  
TONY, he rushes on him, and seizes him by the throat,  
throws him round to L.

VARNEY. Rogue, scoundrel, jackass, most infamous villain,

How came you to admit that chap, Tresillian?  
Speak, speak!

TONY. (*on his knees*) I won't.

VARNEY. Won't you? my wrath provoke!

TONY. I only said I won't, sir, in a *choke*.

VARNEY. If, sir, at me of fun you'd be a poker,  
You'll find your jokes may prove a tight white choke.  
I met Tresillian at the postern gate,  
Posting away at double postage rate;  
I made him draw, on steel came steel,  
Like butchers fighting for the common *weal*.  
If I'd not dropp'd my dagger, with a wipe,  
I'd spoilt his *likeness* by a *dagger o' type*,  
And as I closed my fist to give a sedative,  
He made a slide, and left me but a negative.  
How does she bear herself? the gal, I mean:  
Apes she the countess?

TONY. Faith, she apes the queen,  
That is, upon the borders of't she's hovering—  
Accounts herself at least quite half a sovereign.

VARNEY. Ho, ho! she takes her state on her already,  
Fancies herself acknowledged Leicester's Lady.

TONY. She does, and in her airs I dare not stop her,  
I've done almost everything but whop her.

VARNEY. You'd better not do that. Mind it's a fact,  
Whopping a woman's six months by the Act.

You are a fool! humour her, that's the way—  
Say as she says, what'er she please to say.

There! (*throws cloak to him, L.*) Stop; is everything  
quite square?

TONY. Right as the bank.

VARNEY. No righter than that ere—  
The bank? You're joking, or you mean to quiz.  
Banks are, just now, the wrongest things as is.  
That hit's like Shakespear, always in its prime,  
It isn't for an age, but for all time.

My lord will soon be whistling at the gate,  
Let the *wag* in at once, and mind don't wait.

*Exit* TONY, L. U. E.—VARNEY takes several strides  
across the stage—thinks.

I have it! (*slaps forehead*) No I haven't—fool, fool, fool!

But come, I won't rave, I'll be cool, cool, cool!

(*starts and becomes calm again.*)

The case stands thus: Lord Leicester's been and gone  
And done it—that is married. On a throne

He might have sat. The queen gave him her hair;

I mean a lock of it—what meant that 'ere

That he an *heir* might give her to the crown;

Instead, he weds the daughter of a clown.

If Queen Bess hears of it, his pay she'll stop,

He'll lose his *stake* and get instead a *chop*. (*pauses*)

If he was such a fool, why I'm another.

Why did I not my qualms and *scruples* smother?

Drown every *grain* of sense in a deep *dram*,

Then for my *scruples* I'd not care a —— (*the word*

*"damn" supplied by the drum*)

I would have married her without a fear,

Have settled on three hundred pounds a year.

It's easy, if at fasting you don't squeak;

Join the High Church, and fast three times a week.

Don't take hot suppers; breakfast don't regret;

And, as the Scotchman says, "dinna forget." (*fondly*)

*Enter AMY, R.*

AMY. (*starting*) Varney!

VARNEY. (*aside*) 'Tis she!

AMY. Oh! tell me where's my lord!

VARNEY. He's on the way. Oh! nothing has occurred.

A letter. (*fumbles for it in his trousers pocket*).

AMY. Give it me, sir, messenger—

The *M.S.*, quick, you bad *M.S.*—*enger*.

VARNEY. (*fumbling*) These pegtop pockets are far too capacious.

Ah! here it is at last—eh, no! good gracious!

My duplicates, a writ, my washing bills,

My ready reckoner, and a box of pills.

(*taking out different articles.*)

AMY. The letter! (*impatiently*)

VARNEY. Stop a minute—let me see,

Perhaps its marked N., 'stead of W. C.

(*taking off his cap*)

Ah! here it is, in the head office sticking.

AMY. That *postal head*, methinks, requires a *licking*.

(AMY attempts to undo the ribbon of letter to hurried music.)

VARNEY. Allow me, pray. (*offering dagger*).

AMY. A love knot cut, and his'n!

What *steel* a letter as you'd slash a wizen?

No, I thank you, that will not do for me.

VARNEY. (*aside*) I'm not the blade for her, I plainly see.

AMY. (*reading*) "Dearest Amy—to write to you is pleasant  
I hope you're well, as this leaves me at present.

I send this missive on by Master Varney.

My love for you, my dearest, is all"—*stops at a word*.

VARNEY. (*aside*) Blarney!

AMY. I can't make out what by that scrawl is meant;

But I've no doubt it is a compliment. (*reads again*)

"I wish that all my fondness I could utter.

Pray make the tea and cut"—(cut, oh! I see)" and  
cut some bread and butter.

And then we'll take a walk, dear, in the ground,

And have a talk as we go bobbing round.

I'll come at once, on this I am no jester,

No more at present from your faithful Leicester.

Giv'n at the Royal Court, off Leicester Square."

VARNEY. Oh! there are lots of courts and alleys there.

(*she kisses the letter.*)

Would I were that sweet *note* that she is playing on,

Those arms my *envelope* (*to her*). Shall I be saying on

AMY. Shut up!

VARNEY. That *seals* my fate—cold I'd better be;

I'm but a stray *waif*-ah, and must *let her be*.

*Duet.—Air: "I'll Throw Myself Away."*

AMY. Go, Varney, your attentions are what I call too free,  
I pray you never mention such a thing again to me;  
For when I see your ugly phiz my eyes I turn away,  
On such as you, you cannot think I'd throw myself  
away;

I ne'er will love your black looks whatever you may  
say!

VARNEY. Oh, if I could but please thee!

AMY. Go, take yourself away!

VARNEY. Oh, Amy! your attractions are far too much for me,

I hope you'll let me mention, how deep's my love for thee;

For when I see your lovely face, believe me when I say,  
Unless you take compassion, I must throw myself away;

For I dearly love your sweet looks, whatever you may say.

AMY. Go, sir! you do not please me!

VARNEY. I'll throw myself away!

*Exit VARNEY, dancing off to tune, L. U. R.*

AMY. A sweet epistle (*kisses it*) tender, and yet funny;

'Tis cream laid paper, and the words are honey.

(*a whistle is heard—LEICESTER appears in the doorway, L. U. E.—AMY turns suddenly round and rushes in his arms.*)

AMY. My Leicester!

LEICES. Amy!

AMY. (*embracing*) Dearest, darling hub, you

You cannot think how very much I lub you.

Where have you been? How long, dear, you have tarried;

Here, all alone, I scarcely feel I'm married.

LEICES. Don't you? how's that?

AMY. Perhaps you'll think it queer,

But I've no one to quarrel with, my dear;

When that's the case, and woman's left alone,

The poor dear creature's occupation's gone.

Let me reproach you, love, 'twill do me good.

LEICES. Go on, then.

AMY. (*in mock tragedy*) Monster of ingratitude!

Faithless, unkind, and cruel. (*hesitates*)

LEICES. Go a-head.

AMY. I wish to you I never had been wed!

I wish, do, I wish that I were dead!

I wish I'd been Tresillian's wife instead.

Then 'd have had a husband and a home,

But *you!* you leave me, through the world you roam,

Dining and dancing, for sensation panting,  
 After each *gal* you go a *gallivanting*  
 Smoke your cigar, and drink your cogniac,  
 And of the choicest pleasures have your whack,  
 While I remain alone to weep and sigh—  
 You call yourself a husband—fie, fie, fie!  
 Hear me, like that wronged Jewish Maiden, Leah,  
 Hear me while I—(*dropping the tragic and falling*  
*into his arms*) tell you how I love you, dear.

LEICES. For that, at least, I can be none the worse,  
 (*aside*) Perhaps she does not think me *worth a curse*.

AMY. I've had my say—no more I'll rake it up again.

LEICES. So just one little kiss.

AMY. To make it up again. (*they embrace*)  
 Now, tell me all you've done, and all you've seen,  
 How you have passed the time, and where you've

LEICES. I've been to see Martha. [been.

AMY. Oh, fie, for shame!

LEICES. Oh, not a girl—the opera of that name,  
 With Pyne and Harrison, it's really fine.

AMY. This *harassin'* relation makes me *pine*;  
 What is an opera like? I long to know.

LEICES. Well, if you'll help me, I will try and show  
 And though, perhaps, it will not bear comparison,  
 You'll be Miss Pyne, and I'll be Mr. Harrison.

*Duet.*—"M'appari tout àmour."—Martha.

ICES. A lady at a fair, in the guise of servant lass,  
 With her smile won a lad who happened there to pass.  
 It is not, I confess, what does happen in real life,  
 That a clown should wed a countess for a wife.

. Oh, yes, oh, yes, I know! the tale I know.  
 The lady did return the farmer's glance and so,  
 He engaged her as his servant, being taken with her  
 grace;

But she struck at her work, and ran away from her  
 place.

Martha, Martha, why did'st leave me?

False you were to cut away;

Faithless Patty to deceive me,

Too bad, too bad, I say!

AMY. But do unmantle, dear——

LEICES. To let you see

If I'm the swell that people say I be.

Is that it? Like you women—well, prepare!

Now, watch me close, there's no deception—there!

*(throws off cloak, imitating the manner of a conjuror, displaying his rich dress and decorations)*

AMY. (R., with delight) So crummy—la! with precious stones encrust!

They must have surely cost you heaps of dust.

LEICES. (L.) No, suits are cheap; there's no continuation Of vested interests in the British nation Since Chancery was reformed, they are quite willing To suit you with a suit for fifty shilling.

Oh, I assure you, now our fast young men

Can cut the tiptop swell for two pound ten—

But come, dear Amy, sit upon my knee.

*(sitting c. and taking her on his knee)*

AMY. (R.) The *ne plus ultra* of felicity.

LEICES. (L.) My chunky. *(chucking her under the chin)*

AMY. Ducky.

*(chucking him under the chin—they fondle each other—AMY notices his orders)*

AMY. Oh, how nicey, nicey!

What are those glittering things, so very spiey?

LEICES. Oh, these are orders, things men greatly prize, Hooks by which premiers secure their ayes.

I'm often asked for orders.

AMY. Gracious heaven!

LEICES. Oh, orders "not admitted after seven."

AMY. *(taking hold of one)* What call you this one?

LEICES. That's the Golden Fleece.

AMY. Lawyers and bankers should have one a piece.

This? *(touching another)*

LEICES. Th' honourable Order of the Bath; And pure should be the man this Order hath.

It upon great warriors' breasts we fix,  
But never now confer it on mere sticks.

AMY. Can this be true? oh dear, oh deary me,

Then how came you to be a K. C. B.?

*(looking at garter round his leg)*

And what is this that round thy *leg I see?*

LEICES. That is an honourable *legacy*.

A countess dropped her garter——

AMY. Loose and shocking.

LEICES. Oh, she was only loose, dear, in her stocking.

(*to Orchestra*) I'm going to sing a song about a garter,  
Will you oblige with the "Ratcatcher's Daughter?"

Song—*Music published by Lacy, 89, Strand.*

Long, long ago, in Westminster,  
Somewhere about that quarter,  
King Edward the Third, his state he held,  
On this side of the water.

One day a pretty countess dropped  
I hope 'twont prove a starter,  
Upon the floor, before them all,  
Her pretty little neat natty garter.

*Chorus—Doodle do, &c.*

The King he stooped to pick it up,  
The courtiers saw what he was arter,  
And they covered their faces with their lily white  
At the sight of a lady's garter. [hands,  
But the King he said, "You naughty men,  
You don't know what you're arter,  
If any of you could parley voo,  
You could read what's on the garter."

*Chorus—"Honi soit qui mal y pense,"*

These words are on the garter.

Then the King an Order did institute,  
To remind them all thereafter,  
That only the evil thinking man  
Would at such things be a starter;  
And "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,"  
Kings, emperors, and dukes sigh arter,  
For these were the words which the King did write  
On the pretty little countess's garter.

*Chorus—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."*

These words are upon the garter

LEICES. But what of these?—what jewel can bedeck  
Me half so well as Amy round my neck?

(AMY embraces him)

AMY. Then stay with me to live and be my love;  
To my *Lidcote* be constant as the *dove*.

LEICES. I may not stay; it is not in my power,  
The hour's at hand; the hand's upon the hour.

AMY. Going so early, and your wife without;  
You promised me, you know, to bring me out;  
To own me to the world your wedded wife.

(*clings round him*)

LEICES. Not yet, dear one; I dare not for my life.  
When I've secured my place, love, then I can.  
My mistress seeks for an unmarried man,  
Without incumbrance, dear, or little hollowness.  
She says she won't allow of any followers.

AMY. Ah me! ah me!

LEICES. Pressing affairs of state,  
Take me away at thirty-five past eight.

AMY. Oh! cruel, cruel man!

LEICES. Don't make a fuss.

AMY. Wilt go by rail?

LEICES. No, I will take a 'bus (*kisses her and exit, L. U. E.*

*Claribel Polka.*

[Published by Boosey and Son.]

AMY. Oh, Leicester dear! my heart is sad that I must  
part from you!

LEICES. Oh, Amy dear, tho' far away my love for thee is  
true.

BOTH. I sigh for thee—I'd die for thee;  
Oh, sad the hour when we must part.

(*LEICESTER exits D. L. F., AMY leans against chair as scene  
closes.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Road to London.*

*Music, a sad, solemn melody—Enter TRESILLIAN, L., sad  
and pensive—takes two or three steps, then stops before  
footlights.*

(*TRESILLIAN paces the stage moodily—WAYLAND  
singing off, "I want some one to do"—Enters  
at L. and sees TRESILLIAN*)

WAYL. (*takes off hat and begs*) Kyind Christian friends—

TRESIL. (R.) Say, who is he that speaks?

WAYL. I haven't tasted food for several weeks:

I've nineteen children—let me beg a copper.

TRESIL. Nineteen: it strikes me, friend, that that's a whopper!

WAYL. It's true, it's true—it can't be denied.

TRESIL. Got at some shop where "families are supplied."

Go work.

WAYL. I can't with all my *kids upon my hands*.

TRESIL. Then to the workhouse go.

WAYL. The workhouse, niver!

The very word affects me with a shiver!

TRESIL. They'll take you in.

WAYL. Oh, yes, without a doubt;

They'll take me in, and then they'll *lay me out*

Before I'm dead, and say all censure scoffin—

The pauper tramp died in a fit of coffin!

TRESIL. Step it; move on!

WAYL. I'd rather go with you.

TRESIL. Well, if I take you, come, what can you do?

But what's your name before I ask you more?

WAYL. Smith! [name before

TRESIL. (*pondering*) Smith! I think I've heard that

Come, who'll speak for you as to your pre-cedents?

WAYL. My uncle!

TRESIL. No, I mean your *aunty*-cedents.

*Statue Music.*

TRESIL. Born in a prison, brought up in the gutter,  
A struggle hard to get his bread and butter;  
Sent out into the streets to beg or steal,  
He puts his shoulder to the Catherine Wheel.  
Opens cab doors—is starving—sweeps a crossing;  
Does anything, in fact, to bring the dross in;  
Engaged distributing a doctor's bills,  
He learns the mysteries of draughts and pills;  
He sets up for himself—becomes a swell—

He drives a pair, and does extremely well.  
 You're duly qualified my friend I see,  
 'Tis often thus a man becomes M. D.

(*Appropriate Pantomime, by WAYLAND, during this speech.*)

TRESIL. "Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

WAYL. With "two certificates" and my palm well greased.

TRESIL. "Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"

WAYL. Pluck any one. (*aside*) I'll *pluck* you ere to-morrow.

TRESIL. "Raze out the written troubles of the mind?"

WAYL. I'll *raze* out anything to *raise* the wind.

TRESIL. "Cleanse off the stuff that weighs upon the heart?"

WAYL. A heart well stuffed I'd polish off and tart.

TRESIL. The very man I want. My lord and master,  
 The Earl of Sussex, is in sad disaster.

With gout in bed he's laid up very ill.

WAYL. Give me a *draft*, I'll give my lord a *pill*.

Has he aught taken?

TRESIL. Yes, Holloway's Ointment.

WAYL. That eased his pain?

TRESIL. No, 'twas a disapp—ointment  
 Is your pill safe?

WAYL. Without the least alloy;  
 The master mixed it, not the chemist's boy.

TRESIL. Your reference is——

WAYL. The Earl of Aldborough.

TRESIL. Stuff.

WAYL. Upon my word and honor.

TRESIL. That's enough.

*Air: "Reflecting on the Past."*

TRESIL. You are the very man for me,  
 If you can cure you'll have your fee;  
 And if you don't, why, then you see,  
 You just must go without it.

WAYL. Good sir, my nostrum never fails,

## KENILWORTH.

Whatever aches, whatever ails,  
In every case it's sure as nails—  
It's never yet been doubted.

### *Chorus.*

Rub it well on the part—oh, yes! oh, yes! I understand,  
With soft and gentle touch of palm as never yet was  
known.

From top to toe—I do it with a tender hand,  
And from the antiquated party you'll never hear a  
groan. *(Dance, and exeunt R. 1. E.)*

*Enter VARNEY and MIKE LAMBOURNE, L.—VARNEY takes immense strides across the stage—MIKE follows him and imitates him.*

VARNEY. *(crossing R.)* Ha, ha!

MIKE. *(imitates)* Ha, ha!

VARNEY *(takes more strides to L. side)* Ho, ho!

MIKE. *(imitates action.)* Ho, ho!

VARNEY. Enough!

You'll do upon the pinch—you're up to snuff.

“Arcades ambo!” *(MIKE stares)* Why do you stare  
on us?

It means, in English, blackguards, the pair on us  
Barbarians!

MIKE. Oh! don't do that, you know

You hurts my feelings when you call me so.

VARNEY. What shall I call you then, my friend, I pray?

MIKE. I don't mind what you call me for good pay.

VARNEY. Well, forty pounds a-year, that's wealth galore.

MIKE *(indignantly)* What! forty pounds!

VARNEY. Some curates get no more.

Compared with governesses, why it's slashing,

And they're expected now to do the washing.

But come, to business. Foster says you're up

In every cut-throat science, love a cup——

MIKE. But yet do murder with a smiling face.

VARNEY. Then you're “the right man in the right place.”

But first you on your merits I will try,

Let me examine you on villany.

Come, say your catechism, quickly tell,  
Could you a party shove into a well?

MIKE. Could I?

VARNEY. Could you? Yes, on my injunction.

MIKE. Of course I could, without the least compunction.

VARNEY. Could you a female murder in a valley?

MIKE. Ay, if she were my much-loved sister, Sally!

VARNEY. Could you, when in the vein, and you had leisure  
Poison your mother-in-law?

MIKE. I could, with pleasure!

VARNEY. Slice throats?

MIKE. Like cucumbers!

VARNEY. Crack heads?

MIKE. Like nuts!

VARNEY. Set fire to houses?

MIKE. Yes.

VARNEY. No ifs or buts,  
No hesitation?

MIKE. None.

VARNEY. Commit bigamy?

MIKE. Bigamy; if necessary, trigamy.

VARNEY. The most accomplished villain of the day,

And just the man for a sensation play.

Consider your engagement settled, there!

And for the cut-throat business now prepare.

MIKE. Oh, what will my poor mother say? (*weeps*)

VARNEY (*consoling him.*) There! there!

My horse! my horse, ho!

MIKE. Oh, ma mère! ma mère. [*Exit L. 1. E.*]

Song—*The Galloping Swell.\**

VARNEY. When I go a riding in Rotten Row, Rotten  
Row, Rotten Row,

Galloping in the raree show,

The folks will say I'm a nob,

Mounted on a cob,

Cantering, bob, bob.

Galloping like a snop,

A dandy, oh! a dandy, oh!

\* This popular song is published by Metzler and Co.,  
Great Marlborough-street.



RALEIGH. Whistle her down the wind, as Shakespeare says  
Somewhere or other in his madcap plays.

TRESIL. To whistle I've no heart: I'm quite done brown—  
I can't make *up* a mouth, my mouth is *down*.

RALEIGH. Whistle you can't—could you do such a thing  
As lend a note, while we attempt to sing?

*Duet.—Air, "Dudah."*

RALEIGH. Pray don't pull a face so long,  
With a dudah, a dudah!

TRESIL. Pray don't sing that dreadful song,  
With a dudah, dudah, dey!

RALEIGH. I'll sing it all the day.

TRESIL. You'll kill me if you do.

RALEIGH. I won't move on for less than a bob.

TRESIL. Then I'll move away from you. (*going, L.*)

*Chorus.*

TRESIL. What's the meaning, sir, I pray,  
Of a dudah, of a dudah?

RALEIGH. 'Pon my word, sir, I can't say,  
But—a dudah, dudah, dey!

TRESIL. Of dudah I shall die,  
Or else of dudah dey.

RALEIGH. It's now all dudah, or a dooden or a doo,  
We sing both night and day.

(*Comic Dance, "Black Sal and Dusty Bob"*)

*Flourish of trumpets.—Enter LEICESTER and VARNEY, L., with their RETAINERS, who take up position R., one bearing the ensign of Leicester, the "Bear and Ragged Staff;" another flourish of trumpets. Enter SUSSEX and FOLLOWERS, R., who take up their position, L., leaving centre of the stage clear for the arrival of the QUEEN—LEICESTER and VARNEY advance.*

LEICES. (R. C.) See, Sussex is himself again!

VARNEY. (R.) Confound him!

LEICES. Bother him!

VARNEY. Blow him!

LEICES. I should like to drown'd him!

VARNEY. To hold his bill!

LEICES. Or to review his book!

VARNEY. Or without more ado, his goose to cook!

LEICES. I'd warm him!

VARNEY. Yes, and I would give him pepper!

LEICES. I fear that into favour he's a stepper,

The Queen has called on him—how big he waxes.

VARNEY. She called on me, too.

LEICES. Eh! What for?

VARNEY. The taxes!

And when I knew for what the Queen had come,  
I sent to say that I was not at home.

LEICES. (*pointing to SUSSEX, who is walking about, &c.*) His  
chalky gout is gone, how well he walks.

VARNEY. His chalky gout, I see, has walked its chalks.

LEICES. Hast heard aught of this visit?

VARNEY. Yes, they say

The Queen laughed at him, when he came away.

LEICES. Liked she his entertainment?

VARNEY. 'Twas a slow one,

Like other entertainments that we know on.

LEICES. What else didst hear?

VARNEY. The beef was underdone,

And very hard, harder almost than none;  
The mutton cold. Could any man be bolder,  
Than to give her Majesty the cold shoulder;  
And when the Bishop said, "Upon my life,  
I think lord Sussex sadly wants a wife——"

LEICES. What said Her Majesty to that, I wonder?

VARNEY. Why, looked like forked lightning, and said  
like thunder,

"A wife! he'd better first be axing me,  
Or soon, gadzooks, I shall be axing he."

(LEICESTER places his hand uneasily upon his neck)

VARNEY. (*aside*) That touched him on the raw, I rawther

LEICES. Oh, of destruction I am on the brink, [think.

And much this silly marriage now I'm rueing.

VARNEY. (*aside*) 'Tis time to rue what's like to be your  
ruin.

And mine too, since by him, I fall or rise.

LEICES. We must beware—beware of prying eyes.

VARNEY. The eyes that pries, those eyes I will surprise.

LEICES. Look to it well! Keep dark that gal, or I——

VARNEY (*significantly*) Dark; yes, as the National Gallery.

(LEICESTER and VARNEY *turn up*, R.—LEICESTER and SUSSEX *meet*, C., and threaten each other—VARNEY and TRESILLIAN *do the same*—SUSSEX and TRESILLIAN *coming down*, L. C.)

TRESIL. (L.) My lord, how stands my case?

SUSSEX. (R.) In this condition,

To-day I will present your sad petition;

Her looks, good fortune, do betoken you;

But mind don't speak, save when you're spoken to.

(SUSSEX and TRESILLIAN *retire up*, L.)

VARNEY (C.) Stand back, good folks, and Raleigh, you stand back, or—— (*threateningly*)

RALEIGH. Oh, you be blowed sir! and stand your own baccar.

*Enter a gilded antique steamboat, with smoke from funnel, R. on the paddle-box, painted "London Pride, One Half-penny,"—QUEEN on paddle-box as captain.*

VARNEY. The Queen! now shout with all your mights and mains!

With loyal *hails* salute the Queen that reigns. (*all shout*)

QUEEN. Go ahead! ease her! half a turn astarn!

That engineer has very much to learn.

*Music, flourish of trumpets—QUEEN, holding her nose, steps from the boat, followed by her ladies, LEICESTER, SUSSEX, and others bowing low.*

My Frangipanni! Quick, you saucy wench,

To rid me of this sickening river stench—

Stay—we forget we're in a different age,

Since last we landed on this landing stage.

Completed now the great main drainage trench,

The river yields no longer stench but *tench*.

No more we'll carp, fulfilled are all our wishes,

Dead dogs have given place to living fishes.

(QUEEN *advancing toward footlights, d'scovers* *upon the stage—stopping*)

How now, my lords, what means this wet and muddle?

Would you, then, lose your sovereign in a puddle?

Are we too old, or do you seek a better 'un?

Stepping in wet would us make soon a wetter 'un.

(RALEIGH *rushes forward* L. C., *undoes doublet, folds*

A gallant youth! our thanks you'll not escape;  
On Fortune's voyage—you have *doubled the Cape*.

SUSSEX. That youth assumes with all of us to cope.

LEICES. That cape I see is his "Cape of Good Hope."

VARNEY. (R.) *Doubling that cape will bring him into  
"Port."*

But *Cape port* is not of a first-rate sort.

SUSSEX. (L.) Clearly that youth has very great ability;

He shews what one might call his *cape-ability*.

LEICES. I'll tell you what—I'll bet a large amount,  
If he's not *knighted*, she'll turn him to *account*.

TRESIL. (L.) Were he now nobled as he's standing here,  
He'd rank no higher than a Greenwich *pier*.

QUEEN. (C.) And now, rash youth, our royal self supposes,  
That your new doublet is just fresh from Moses.

'Tis somewhat damaged by our royal tread;

We'll order you a bran new one instead:

Reward to *boot*, your injured *soul* to *heal*.

RALEIGH. To *boot*, I want no *sole*, nor any *heel*.

QUEEN. Fair youth! it strikes us you are somewhat *rash*;  
Perhaps you'd rather have the ready cash.

RALEIGH. Most gracious madam, I must still decline—

To cash, nor new cloak do I now incline,

I'd rather keep the old one, if you please;

I beg—I pray it on my bended knees.

(*attempts to kneel*)

QUEEN. What *does* he mean? it is our sovereign will  
To know why you would keep the old one still.

RALEIGH. Because, your grace, if I should wish to pawn it,  
I'll tell m' uncle I have had a *sovereign* on it.

(*RALEIGH takes up cloak, hangs it over his arm and  
retires—the QUEEN advances two or three steps to  
music, and, looking first at LEICESTER, and then  
at SUSSEX, halts.*)

QUEEN. How now, my lords! *what* means this armed  
display?

LEICES. (R.) My liege!

SUSSEX. (L.) Your grace!

QUEEN. Why all these troops, I say?

Of our high favour, you will not be gainers,

'*t* it *grief*, by holding these *retainers*.

SUSSEX. *What do you honour.*

VARNEY. Honour!

LEICES. *(bowing and putting hand on breast)* Honour!

QUEEN. Your Queen likes not such *honour* thrust upon *her*,  
Your feuds and arms disturb our town's propriety,  
Like drunken gents at night with "Lul-e-li-ety."

*Air: "Virgin Queen."*

Mind, I'm the Queen of England,  
So tremble at my frown,  
For tho' I wear a petticoat,  
I also wear a crown;  
I also wield a sceptre, and  
To be obeyed I mean,  
Just mind what you are after, sir,  
I am the Virgin Queen.

When I swell in Piccadilly,  
To which a rhyme is silly,  
And also Piccallily,  
I'll let you all to see;  
Tho' as fair as any lily,  
I've a temper hot as Chilli,  
And will make you willy, nilly,  
All to knuckle down to me.

*Chorus.*

When she swells in Piccadilly,  
To which a rhyme is silly,  
And also Piccallily,  
She'll let us all to see;  
Tho' as fair as any lily,  
She's a temper hot as Chilli,  
And will make us willy, nilly,  
All to knuckle down to she.

QUEEN. Crash—smash; this is what I mean,

Down upon your marrowbones, I am the Virgin Queen

ALL. Crash—smash, &c. *(all kneel.)*

SUSSEX. *(going up to QUEEN)* My lie e, I have the honour  
to present

The tale of a true subject's discontent;  
One of his bride defrauded by a *villain*.

QUEEN. Tell me his name.

SUSSEX. This youth, my liege—Tresillian.

Pity the sorrows of a poor young man,  
Whose life is dwindling to the shortest span,

Daily grows worse, or is at least no better—ah!

QUEEN. I know the rest—et cetera, et cetera.

(SUSSEX hands petition to QUEEN—she reads it rapidly)

The daughter of Hugh Robert ta'en away  
By Leicester's minion, Varney (to VARNEY) Step  
this way.

LEICES. (*starting and aside*) I'm lost, I'm lost! Oh, much  
too long I've tarried!

I'm lost for ever if she finds I'm married.

(*seizing VARNEY*) Oh, let me speak! the fat is in the  
fire!

VARNEY (*aside*) Don't play the fool, but let me play the  
liar. (*crosses to R. C., advances to QUEEN*)

Most mighty Queen, who us doth ever reign,  
I'd give a score of *bobs* for a good sovereign.

(*bows repeatedly*)

'Tis true I've ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
For better *half*—I've had her for a *quarter*.

True, I have married her, and no mistake—

My head or front for my offending take.

(*offers his head to QUEEN*)

QUEEN. A-front we brook not—pray you, sir, take care;  
The crown doth not acknowledge a *false heir*.

VARNEY. Her father loved me—oft invited me—

With plums and hardbake oft delighted me;

Oft questioned me to say my lessons to him—

I never could, because I never knew 'em;

And ever and anon I sneaked away

To fly with Amy in the lane to play.

Much more I liked to look in Amy's eyes,

With her to play *hop scotch*, and make mud pies.



SCENE FOURTH.—*Road to Kenilworth.*

*View of the village of Kenilworth in the distance—an Inn sign projecting, bearing the picture of two arms, inscribed "Leicester Arms"—fingerpost, with "Road to Kenilworth," R.*

*Enter RALEIGH and TRESILLIAN, L., laughing.*

RALEIGH. Make me a captain—— premature, I think;  
But, here's an *inn sign*, stop and let us drink.

TRESIL. Oh! by all means, I own I'm precious dry,  
To clear my dusty throat, I'll wet my eye.

RALEIGH. Agreed! let's toss who pays. You cry to me.  
(RALEIGH tosses)

TRESIL. Heads!

RALEIGH. Tails! and tails it is; what shall it be?

TRESIL. Well, I will take—ah—I so very seedy am,  
A pot of *dimidium et dimidium*.

RALEIGH. (*laughs*) Now, 'pon my word, you really make  
me laugh—

Couldn't you say at once, some *half and half*.

TRESIL. For Latin jokes your intellect's *non est*;  
Those laugh the most who understand the least.

RALEIGH. (*calling off*) What, ho! Sir Tapster! ho! what  
can delay him?

TRESIL. You *ho!* the tapster! but I've got to *pay* him.

*Enter LANDLORD, L., from house.*

LAND. Good day, my lords, what shall I have the  
pleasure——

RALEIGH. A pot of half and half, and fill the measure.  
(LANDLORD going)

TRESIL. And draw it mild, (LANDLORD going)

RALEIGH. And put some ginger too.

(LANDLORD going)

TRESIL. Give it a head, (LANDLORD going)

RALEIGH. And mind it's not too new.

(LANDLORD going)

TRESIL. Nor yet too old, (LANDLORD going)

RALEIGH. And while beginning it,

Throw in a dash of your best gin in it.

(LANDLORD going)

TRESIL. And stop—pray add a little nutmeg,

RALEIGH. *True,*

And put the smallest bit of ginger too!

LAND. (*aside*) They're perfect *bears*, thus to spoil my  
Many such customers would be my ruin. *brewing,*

*Exit LANDLORD into house, L.—distant music is heard.*

RALEIGH. Oh! here they come!—look by the turnpike  
All bound to Kenilworth to see the fete. [*gate,*

TRESIL. (*looking off*) Where?

RALEIGH. (*pointing*) There!

TRESIL. Ah! now I see.

*Enter LANDLORD, with pot, L.*

LAND. My lords, your liquor.

(RALEIGH and TRESSILLIAN both rush to seize it—

RALEIGH *drinks first*)

TRESIL. Your beak don't dip too deep into that beaker.

RALEIGH. (*to LANDLORD*) You may retire, landlord; come  
when we call. (*drinks*) *Exit LANDLORD.*

TRESIL. Oh! come, I say, stop, stop—don't drink it all!  
(*takes pot from RALEIGH and looks into it*) A stage  
pot, nothing in it—'pon my word,

Draining these pots is surely quite absurd. (*throws  
pot off in disgust*)

“*Ghost's Galop.*”

(Published by Boosey and Son.)

RALEIGH. Now it's time to go,  
Let us start together;  
Off to see the show,  
Oh! won't we have some fun.

TRESIL. Let us run a race,  
While they play the fiddle;  
We'll put on the pace, my lad,  
So now then for it—run!

[*Dance, and exeunt R. H.*

*running in imitation of the railway engine.*

*Enter WAYLAND SMITH and AMY, L., in the guise of strollers, AMY in short petticoats, red cloak, and hood.*

AMY. (*timidly*) Have they retired?

WAYL. (*looking off, R.*) Yes; do not fear they've hook'd it.

AMY. They're rogues and vagabonds I think.

WAYL. They looked it.

AMY. Quite a great mob.

WAYL. Tremendous mob of two;

But I'll protect you—stick to me now, do.

AMY. (*aside*) I'm sorry now from Cumnor I departed.

WAYL. Cheer up, my duck, and don't be chicken-hearted!

AMY. Oh, if my daring project now should fail?

WAYL. Oh, do not fear, my pigeon—do not quail—

Let me your guide be.

AMY. I can't make you out.

WAYL. I'm not a *Railway Guide* to make you doubt.

Judge not the inner man by the exterior;

My *togs* are altogether most inferior.

What keeps me warm in every vital part,

Is not my clothes, good lady, but my heart.

That heart is one that can feel for another.

AMY. In sad misfortune, then, you are my brother.

WAYL. Now who are you?

AMY. I think you are a true man.

WAYL. You may depend on me.

AMY. (*taking him to the footlights, mysteriously*) Well, I'm a woman!

*Duet and Dance—Air, "Billy Taylor."*

AMY. A noble lord, the Earl of Leicester,

A noble lord of high degree,

He came to Lidcote Hall a hunting,

And a fancy took to me.

WAYL. You surely don't mean the Earl of Leicester,

That noble lord of high degree;

Who's giving the fete at Kenilworth Castle

To divert Her Majesty?

AMY. Yes; I mean the Earl of Leicester,

That noble lord of high degree;

AMY. Who's giving the fete at Kenilworth Castle?

BOTH. To divert Her Majesty.

- WAYL. And what did he do, the Earl of Leicester,  
When he took a fancy to thee?
- AMY. Why did the thing that was right and proper,  
Went and took and married me.
- WAYL. Now it strikes me that's a whopper,  
Or a great *impro-ba-bil-i-tee*;
- AMY. On your doubts I'll put a stopper,  
(*showing paper*)  
There's our marriage lines you see.
- BOTH. Tol, lol, lol.
- WAYL. Oh, my goodness! oh, my gracious!  
You don't mean for to go for to say  
That you are really the Countess of Leicester,  
That's wandering about in this array?
- AMY. 'Tis well you cry out, oh, my goodness!  
Oh, my gracious! as you say;  
But I am really the Countess of Leicester,  
That's wandering about in this array.
- BOTH. Tol, lol, lol.
- WAYL. And if you're going to Kenilworth Castle,  
What's the scheme you have in view?
- AMY. 'Tis to make my husband own me,  
That's the plan that I pursue.
- WAY. I'll assist you in your project.
- AMY. Will you really to me stick?
- WAY. Yes, and no mistake about it;  
There's my hand.
- AMY. You are a brick!
- BOTH. Tol, lol, lol.

*Chorus, dance, and exeunt, r.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Kenilworth Gardens at Sunset—dais at back.*

*Opening of Scene.*

*Three shouts as the QUEEN enters L. 2 E., with train, supported by two hand-maidens, then everybody sing, "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow, &c."*

*Enter QUEEN, followed by LEICESTER and SUSSEX; VARNEY and LAMBOURNE following LEICESTER; RALEIGH and TRESSILIAN following SUSSEX; QUEEN sits on dais; two parties right and left.*

QUEEN. Thanks for your welcome; I do not reject  
The terms in which you greet me with respect.  
You hail me *fellow*, and with full propriety,  
A fellow of the Ro-y-al Society.

(to LEICESTER) This *fête* got up, regardless of expense,  
My lord, has given us pleasure most intense.  
The flowers, the statues, and the diorama,  
The hermit's cave, and the sensation drama  
With great success our high approval stamps:  
Ten thousand thanks for your ten thousand lamps;  
And as for the refreshment, Leicester, hark ye,  
We have a high opinion of the *charqui*.  
To look at, it's a rum 'un, you may say,  
But it's a good 'un to go—a long way.  
Within my mind I've oft debated whether:  
Any material could equal leather:  
I have concluded. My opinion 'tis,  
After to-day's refection, that there is.  
But this conclusion I'll not force on you;  
My maxim shall be, *charqui a son gout*.  
And now, if any subject is oppressed,  
This is the shop to have his wrongs redressed.

(*cheers*—QUEEN *sings*)

SUSSEX. (L.) I rise to move the reading of the Bill  
Concerning Amy Robsart.

QUEEN. 'Tis our will  
To know, my Lord of Leicester, if you've brought  
The lady here? Speak, sir.

LEICES. (*confusedly*) My liege, I've not.

QUEEN. How's this—our orders on the point were strict?

LEICES. (*stammering*) Madam——

QUEEN. Now, don't our royal ears afflict  
With lame excuses—where's the girl, I say?  
You undertook to bring her here to-day.

VARNEY. (*aside to LEICESTER*) Pray, let me speak—some fitting tale I'll find.

(*to QUEEN*) Madam, she's gone.

QUEEN. . . . . Where?

VARNEY. . . . . Clean out of her mind.

TRESIL. 'Tis false.

QUEEN. Be silent, sir, we would be pompous.  
Is the girl, then, mad?

VARNEY. Yes, she is *non compos*.  
The fire of reason has died out, and all  
Her *mental compos* give no light at all.

TRESIL. (L.) A wicked story!

(*advancing to QUEEN beseechingly*)

QUEEN. Silence; keep aloof!

Give us the evidence—the ocular proof. [*signed,*

VARNEY. (*handing paper*) A certificate, by two doctors  
Attesting that she is of unsound mind.

QUEEN. (*looks at paper*) The order seems in order. (*to*  
TRESILLIAN) You refuse.

TRESIL. (*looking at paper—aside*) This paper to believe  
I still refuse.

I do protest—

TALRIGH. 'Tis useless, I declare!

Once in a madhouse they will keep you there.

TRESIL. (*to QUEEN*) I beg you hear. (*pointing to VARNEY*)  
That man—(*imitating Henry Russell*)—is vile  
and bad.

She is not mad—by heaven she is not mad!

(*singing the line*)

QUEEN. Pray, maniac, cease this rumpus, noise, and bustle.  
Reminding us of Mister Henry Russell.  
If she is mad, you certainly, are madder.

(TRESILLIAN attempts to speak)

QUEEN. (*impatiently*) Don't multiply your speech, I'm deaf  
as adder.

Begone, away to Mervyn's Tower within.

*Exit TRESILLIAN, with GUARDS, L. 1*

My Lord of Leicester, let the sports begin.

(*Ballet de Folie—when the dance has proceeded for*  
*some time, the QUEEN suddenly rises—she waves*  
*her hand—the music and ballet stop*)

QUEEN. Stop the festivity, good people, please,  
 Our royal nose must do a royal sneeze. (*she sneezes—  
 orchestral chord afterwards*) Go on.  
*(ballet continues)*

*Enter WAYLAND SMITH and AMY, L. 1 E.*

WAYL. The Queen! (*pointing*)

AMY. My husband round her hovering.

WAYL. It's many months since I have seen a sovereign.  
 The sight revives me.

AMY. See! how fond he's clinging.

That sovereign my husband would be ringing.

*(pass across stage and exeunt, R.—at the end of  
 ballet, RALEIGH calls LEICESTER to C.)*

RALEIGH. I say, Lord Leicester, now we've had the ballet,  
 Suppose we have a shy at Old Aunt Sally?

LEICES. Pooh! where is Varney, Master of the Course?

RALEIGH. He comes, but not quite *Master of the Horst*.

*Enter VARNEY on a basket horse, L., supposed to be unruly  
 and very restive—business—tune "The Bronze Horse."*

QUEEN. Bravo! but stay, some evil may betide.

Old chap, had not you better get inside?

VARNEY. Wo, wo, wo, wo, oh! isn't he a stepper?

This sure must be the wild horse in Mazeppa;

He urges on his wild career like winkin'.

He'll shake my clothes off, then I'll be like *Menkin*.

Here, some one stop him—shoot him! some one  
 lame him!

*(WAYLAND rushes from wing R., goes up to horse)*

WAYL. Don't shoot the animal, I'll quickly tame him—

Ten guineas are my terms.

VARNEY. Hang the expense;

Tame him at once, don't keep me in suspense.

*(WAYLAND advances to horse's head, makes passes,  
 horse kicking furiously—business—puts his mouth  
 to horse's ear—aloud)*

WAYL. I'll tell your mother—*(horse kicks)* Police!—

*(horse kicks)* here's a whacker;

Listen to this old hoss:—know I'm a knacker.

*(horse trembles violently and lies down)*

QUEEN. Amazing !

LEICES. Wonderful !

SUSSEX. (to WAYLAND) Prince of buffoons !

RALEIGH. (looking at WAYLAND's tights through eye-glass)  
Good in clown's parts, but bad in *pantaloons*.

WAYL. So, now, tip up.

VARNEY. Pray, are you Sprite or Fairy ?

WAYL. Neither ! I'm Irish, so just *Tip-a-Rarey*.  
(takes money)

That is a clever trick I come to larn ye.

QUEEN. It is, and no mistake, come, gee, oh, Varney.

(music continues to same air—VARNEY rides round ring—horse perfectly tamed—RALEIGH, who acts as Master of the Ring, takes paper hoop, à la Astley's, VARNEY ultimately walks through it, and exits, bowing to audience, and QUEEN with tragedy step—all cry "Bravo! bravo!"—QUEEN comes down, c., LEICESTER on R. side)

LEICES. Thou'rt queen of hearts, and mine,

QUEEN. And you the knave—  
I take the *trick*.

LEICES. Don't cruelly behave.

QUEEN. You count on *honours*—play for th' highest stake.

LEICES. For only *half a crown*,

QUEEN. Your scheme I take.

You want a *deal* too much, so don't be boring,  
You'll snatch at *half a crown*, and get a *floring*.

(LEICESTER turns aside)

SUSSEX. (advancing L.) Your battles I have fought—got  
wounds and scars,

QUEEN. (tapping him under chin) I'll be a mother to you,  
son of Mars.

SUSSEX. That my reward for braving war's alarms !

I want no mother, though a chap in arms.

(LEICESTER approaches on R. side to beseech the QUEEN, SUSSEX on the other. QUEEN first looks fondly on one, and then on the other)

*Song.*—"How happy could I be with either."—  
*Beggars' Opera.*

How happy could I be with—neither,  
So do not be angry, I pray,  
For while you both teaze me together,  
To each I have something to say.

*Tol lol, &c.*

(LEICESTER and SUSSEX retire up)

QUEEN. I love that Leicester, I cannot deny it,  
Marriage—no, no, no, no, I will not try it.  
Queen Bess must be of Church and State the steeple,  
Wife of her kingdom, mother of her people.

(RALEIGH advances to her)

RALEIGH. Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

QUEEN. No climbing boys do we allow at all!

(she goes up, laughing)

*Re-enter VARNEY, L.*

RALEIGH. A climbing boy! she means a sweep, I see.

Does she apply that epithet to me?

I'll rebel; no, I'll on another tack go

At once, upon the spot, find out tobacco.

(takes out cigar, strikes fusee, and smokes—*Ballet de Folie—chasing in and out—Music*)

*Enter AMY and WAYLAND SMITH at wing, R. AMY is veiled—music—"Slap, Bang."*

\*AMY. (sings—taking up the music of the ballet and striking her tambourine)

Slap, bang, here we are again;

Here we are again; here we are again;

Slap, bang, here we are again;

Oh! listen pray to me.

Oh, tell me if my husband's here amongst this giddy throng.

He's tall and gay and handsome, and he can sing a song.

For he always is so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh!

And I am melancholy, oh! because I'm left to cry.

You dance, you sing, you laugh, ha, ha!

I sigh, ah, ha! while he—he sings

A jolly dog am I.

Fal la la, slap, bang, &c.

(dance)

\* Now omitted,

SUSSEX. (L., *exclaims*) What, Amy Robsart! (*they all start*)

QUEEN. (C) Say you so?

SUSSEX. 'Tis she.

LEICES. (R. C., *to* VARNEY) And now, with you and me, it's all——

VARNEY. (R.) U. P.

QUEEN. Come hither, wench; your name I'll know I vow.

AMY. (L. C.) 'Twas Amy Robsart once.

QUEEN. And what is't now?

LEICES. Madam!

QUEEN. Be silent. (*to* AMY) Tell me if you can,  
Whom have you married? Speak, wench.

AMY. (*looking first at* LEICESTER *and then at* VARNEY) A young man.

QUEEN. As any march hare mad at once we'll jug her.  
Away, od rabbit it, to Bedlam lug her. [*tongue.*]

AMY. (L. C.—*aside*) I fear to speak; I'd better hold my  
Or else perchance my lord may be ham-strung.

(VARNEY *takes off* AMY, R., *who looks imploringly at* LEICESTER—*to the music*)

QUEEN. (*comes down to* LEICESTER, *who looks disturbed*)  
My Lord of Leicester, you seem somewhat dashed.

LEICES. (R.) Yes, I'm dashed (*lovingly to* QUEEN) But  
when from those eyes are flashed.

(QUEEN *drops her glove, c.*)

The fire that kindles every heart with love.

I—— (*stammers*)

QUEEN. Want a rhyme? I'll help you, there's my glove.  
(LEICESTER *picks up glove*)

Accept my thanks, the music, pray continue it,  
Our Royal Majesty will dance a minuet.

(*gives* LEICESTER *her hand—Music—they begin to dance—heavy shower of rain—stage darkened*)

Sure as I reign it does begin to drizzle;

Until the rain leaves off, ourself will mizzle.

My pattens—quick, (SUSSEX *hands them*) and now  
my orb and sceptre—

I don't mean that——

RALEIGH. I see, your crown protector.

(*holding in his hand a very slim umbrella—offers it to* QUEEN)

Here's one of Sangster's, it's a splendid fellow,  
Looks like a stick, but it's an umbrella.

QUEEN. What, such a toy as that? begone, you scamp!

LEICES. (*opening large gig umbrella full of holes*) This is  
the sort of thing—the Mrs. Gamp.

QUEEN *gets under umbrella, holds up her petticoats,*  
*and all run off, those on R. to R., those on L. to L.*

*Re-enter LEICESTER under umbrella, L.*

LEICES. So far, so good, and now my course I'll trim,  
To keep this matter *dark*, (*pauses*) I'll douse the *glim*.

*Rain—enter VARNEY, L., suddenly getting under umbrella.*

VARNEY. (L.) And then douse *her* *glim*.

LEICES. (R.) Ah, some news you bring?

VARNEY. Judicial separation, that's the thing—  
Divorce!

LEICES. Can it be done?

VARNEY. Before to-morrow.

LEICES. Divorce *a mensa*?

VARNEY. Mensa—yes—*et thoro*.

LEICES. Do it.

VARNEY. Your signet, have you got it on?

LEICES. (*giving ring*) Here is my *signet*, take it to the *Swan*.  
Take her up tenderly.

VARNEY. I will my lord.

LEICES. Let her down easily.

VARNEY. Down is the word.

(LEICESTER turns away in grief)

VARNEY. (*tragically*) Now we'll alarm this *belle*. (*thunder*)  
Roar till you crack;

For yet I'll die with knighthood on my back.

*Exit VARNEY, L.—thunder and lightning.*

LEICES. (*starting*) What *have* I done—the heavens send  
their *forks*

To toast me; the black clouds do draw their *corks*,  
Decanting on my head the *bluest ruin*. (*thunder*)

The thunder roars and says, Mind what you're arter,  
As if the girl were Jupiter's own daughter.

Enter LAMBOURNE, L., under umbrella, singing drunkenly,  
"Tol de rol, &c."

LEICES. (*rushing towards him*) Are you not Master Varney's man?

MIKE. (*hiccupping*) I be.

LEICES. Follow your master, quickly—run—fly—flee;  
Tell him I'll make her every reparation.

Say, I forbid the deed of separation.

MIKE. My lord, to do your bidding I'll be heedful.

LEICES. Begone—take that. (*throws purse*)

MIKE. The very thing—the needful.

*Exit MIKE, R.*

LEICES. The Queen knows something now, I'll tell the  
rest of it,

And as all's dickey, I'll make a clean breast of it.

*Exit LEICESTER, L., thunder and lightning.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*Dark Corridor in the Castle. Lights down.*

Enter AMY, L., followed by VARNEY, who is driving her  
before him.

AMY. Oh, spare me! I am Leicester's lawful rib.

VARNEY. (*aside*) A spare rib though! (*aloud*) Madam,  
I tell no fib.

Your lord will come.

AMY. Oh, when?

VARNEY. This very hour.

AMY. Take me to meet him.

VARNEY. Yes; I have the power. (*affectedly*)

Go, put your bonnet on to meet your chap;

I'll take you down the road in my new trap!

AMY. Is the trap ready?

VARNEY. Yes, it's at the door.

AMY. All right.

*Exit at door, R.*

VARNEY. (*villanously*) And now that little trap I will  
unshore. (*goes off, and returns quickly*)

Up in her room, concealed beneath the mat,

A trap has been contrived for the first flat!

I'll give the signal of her noble fellow.

The board will find her lodging in the cellar.

*Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE, hastily, L.*

MIKE. Hold hard—my lord repents! avert her fate!

VARNEY. The noble lord's repentance comes too late!

The trap is set—the spring will not escape her.

*(VARNEY whistles—a scream is heard)*

She's caught.

MIKE. I'll write it for the county paper.

*Exit, L.*

*(AMY laughs without, R.—VARNEY starts)*

VARNEY. I've been to the undertaker to give her a coffin,

Like old Mother Hubbard I find her a laughing.

*Enter WAYLAND SMITH, with AMY on his shoulder, R.*

WAYL. She's safe—she's safe! I've rescued Leicester's wife

VARNEY. That daring rescue soon will risk your life.

Come draw your bodkin!

WAYL. In offensive sense?

Yes: Bodkin I'll engage for my defence.

*(fight between WAYLAND and VARNEY)*

AMY. Now then, fight a la Hicks with might and main.

*Air: "Hunkey Dorum."*

VARNEY. Now for a try.

WAYL. Mind your eye.

AMY. Hunkey dorum, doodle dum day!

VARNEY. Cut and thrust.

WAYL. Do your worst.

AMY. Hunkey dorum, doodle dum day!

VARNEY. One for your nob.

WAYL. One for a snob.

AMY. Hunkey dorum, doodle dum day!

VARNEY. Now for a crash.

WAYL. Now for a smash.

AMY. Hunkey dorum, doodle dum day!

ENSEMBLE. Just give him another and knock him down.

*Fight—exceunt L. 1. R.*

SCENE SEVENTH—*Kenilworth Gardens by moonlight.*

*Enter QUEEN in great excitement, L. followed by LEICESTER*

SUSSEX, RALEIGH, TRESILLIAN, and all the Characters.

QUEEN. *(in a passion, c.)* Now by the beard of Hal our royal dad,

This is too much to bear—too bad, too bad.

What do you think, my lords, that chap's *cheek*?  
Has given him *force* to do? Why—why to *snatch*  
Our hand.

ALL. Our royal hand?

QUEEN. Yet not the worst—  
He's married!

ALL. Married!

QUEEN. Yes. Oh! I shall burst,  
Or blow up with spontaneous combustion.  
His wife she is, and not perhaps the first 'un.  
(*laughing hysterically*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha! His wife—oh! figure me  
With that *small* earl inclined to *big-a-my*.

LEICES. (R.) My liege, my queen! Oh, my most gracious

QUEEN. I will *attach* you. [lady!

LEICES. I'm *attached* already.

QUEEN. Don't bandy words with me: huff with his 'ed.

No, stop, we will do something else instead.

(*in a laughing, bantering manner*)

Here, Sussex—Raleigh—was it not too bad

His bridal to conceal?

RALEIGH. (L.) It was, egad.

QUEEN. No cards to send us.

SUSSEX. (L.) True; and no bride's cake.

QUEEN. Oh! it was too bad.

RALEIGH. Oh! a great mistake.

QUEEN. We've missed the *dejeuner*!

SUSSEX. The ball!

RALEIGH. The gloves!

QUEEN. The cooing of the pair of turtle doves! (*laughs*)

We'll tell you what we'll do, while in this strain,

We'll make his lordship marry her again.

LEICES. (R.) I think, although these hits I cannot parry,

Once in one's life is oft enough to marry.

QUEEN. Oh! we shall have it done before the Court.

*Enter MIKE, hastily, in a drunken manner, L. 1 E.*

MIKE. Hold! (*staggers*) Stop a bit, again I tell you, hold!

QUEEN. You hold enough; and make yourself too bold.

MIKE. Dead!

QUEEN. Who?

MIKE. The Countess Varney's taken her in.  
She's fallen a victim to his cursed *gin*.

QUEEN. Delirium tremens?

MIKE. No; a worse mishap.  
She's broke her neck by falling through a trap.

*Enter WAYLAND with AMY, L 1 E.*

WAYL. 'Tis false, she's saved, saved for the last grand scene.

Her feet went through, but not her *crinoline*.  
(*he sets AMY down*)

QUEEN. For the attempt to do her grievous harm,  
We ought to prosecute.

AMY. (*advancing c.*) Oh, please don't, marm!

QUEEN. (*to LEICESTER and AMY*) Well, well, come here,  
some violence we'll do

To history and ourself, by joining you.

Do you consent? (*takes their hands*)

AMY (*L. c. of QUEEN*) I do.

LEICES. (*R.*) And so do I.

QUEEN. (*C.*) And now, then, all of you begin to cry.

At weddings it is quite the thing to do.

And in our maiden judgment quite right too.

(*retires with LEICESTER, C.*)

*Enter VARNEY, L. 1 E.*

VARNEY. (*to AMY*) Forgive me, do.

AMY (*to him*) I thought I killed you quite.

VARNEY. But they might want me for another night.

AMY. Well, I forgive you.

*Enter TRESILLIAN, L.*

TRESIL. (*beseccingly*) Much, I fear, I've tired you.  
I've spoiled your peace.

AMY. But then the *piece* required you.

I forgive everybody.

(*crosses to R.—TRESILLIAN retires, L.*)

QUEEN (*comes forward*) So de we,

But still do only hold our sovereignty

By favour of our people.

(*goes forward to festtights, as if to appeal to audience—LEICESTER steps forward and stops her*)

KENILWORTH.

LEICES.

Do not frown ;

The Constitution as a rule lays down,  
That all the business of the state should be  
Done by the Prime Minister—that is *me* ;  
And so, your Majesty, mind what you're arter  
And don't be violating Magna Charta.

AMY. I beg your pardon ; as the heroine  
By all the drama's laws, the task is mine  
To ask their suffrages. Behold me pleading  
For all your votes upon this second reading ;  
If you accept us after all these years,  
Give me your " ayes " and lend us your " hear,  
hears."

*Finale—Air. " Mousetrap Man."*

AMY. Kind friends to you we must ever appeal,  
Pardon our follies, and take in good part ;  
Nonsense will sometimes the weary head heal,  
And innocent gambols enliven the heart.

VARNEY. And if you consider our piece is a go.

LEICES. And likely to run for many a day.

QUEEN. All you whose opinion's decidedly so.

VARNEY. Will the same signify in the usual way.

AMY. Bravo ! Bravo, pray cry  
Bravo ! Oh, bravo, pray cry ;  
Fill us the house, and we will try  
Bravo's to merit. Bravo, and good bye.

*Chorus.*

Bravo ! Bravo, &c.

TRESIL. LEICES. AMY. QUEEN. VARNEY. RALEIGH. WAYL  
[R.] [L.]

*Curtain.*

THE  
WOMAN OF THE WORLD

A DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

ADAPTED FROM THE POPULAR TALE OF THAT NAME,  
PUBLISHED IN "REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY"

BY

LADY CLARA CAVENDISH

---

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89. STRAND,  
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)  
LONDON.

# THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

*First performed at the Queen's Theatre,  
November 13th, 1858.*

|                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| DUKE OF ENDELL (he was a man past, but only just past the prime of life)                                              | Mr. J. GREEN.                                                                                                                                     |
| SIR JOHN CLEVELAND (the good-natured proprietor of Cleveland Hall, was a general favourite in the country)            | Mr. COWLE.                                                                                                                                        |
| DOCTOR MEADOWS (a fine, warm-hearted, good, kind Man)                                                                 | Mr. RANDALL.                                                                                                                                      |
| CHARLES STANMORE (he was of a quiet, contemplative character, with a heart capable of the profoundest feelings)       | Mr. C. FRAZER.                                                                                                                                    |
| MONTI, (he was an Italian, and was reputed to have the power of foretelling the future)                               | Mr. CHARLES SENNETT.                                                                                                                              |
| MR. CROKER (a shabby looking man, with ferret eyes, and a head of hair that looked a Dandelion)                       | Mr. VERNER.                                                                                                                                       |
| MAJOR EDMONDS (no one knew to what branch of her Majesty's Service he belonged to entitle him to the prefix of Major) | Mr. J. RUSSELL.                                                                                                                                   |
| SNUBBINS AND DUBBINS (policemen.—They were never in the way, except when they were not wanted)                        | Messrs. CROSBY & MAYSON                                                                                                                           |
| JOHN BUTT'S ("I farms the Holly Tree Farm, down agin Dyke's Hollow")                                                  | Mr. G. HARDING.                                                                                                                                   |
| JEMMY (he was sharp for his years, very !)                                                                            | Master CLARKE.                                                                                                                                    |
| Policemen, Servants, &c.                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                   |
| LADY BEDALE (her Ladyship was a vicious looking elderly woman, with a very red face)                                  | Mrs. J. PAR Y.                                                                                                                                    |
| LISA SELBY                                                                                                            | <div> <div>(they were cousins, these two girls, Sir John tried to like Lisa, but he couldn't: Joanna was his favourite.</div> <div> </div> </div> |
| JOANNA CLEVELAND                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                   |
| MADAME ARUNDELLI (about the eyes there was a sinister look, no one exactly liked)                                     | Miss FANNY DOUGLASS.                                                                                                                              |
| MISS WINCH (a dose of the very strongest vinegar would give but a feeble idea of this Lady's countenance)             | Miss ROSE ELLINGTON.                                                                                                                              |
| SUSAN JENKINS (she said she would have John Butts, and she did)                                                       | Miss SENNETT.                                                                                                                                     |
| JANE SMITH (would have liked an easier place and better wages)                                                        | Miss HASLEWOOD.                                                                                                                                   |

## PROGRAMME OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

**SIR JOHN CLEVELAND'S MANSION,**

NEAR YORK.

Broken Vows—a Wedding without a Marriage—Susan's Idea of Gentility—John Butts a Brute—No instead of Yes—a Tender Passion—the Cousins.

**Monti and Lisa's Midnight Conference.**

"All has happened as you said"—an Evil Mind and a Virtuous heart—the Anonymous Letter—the Ambitious Girl—Monti shows his power.

**M E S M E R I C    T R A N C E .**

The Unwilling Slave and the Stern Master—"Can you not shield me?"  
"I am so unhappy"—"Obey me, Joanna."

**Sir John's Sleeping Chamber.**

The Grief-stricken—"My Darling Joanna"—Sir John seeks his couch.

**THE WILL, and the MIDNIGHT DRINK,**

"It is done—Oh, Master, what more?—Is it a Dream?—  
Oh, horror! horror!"

**Joanna Preparing the Poison for Sir John.****ROOM IN THE KING'S HEAD HOTEL.***REPENTANCE, AND A HEART'S ANGUISH.*

A Major "unattached"—an Unwelcome Visitor—Catch a Weasel Asleep—  
—the Major a Man of Gallantry.

**☞ A    N O V E L    D U E L .**

The wrong Pistol—"Stop! I will tell all"—The Truth elicited—**too late**—"Dear injured Joanna"—the Interview ends pleasantly—Never Lose a Chance—the Tailor's Boy—No Money, no Waistcoat!

**LIBRARY of Sir John Cleveland's.**

Seeing not believing—the Fatal Potion.

**THE FEARFUL ACCUSATION.**

Oh heavens! it must have been a dream—Sir John still clings to Joanna—  
—Hopeless Despair—a Fiend's Machinations—"Hence Viper!"  
—the Unexpected Blow.

**THE TRIUMPH OF LISA.**

Charles Stanmore arrives too late—Remorse of Sir John Cleveland.

**The FLIGHT of JOANNA.**

"Out into the Storm—She has gone to Death—I know it—Friendless  
and Homeless."

**L O N D O N !****An Apartment at Lady Bedale's.**

Lisa arrives at Lady Bedale's—the Commencement of the Campaign—  
Lisa's unbounded wealth—you now will be a

**WOMAN OF THE WORLD**

Monti's Reward—the Astrologer.

**"REMEMBER! I'M YOUR MASTER!"**

The Aunt and the Niece—Lisa's resolve to stay with her Ladyship—a  
Fiery temper tamed with **Four Hundred Thousand Pounds.**

**Mdme. Arundelli's House in Bond Street.**

Brandy good for weakness—a Commotion in the Work Room—a Fashion-  
able *Modiste*—Madame's Generosity—Joanna in London.

**THE TRAP PREPARED.**

Youth soon forgets its Sorrows—a Loving Relative—"My Cousin"—  
More Perils.

## Joanna attempting to Escape from “Cousin Thompson.”

The Cry for Help!—the Wicked Plot—Charles Stanmore again too late—Madame's delicate nerves—the Pursuit Baffled.

## STREET IN LONDON.

Susan Jenkins and John Butts—John objects to see the Lions—a rough outside, but sound to the core—Women are artful animals—John not to be taken in—What's o'Clock?—Pecuniary Difficulties—Unexpected Meeting.

## JOANNA FINDS A FRIEND.

Susan surprised—“What! my John with a Woman?”—Love and Money.

## ✶ LISA'S MANSION IN PARK LANE.

Fashionable Life—Coming Events cast their Shadows before them—fine feathers make fine birds—an Unwelcome Visitor—The Terrors of a Day—Mr. Croker not very polite—the Bribe—Meeting of Joanna and Lisa—“Tell me, is my Uncle well?”—Lisa disowns Joanna—Something Mysterious—Lady Bedale's animosity excited.

## LISA CONSULTS WITH MONTI.

“Ruin surrounds me, and you must rescue me”—“Fear not, she will cross your path no more—Croker must be silenced.”

The Daring of a Bold Bad Heart—the Forged Letter—

“I would not stop at Murder for you.”

## The Storm about to Burst!

John Butts in a Fog—Monti and the Duke.

## THE LEAGUE OF INFAMY!

Joanna and the Duke meet—what a cudgel can do—a Broken-down Agreement.

## ABDUCTION OF JOANNA!

Susan in the way—“the Sights of London have turned his brain.”

## What became of Susan's New Dress!

**WILLESSEN LANE, MOONLIGHT.  
THE AMBUSH! THE ENCOUNTER!!  
CROKER MEETS WITH HIS MASTER!**

Death Struggle between Monti and Croker.

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**HANDSOME CHAMBER.**

Arrival of Sir John and Doctor Meadows—Lady Bedale swears to be secret—Poverty is a sad temptation.

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**LISA'S MANSION.**

Recrimination—the letter—Sir John is beyond your reach—he is dead.

**THE MASTER AND HIS SLAVE.**

“I am what you made me—A WOMAN OR THE WORLD!”

**What Monti did with the Jewels**

A Dreadful Discovery—Lisa asserts her Power—the knife uplifted.

**The Dead Restored to Life!**

“Ruin—I am Lost”—the coil of a Serpent—Obdurate to the last.

**THE RAVINGS of DESPAIR**

The wrong righted—Lisa's intense hate towards Joanna—Susan and John friends again.

**THE DOOM OF GUILT.**

**FATE of the WOMAN of the WORLD.**

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The Costume of this piece is quite modern—only harmonising with the station and character of the person represented. A reference to the tale is recommended for the tableaux.

 *This Drama is the Property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.*

# THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.



## ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Landscape, or Country Road.*

*Enter SUSAN JENKINS and JOHN BUTTS, L.*

JOHN. Well, I never did in all my life—no, never! Zooks and taters! a wedding broke off at the werry halter.

SUSAN. Not *halter*, John, you ain't got no gentility.

JOHN. No, nor I don't want to! That 'ere Mr. Charles Stanmore's a genteel young man, as I've *heerd* everybody say—and what's gentility made him been and gone and do? Gentility be—

SUSAN. John, recollect where you is—

JOHN. So I does—for if I didn't—oh, zooks and taters!

SUSAN. *Sertintly*, John, I never knew such conduct—he didn't arrive at the minster till a good deal after the time fixed for the ceremonious solemnity.

JOHN. Solemnnentity! What's that?

SUSAN. Hymenereal marriage, you gaby.

JOHN. Oh, why don't you talk good English, as I does—but I forgot, you can't, 'cause you picked up fine notions when you was in service in Lunnun.

SUSAN. You are perfectly right, John. Well, as I was a saying—Mr. Charles Stanmore walks up to the altar, looking as pale as a parsnip; and when the reverend *offishonsating* minister says—

JOHN. Zooks and taters! there you goes *agin*! Why don't 'ee speak proper, and say parson?

SUSAN. Because it's a vulgarity. Well, and when the minister says—

JOHN. 'Ees, I know! “Wilt thou ha' this young 'ooman for thy lawful husband—”

SUSAN. Wife, booby! Then Mr. Stanmore roars out like thunder—“No!” and rushes, like an insane maniac, out of the minster.

JOHN. If I'd a been there, I'd a larrupped 'un, wouldn't I just—I believe you! Worms and cauliflowers!

SUSAN. And poor Miss Joanna was brought home more dead than alive—and as for her uncle, Sir John Cleveland—

JOHN. Ah! I s'pose he's almost *wuss*, for everybody knows he *doatses* on Miss Joanna—and no wonder, for she is kindest, the prettiest, the most amiablest—

SUSAN. Present company, of course, excepted.

JOHN. Eh! pitchforks and artichokes! present company prettier than Miss Joanna? Which on us? I'm sure it *beant* you, and—he, he, he! I don't think it be I.

SUSAN. John Butts, you are a brute.

JOHN. No, I beant! I be's a respectable farmer, a tenant of Sir John Cleveland, what pays him *reglarly*—measter of the Holly Tree Farm, Dyke's Hollow; and, what's more, my *own* measter; seeing as how I ain't got no wife.

SUSAN. More shame for you, John. Do you know I have often thought that I should make a *capital* wife for a farmer.

JOHN. Perhaps you might, if you brought a little *capital* into the *consarn*—he, he, he!

SUSAN. Oh! I ain't without my little savings, bless you!

JOHN. Well, and bless you, Susan, if that be the case. But I am afeard you ha' gotten too high notions for I, and that my grammar, as you calls it, won't suit you.

SUSAN. Oh, but I could *elevate* you up to my *spear* you know. But if we should ever go to church together, John Butts, you wont be like Mr. Stanmore, and shout “no” when you ought to say “yes.”

JOHN. No, I'll say yes, depend on't, if ever we come to that. Oh, zooks and taters! here I have left my farm, to come to Sir John Cleveland's to have a jollification, 'cause Miss Joanna was going to be married; and now there ain't to be no wedding, and—oh, dear! oh, dear! my eyes feels as if I'd been working in an ingun field.

SUSAN. John, I am a judge of the tender passion.

JOHN. What sort of a passion is that?

SUSAN. Love, John.

JOHN. Love! John! Oh, yes, wench, you may love John, if you like—he, he, he!

SUSAN. Well, perhaps I will, John—but I was going to say, that I am certain Mr. Stanmore loves Miss Joanna, and I can't make out why he—and, do you know, John, I can't help thinking that Miss Joanna's cousin—

JOHN. Miss Lisa Selby? Ah! I dont like her a morsel.

SUSAN. Nor I, John—there is something sinister—

JOHN. What be a sinister?

SUSAN. Something evil—something—

JOHN. Oh! that be a sinister? What a fine thing it is to have *larning*! But— (*crosses R.*) wheelbarrows and vegetable marrows! I shan't get home to-night! Come along, girl, do 'e!

*Exeunt R.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Handsome Chamber. (2nd grooves)—half dark.*

*Enter LISA SELBY, L. 2 E.*

LISA. So, Joanna's hopes are wrecked, her happiness for ever blighted, and I am glad on't! I rejoice, for I have ever hated her. She has stood between me and the fortune for which I pine. She has had suitors, but no one whispered tales of love into my ear, that would so willingly have listened. She has ever been the favourite of our uncle. Kind has he ever been to me, but he has worshipped *her*; and wherefore? Has she greater beauty? no—although she is as the lily, and I of the raven hue; and for her disposition, 'tis “most amiable,” they say—but what of that! all that she *really* is, have I not *seemed*? and so well, that who could detect the counterfeit? Oh, it was a lucky fortune that made me acquainted with this Italian—this Monti, astrologer and mesmerist! so great his power—were my soul less dauntless than it is, 'twould terrify me; so sudden oft in his appearance that it looks like magic; and I sometimes deem that he is more or less than human. (*MONTI appears at back, L., and comes quietly forward—house clock strikes twelve*) It is midnight—the hour at which he promised to be here.

MONTI. (*by her side*) And he is here, Lisa—he is here. (*she turns and faces him—Music—Tableau. [See Reynolds's Miscellany, No. 524. “Monti and Lisa's midnight conference.”]*)

LISA. Thanks! thanks! all has happened as you said it would; Charles Stanmore has *not* married Joanna! But by what means—

MONTI. Simple, and, (*smiling*) human; have no doubt of that. I am no demon, no mephistopholes! but I am an astrologer, can read men's hearts, and divine somewhat of the future. I am a mesmerist, and when I meet a fitting subject, what I *will* must be obeyed.

LISA. But can you not tell me of—

MONTI. Oh, yes; you know that Joanna was formerly persecuted by the addresses of an adventurer who calls himself Major Edmonds, and that Charles Stanmore was, by your innuendoes, made greatly jealous of this Major—

LISA. Yes, yes—well?

MONTI. An anonymous letter to the major told him that, last night, Joanna would be in the cloister of York Minster.

LISA. I know that—'twas written by me, and it was at my urgent entreaty, plausibly urged—that Joanna went thither, that she might hear from your lips the fate that was in store for me, her dear cousin; for she was made to believe that only to her could that fate be revealed; and so, reluctantly, she went.

MONTI. And there found herself suddenly clasped within the arms of Major Edmunds—and that embrace was witnessed by Charles Stanmore; for another anonymous letter had warned him of that appointment, ha, ha, ha! (*laughing quietly*) and the night before his bridal, too! ha, ha, ha! what need of devilry, when so much can, by human means, so easily be accomplished, while human nature remains so blindly credulous?

LISA. True! true!

MONTI. Listen! Lisa, you are ambitious, you pant for pleasure, wealth, adulation! you must riot amidst the world's extravagance—would be envied for the luxury of your state—

LISA. Oh! do not look so closely into my heart.

MONTI. Wherefore not, since I can promise all that for which you sigh? It may be that the burning sun of India, under which you were born, has implanted in your mind those feelings. I can help you to your wishes, and hereafter you must help me.

LISA. What, what is it that you require I should do for you?

MONTI. Mere trifles! I shall not ask your heart, rest assured of that. Your uncle, Sir John Cleveland, does not love you as he loves Joanna, your cousin.

LISA. I know it.

MONTI. Yet why should he not? Sisters to him were both your mothers, and both of you are orphans who were in infancy confided to his care.

LISA. Speak not of the past—'tis of the future that I would hear.

MONTI. Well, Sir John has made his will.

LISA. Ah!

MONTI. I have seen it. He has left three hundred a-year to you, and to Joanna the whole of his fortune. That fortune is much larger than he is aware of, from circumstances with which I need not trouble you; and fortune, you know, is power.

LISA. It is!

MONTI. Sir John will drive Joanna from his home and house with ignominy! or rather, she will go, feeling that it would be ignominy to stay—a new will can then be made in your favour—and then—then Sir John will die.

LISA. Drive Joanna hence! he idolizes her—doats upon her. It is impossible!

MONTI. I have said it! but ere we proceed further, speak! Have you any compunctions that may make you pause? Joanna is fair, gentle, virtuous, and single-minded! Can you see her consigned to poverty—to disgrace—perhaps to destitution and despair?

LISA. I hate her! and would sweep her from my path.

MONTI. Enough! call her hither.

LISA. And you—

MONTI. You will presently see! call her hither.

(*Music.*—LISA goes off, R., MONTI looks after her with a smile of triumph—then slowly retreats off, L. U. E.)

*Re-enter LISA, conducting JOANNA, R.*

JOANNA. Why, Lisa, have you brought me from my room?

LISA. My poor, dear Joanna! (*kisses her on the cheek.*—*aside*) She did not return that kiss! she shuddered when I impressed it on her cheek! can she suspect? (*aloud*) Dear Joanna, say that you are better now; say that you feel stronger.

JOANNA. I am better and stronger.

LISA. And—and you know—that is, you recollect—

JOANNA. (*burying her face in her hands*) All! all!

LISA. Oh, my darling Joanna, do not give way to grief! I know how you must suffer! but, Sir John has sent for Dr. Meadows to see you—he will be here soon.

JOANNA. No, no, it is over now; there is no occasion, and if there were, he cannot minister to the pangs of a stricken heart! it was a cruel pang—a deep anguish—I loved him so well and truly; but it is past—Heaven help me, and give me strength—I will strive to bear it.

LISA. You are an angel! But are you not angry—do you not feel indignant to be treated in this way? to be thus publicly scorned and repudiated on your wedding-day?

JOANNA. No; I am sorry for him—that is all—he will suffer perhaps, more than I shall, for I am injured—he, the injurer. I am innocent of all wrong, in thought or deed, except such sin as a pure and just Heaven must see in us all. I know not why he has scorned me! He said he loved me—he has sworn so, many and many a time—and I believed it. Oh, Heaven! give me strength—strength—for I fear my heart is breaking. (*casts herself on LISA's shoulder.*—MONTI appears at back, L. U. E.)

MONTI. (*aside*) Time is fitting—the brain is weakened, and all the spirits of nature are at war—all will be well. (*music, piano tremuloso*) Joanna! Joanna! Joanna!

(*she turns, catches his eye, and is spell-bound—he waves his hands over her head.*)

JOANNA. What is this? I—I—mercy—mercy!

*(her eyes close, and she stands as if fixed to the spot—music ceases.)*

LISA. Good Heaven! what does this mean?

MONTI. It is the mesmeric trance. She is a good and easy subject, that is all. On your life, silence!

LISA. Is she, then, asleep!

MONTI. Yes—it is a kind of sleep—but not the sleep of peace. Joanna!

JOANNA. *(this is spoken heavily, as if in slumber)* Yes, yes! Charles, dear Charles, what have I done? Oh, Heaven! I am innocent!

MONTI. *(waving his hands again)* Hush! be calm and still. Joanna, do you hear me plainly?

JOANNA. Yes.

MONTI. Will you obey me?

JOANNA. I must!

MONTI. Then go to your uncle's chamber, and open the old cabinet at the end of the bed! take out the third drawer from the top, and you will see a parchment paper; it is your uncle's will—open it and read it—then replace it.

JOANNA. I must!

MONTI. You must, of course!

JOANNA. Can you not kill me? I am so unhappy.

MONTI. *(again waving his hands)* Hush—hush—hush! Peace, spirit—peace! now, listen further.

JOANNA. I listen.

MONTI. Take this small phial—*(gives her one)* hold it upright, it has no stopper in it. After having read the will, pour the contents of this small bottle into the night drink which stands at your uncle's bedside—do it well, and carefully.

JOANNA. I must—I must! I see many people now, and they all beg me not to go—but I must—I must.

MONTI. *(sternly, again waving his hands)* Obey me, Joanna! Go!

*(Music piano, tremuloso till end of scene—JOANNA, holding the phial upright in her outstretched right hand, walks slowly and steadily off, L. U. E.)*

LISA. *(clinging to MONTI)* No, no—you must not—I am not prepared for that.

MONTI. For what?

LISA. Poison!

MONTI. He will not take it—his time has not yet come. Hush! do not cling to me thus—are you mad?

LISA. I shall be, I fear. See! she pauses at the door—and now—Ah! she passes in—I cannot—I dare not look.

MONTI. (*pushing her from him*) Remain here!

*Exit, L. U. E.*

LISA. Oh, Heaven! that I could recall the past, for this—  
oh, this is too terrible.

*Exit, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Sir John Cleveland's Sleeping Chamber—door in flat, C., with screen before it—table, R., with night lamp, jug, and basin on it; invalid's chair, L., cabinet at back of bed. [See Reynolds's Miscellany, No. 525]*

SIR JOHN CLEVELAND *discovered seated at table.*

SIR J. Oh, my poor, dear Joanna! you cannot suffer more than your old uncle by the sorrow which has befallen us. I feel a broken man! At a blow, ten years are taken from my life. She, so good, such a darling—the delight of my heart—to be treated thus. (*rising*) Oh! that I were again a young man, but for half an hour, that I might bring this Charles Stanmore to account for his atrocious conduct—that I might slay him. To cast her off at the very altar—to make her a mockery to all—no, no, not that—no one will mock at her woe, for all love her—all must love poor Joanna. And that rascal, Charles Stanmore, that I thought so brave and noble a lad—he, to act thus dastardly. Oh, he must certainly have lost his senses. Yes, yes, he must, indeed, be mad, thus wantonly to cast so rich a treasure from him. But Joanna—poor Joanna—it will certainly break her heart! but no, it must not—shall not—I could not survive her loss; but to see her suffer nearly kills me. My friend, Dr. Meadows, is in the house—he will save her. Yes, yes—It is long past midnight—I must to my couch; I am weary—ay, spite of all my sorrow, sleepy too. (*music piano tremuloso, continued—he goes to chair, L. C., and sits*) Joanna, darling, pride, and only joy of my heart—your fond old uncle prays for, and blesses you. (*dropping off*) Bless you, Joanna, bless you!

*He gradually falls asleep—then D. in F. opens—JOANNA enters, passes round screen—goes to and kneels at cabinet. At that moment MONTI appears at door—enters and takes his stand behind screen, with a sardonic smile—JOANNA pulls out third draw—SIR JOHN suddenly awakes, looks up, and sees her.*

SIR J. (*in a whisper*) Heavens! what is this?

(JOANNA brings out will, unfolds, looks over it, refolds it, puts it back, and closes drawer—MONTI makes passes—she approaches the table and pours the contents of the phial into

*the jug—tableau. [from No. 525—"Joanna Preparing the Poison."*

JOANNA. (*in a whisper*) It is done! oh, master, what more?

MONTI. Leave the bottle, and come away—to your chamber—quickly!

(*retreats through door, C. waving his hands—JOANNA glides off following him—music piano has continued through all the above—it now becomes forte, about four bar, as SIR JOHN starts from the couch.*

SIR J. It was no dream—it was too surely her. (*snatching phial from table*) Here is the fatal proof. Joanna! Joanna! Oh, powers of mercy! (*music*) Help, there—help!

*He staggers back and sinks on chair—DR. MEADOWS enters at door, C., and hurries to him—tableau.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Front Chamber—table puts on at side, R.*

*Enter CHARLES STANMORE, R.*

CHARLES. (*as he enters*) Tell Major Edmunds I will await him here. Oh! fool that I was not to have thought of this Major Edmunds! not to have sought him ere casting from me my very life—my whole heart's treasure—my only hope. Oh, Joanna! innocent or guilty, I love thee still—must ever love thee! and thou art lost to me for ever. Oh! how have I been fooled to my destruction—and now all is lost, for how is it possible that she should ever forgive me? But I will have the truth from this Major Edmunds, though I should carve it from his heart. Let him beware how he trifles with me, for I am a desperate man.

MAJOR EDMONDS *enters, R., without coat or waistcoat—large beard, moustache, and whiskers—a hair brush in each hand.*

MAJOR. (*as he enters*) So, you scoundrel, you have come at last! (*suddenly seeing CHARLES, and starting*) Eh? I—I—beg pardon, Mr. Stanmore, I—I weally thought that it—it was my wascally tailor. The fact is—I—I am waiting for a new waistcoat—and I am dwessing for a pawty—ladies! Hem! in that case, you know, as I am busy, you will, of course, excuse me—hem! (*aside*) He looks vewy odd! I don't at all like him. (*aloud*) Good day! Mr. Stanmore—any other time. (*aside*) I must keep my eye on him. Hem! catch a weazel asleep! stwike me cautious.

CHARLES. Major Edmunds, I must, and will have some few words with you.

MAJOR. (*rather nervous*) Eh? what? eh? eh? do—you want to pick a quarrel with me? It won't do, demme! this is not one of my fighting days. Catch a weazel asleep!

CHARLES. Major,—since Major you are pleased to term yourself—blustering with me will avail you nothing; and I command you to tell me honestly, and truly, how and under what circumstances you met Miss Joanna Cleveland in the Aisle of York Minster?

MAJOR. Oh, ah, yes! I dare say! catch a weazel asleep! stwike me confidential! Sir, I am not only a man of gallantry, I am a man of honour! The women doat on Jack Edmunds, sir. I am considered good-looking, and they are susceptible; and now, sir, as there are several charming gals waiting for my agreeable society, I must finish my toilet, and you weally must go. Demme!

CHARLES. Then, Major, since you leave me no other course, here are pistols. (*producing them*) and we will fight—here!

MAJOR. In this room? in an hotel—without seconds? it would be murder?

CHARLES. Should you kill me, Major, I will excuse you.

MAJOR. Probably—but if you kill me, I'm dem'd if I'll excuse you—I won't be killed—catch a weazel—(CHARLES *places pistols on table*) Murder!

CHARLES. Now, sir, one moment and—

MAJOR. Exactly! (*suddenly snatching up one of the pistols*) Now, stir a step and—I don't say that I'll blow your brains out, but, 'pon my soul, I'll make a hole in your head! Don't attempt to touch the other pistol, or I fire! Thought to nibble Jack Edmunds, eh? ha, ha, catch a weazel asleep. Stwike me downy.

CHARLES. One moment! the form of duel I was about to fight with you was just this. I intended to throw a handkerchief over those pistols, that you might take your choice, for but one of them is loaded! So, now pull the trigger of the one you hold—if 'tis charged, so much the better for you; if otherwise—see! I secure this, (*taking pistol from table*) and the next instant you are a dead man.

MAJOR. (*staggering*) Bless me! ah! How faint I feel! oh, oh! catch a weazel asleep and—regularly done!—strike me uncomfortable! Oh, lord! do point your dem'd pistol the other way, it may be the loaded one you know. See, I put mine down. (*does so*) Phew! it has made me so hot! don't be dem'd absurd—I'll take you into confidence—I will tell you all, I will indeed. Stwike me communicative!

CHARLES. Quick, then!

MAJOR. I had no appointment at all with Miss Cleveland.

CHARLES. Wretch!

MAJOR. I know I am, I am a wetch—the women *all* say so—but I can't help it; I take after my father. It was a note I got, that—

CHARLES. Shew me that note, instantly! (*pointing pistol*)

MAJOR. (*hurriedly ransacking drawer of table*) This is it—no it isn't. Now I've got it—no, I haven't.

CHARLES. Quick, sir!

MAJOR. (*running to CHARLES, and offering paper*) Here it is—no. I beg your pawdon—this is my tailor's account. (*runs back and rummages drawer, then returns to CHARLES*) There, Sir, (*offering paper*) that's it—no—excuse me, it's my washing bill. (*goes back to drawer, then runs with note to CHARLES*) That, that's it! Must take care of my washing bill; only one and ninepence—but it isn't paid.

CHARLES. (*having glanced over note*) Major Edmunds, I do not blame you so much as I did.

MAJOR. Of couurse not; but I blame *you*, for coming here and twying to fwighten me! Luckily, I'm not easily intimidated—strike me cowageous!

CHARLES. Do you know who wrote this note?

MAJOR. Not Miss Joanna—certainly not; and that is all you must ask me to-day.

CHARLES. Oh, what infamy! It is a strange suspicion that flashes across my mind—but no, it would be too atrocious. Oh! what an egregious ass I have shown myself! And dear—injured Joanna! oh! how she must loathe me now. (*going, R.*)

MAJOR. Good evening, Mr. Stanmore!

CHARLES. Good evening! I shall retain this note.

MAJOR. Oh, certainly. Hem! dear me, Mr. Stanmore, do you happen to have such a thing as a soveweign in your pocket?

CHARLES. There are two. (*throws them on table, and goes off, R.*)

MAJOR. Vewy good! (*taking them up*) His visit has ended more pleasantly than I expected. Never lose a chance of bowowing a twifle. Catch a weazel asleep, and—

*Enter BOY, R.*

Halloa? have you brought my waistcoat?

BOY. No! master says you must pay your bill, or else he'll see you jolly well blowed, before you get it!

MAJOR. Your master is a wuffian! but here—(*giving money*) take him this soverweign on account, and instantly bwing me my waistcoat.

BOY. Yes, I'll take him the money, and he'll keep it; but you won't get no waistcoat, on no account whatever.

MAJOR. Why, you eighteenth part of a man, I'll murder you!

BOY. Oh, yes, catch a weazel asleep, you know.

*Music*—MAJOR EDMUNDS *chases* BOY, *who after a run, slips down, crawls between the MAJOR's legs, and upsets him*—

BOY *bolts off*—MAJOR *scrambles up and follows, shouting.*

MAJOR. My waistcoat! I want my waistcoat! catch a weazel—

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SCENE FIFTH.—*Library at Sir John Cleveland's.*

SIR JOHN *discovered, in large easy chair, c., he is ill, and care-worn*—DR. MEADOWS *standing near him, door l. u. e.*

SIR J. Oh, heaven help me! this is terrible! But are you sure, doctor, are you sure?

DR. M. Too certain, my friend. You remember that you asked me for some poison to give Carlos, your poor old spaniel, to put it out of the pain it has so long suffered?

SIR J. (*faintly*) Yes, yes—and—

DR. M. I gave the dog a little of your night drink from the glass in which you saw her pour the poison—a *very* little! then a sharp convulsion passed through its body, and it was dead.

SIR J. Oh, Heaven help me! and she—Joanna, Joanna—my own dear one—she whom I loved so well—the child of my heart! Heaven have mercy upon me! Oh, Joanna—Joanna!

*Enter LISA SELBY, R.*

LISA. Uncle, what is it? what has happened! why do you mention dear Joanna's name with such grief? Is she ill? let me at once fly to her! poor Joanna!

SIR J. Lisa, I am very unhappy; and when I tell you—

DR. M. Nothing, Sir John. (*aside to him*) What is to be done can be done by you and me! precious secrets keep best in the fewest hearts.

SIR J. I believe you are right, my dear doctor. Go to your room, Lisa, and think nothing more of it—go, go.

LISA. Adieu, dear uncle; but pray let me know if poor Joanna should be worse. (*aside*) Curse the officious meddler.

*Exit, R.*

SIR J. Lisa has a good heart—I see it plainly now. Doctor, I have been unjust to her.

DR. M. Umph! perhaps!

SIR J. I have liked her but little—

DR. M. And I have liked her not at all; and yet I know not why; but even now there is something that—

*Enter JOANNA, R.—SIR JOHN starts to his feet and gazes on her trembling.*

JOANNA. Dear uncle, you are not well!

DR. M. And you, Joanna—how pale you are!

JOANNA. It may be, for I am weak and suffering; but I shall soon be better, dear uncle, if you will not grieve.

SIR J. Great Heaven! Oh, it must have been a dream, or I am mad. It is not possible—my own darling Joanna, that I for so many years doated on—that I have ever kept next my heart! no, no! Oh, anything but that—it is not in nature—no, no, doctor, I will not believe it though the world said—Oh, Heaven help me—I shall go quite mad.

*(sinks sobbing into chair.)*

JOANNA. Dear uncle, I see it but too plainly—you cannot rest for the thought of that dreadful moment at the Cathedral, when he, whom I was to wed and to love, scorned and rejected me; but time will soothe even that sorrow. I suffer now, Heaven knows I do; but I will stay with you, and we will be happy in loving each other. I will be to you as a loving child, and you to me as a dear father, to whom I will owe all of joy the world can give me.

SIR J. *(choking with emotion)* Take her away—oh, take her away.

JOANNA. Uncle! you cast me from you!

SIR J. No, no—Heaven help me, no. To my arms—to my arms—to my heart, my dear child. I will mistrust my senses—I will believe my eyes have played me false—I love you still! kill me—do as you please—I cannot help loving you ever—

JOANNA. Dear uncle!

*(about to embrace him—DR. MEADOWS interposes.)*

DR. M. No, this must not be—it is exoneration—it is justification that is wanted—not weakness. *(SIR JOHN sinks into chair)*

JOANNA. What, oh, what is it that you mean, dear sir?

DR. M. Old friend, you must be firm now, and act as doth become a man. Go, Joanna, go!

JOANNA. Oh, no no; surely my place is here if my dear uncle is ill! I know not the meaning of all that I see and hear—you both speak in riddles to me; but that cannot change my affection for my dear uncle, and I will stay with him.

*(clinging to SIR JOHN.)*

SIR J. *(rising and shaking her off)* Fiend! viper! that I have nourished in my bosom! Monster! that with the face of an angel conceals the heart of a murderess! I cast you from

me—you abide not longer beneath this roof. You shall not starve, for that would be to tempt you to commit more crime ; you are my dear sister's child, and I cannot forget that I did love you—too much—oh, too much I loved you. Hence—hence ! and carry with you the consciousness that you have lost all you would have grasped at by my murder.

JOANNA. (*aghast*) Uncle !

SIR J. Poisoner ! go, go ! I cast you for ever from me. Heaven will perhaps have mercy on me, and soon take me from a world I have lost all hope in. May He, too, forgive you ! Why did you do this dreadful deed ? Oh, my poor heart and brain ! go, go, viper and wretch—hence, and carry with you your shame and your disgrace. (*sinks into chair*) A fiend has taken the likeness of my child. Go, go !

JOANNA. Is it a dream, or is he mad ? Yes, I will go—I will go ! (*casts a tender and sorrowful look on SIR JOHN, and is slowly going, R.*)

DR. M. Joanna, I can but pity you ! Say—oh, say that you repent—that you are penitent.

JOANNA. (*bewildered*) Penitent ! repent !

DR. M. Yes ; do no harden your heart. Own that you sought to poison your uncle—that so you might render quickly effective the will in which you saw he had left you nearly all ! own that all this results from a criminal connection with Major Edmunds—own it all, and seek mercy and forgiveness—here and hereafter.

JOANNA. Mercy—mercy ! Oh, you are unmerciful—you seek to drive me mad. What have I to do with wills and poisonings ? Heaven help me, and attest my innocence, for as I live and breathe, I swear I know not what you mean.

DR. M. This is too much !

SIR J. (*wildly*) I saw you, and had rather you had plucked out my poor old eyes than shown them such a sight. It kills me even to look upon you ! Go, wretch—go from me at once and for ever.

JOANNA. I am innocent of all that is alleged against me—the time will probably come when you, uncle, will find that it is so ! Heaven send that it may not be too late. (*suddenly snatches SIR JOHN'S hand, kisses it*) Farewell ! Heaven bless you, uncle, for all your past goodness to me—farewell !

*Exit, R.*

DR. M. Oh, surely innocence only could look like that ; and yet—Sir John—Sir John ! (*going to him*) On your soul—on all your hopes in Heaven, are you certain you saw her place the poison in your drink ?

SIR J. On my soul—yes! as I hope for Heaven—yes! (*thunder heard—wind and rain*) Hark! Heaven itself is speaking now against her!

DR. M. It is a fearful night!

CHARLES STANMORE *hurries on, L. U. E.*

Mr. Stanmore!

SIR J. Ha! 'tis he has been the cause of all. (*rising*) Come you to gloat upon the ruin you have made?

CHARLES. No—oh, no—Joanna is innocent! it was on an errand of kindness that she went that night to the Cathedral. I have got the truth from that man, Edmunds. She is as true as light! my eyes played me false! for did I not see her in the Cathedral with that man? and yet she is innocent.

SIR J. Ah! if—if it could be! Doctor, tell him all—

DR. M. (*to CHARLES*) On a solemn promise of secrecy—

CHARLES. I swear; but—

DR. M. Listen! (*takes him a little up, and speaks to him*)

SIR J. Oh, good Heaven! If, after all, it were possible that she is innocent! the joy of it would more surely kill me than the agony I now endure. Oh, how gladly could I die if it were proved that she is still worthy of my love. (*sits*)

CHARLES. (*coming forward*) No, no, it is not—and it cannot—'tis most horrible; but even this is susceptible of some explanation. What, if her brain disordered, her spirits sunk, she arose in her sleep, and did this, not knowing her own acts?

DR. M. (*exclaiming*) Ah! that is a new light—fool that I was not to think of that!

SIR J. (*starting to his feet*) My child! my Joanna! my darling! (*sobbing*) I must—I will see her again—my innocent—my own dove—my beautiful! (*is hurrying off, but is stayed by DR. MEADOWS—thunder, wind, and rain*) Let me go! you shall not hold me! let me go! Joanna—Joanna—my love—my own dear Joanna!

*Enter LISA, R.*

LISA. She has gone—has fled from the house.

(SIR JOHN *is transfixed*.)

CHARLES. Oh, Heaven! and on such a night as this! instant pursuit—

SIR J. She has gone to death, I know—I feel it—she could not survive the loss of her uncle's love. Joanna, my darling—my only hope on earth—I have destroyed thee!

(*Music—sinks despairingly on his knees, C.—DR. MEADOWS hurries to him—STANMORE stands despairingly, L.—MONTI suddenly appears at back, from L. U. E., and he and LISA exchange glances of triumph—thunder, wind, and rain—music and tableau.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

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## ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*London—an Apartment at Lady Bedale's.*  
(*2nd grooves.*)

*Enter LISA and MONTI, L.*

MONTI. So, Lisa, you are now in London, at the house of Lady Bedale.

LISA. Yes! By your advice, I persuaded my uncle to permit me to come to London, that I might search for poor Joanna.

MONTI. That search shall be prosecuted by me, and I will find her, doubt not, for that she is in London, I am well convinced; and 'tis necessary to our schemes that she should be within my power.

LISA. Oh, yes—for she found, I could no longer remain here.

MONTI. Could not live that gay—that joyous, aristocratic life for which you have dared so much.

LISA. Ay, truly; and when revelling amidst luxury and splendour, I shall be well repaid for all that in my sin I have suffered—shall be happy, shall I not?

MONTI. (*smiling sarcastically*) Oh, certainly!

LISA. Oh, I will at once commence a life of wild and glorious excitement. You assure me I have the means!

MONTI. Oh, yes, if you have not neglected the credentials with which I bade you furnish yourself?

LISA. I have them all. First a letter to this Lady Bedale, Sir John's sister-in-law, whom 'tis long since he saw, and whom he greatly dislikes—you have fully instructed me respecting her—and I shall well know how to act when we encounter.

MONTI. Good! go on!

LISA. Next a letter to one Mr. Croker, Sir John's town solicitor, who is to advise me and aid in the search for Joanna.

MONTI. That letter you will not deliver—that letter would ruin our every hope.

LISA. I understand that; and lastly—

MONTI. Lastly, I hope you prevailed on Sir John, as I directed, to afford you means of drawing on his banker for whatever sums you might need.

LISA. Yes, I have here an authorisation to Messrs. Coutts to honour all drafts signed by Lisa Selby.

MONTI. Good; and that paper places four hundred and twenty thousand pounds at your entire disposal.

LISA. (*amazed and gasping*) Four hundred and—

MONTI. Your uncle, Sir John Cleveland, owing to having had two large West Indian Estates left to him, and a manor in Rutlandshire worth thirty thousand a-year, is one of the richest commoners in England.

LISA. And that enormous sum then may be mine?

MONTI. Absolutely! You will be a princess—a queen—every pleasure that wealth can purchase will be yours—every enjoyment will you know that sense can find; if you will but be what you must be, in order thoroughly to enjoy what is offered to you—if, in short, you will be—

LISA. What—what?

MONTI. A Woman of the World!

LISA. I will—I will! I feel that I was born for joy—for power—I—I—oh, my brain grows dizzy at the mere thought of such delight.

MONTI. What I promised I have so far accomplished—your rival is swept from your path—now 'tis your turn to act. Prepare yourself for the glorious part you have to play.

LISA. And—and you—what am I to repay you for all this aid—for all this brightening future?

MONTI. Oh, I shall want some money; and further, you must obtain, by any means, all the valuable jewels you can possibly become possessed of, and give them into my keeping for four-and-twenty hours only—at the end of which time they shall be returned to you.

LISA. Really?

MONTI. Really and intact, as I receive them.

LISA. And your purpose with them! I cannot understand—

MONTI. It is not necessary that you should—nor need you fear—I but want them that I may work certain spells.

LISA. It is a disagreeable and a difficult command that you have given me.

MONTI. But one which you must perforce obey. I have served you hitherto; but remember, if need be, I am your master.

LISA. Yes, yes, I know and tremble at the knowledge.

MONTI. Conform to my wishes, and you have naught to fear. Jewellers will send their stores to be approved by so wealthy a lady—you will have, too, jewelled friends; borrow, or if no other way presents itself, steal—anything rather than dare to disobey my commands.

LISA. What say you?

MONTI. It is not, surely, much that I ask in return for the wealth and splendour with which I have furnished you.

LISA. I will do as you wish.

MONTI. I am sure of it. You know where I may be found, should you desire to see, or send for me; and so, for awhile, adieu! Lady Bedale will presently be with you, and so I leave you. Fear nothing—that which I undertake, I carry out. I can divine the future—can read it as in a glass—and I predict for you a bright and glorious career.

LISA. But—but the end of all this enjoyment—the end—is there nothing to dread then?

MONTI. The end will be dust—that will be the end of you—of me—and of all that live and breathe in the great world; but until that end comes, let us enjoy the cup of happiness that fortune offers to our lips. Farewell! *Music.—Exit, L.*

LISA. A new career has commenced for me, and at every hazard, I will pursue it.

*Enter LADY BEDALE, R.*

I presume that I have the honour to address the Countess of Bedale? (LADY BEDALE *slightly bows*) This note from Sir John Cleveland will explain the cause of my presence here.

LADY B. (*taking note*) Oh, indeed! pray sit down (*holding note in right hand, and pointing to chair with left hand. Music—tableau. [No. 521, "Lisa visits the Countess of Bedale."]*) a moment. (*putting glass her eye and glancing over note*) Ah, well—really—cool; but I have no further expectations from Sir John, and do not see why I should be burthened with his niece.

LISA. Polite—very.

LADY B. Therefore, Miss—a—a—Miss—

LISA. Selby!

LADY B. Miss Wigby—you see—

LISA. Selby!

LADY B. Ah, exactly!

LISA. I do not ask much of you, madam—(*smiling*) a home with you, and such introductions as may make a season in London

agreeable to me ; your Ladyship's rank, I presume, opens for you those circles in which I wish to move?

LADY B. What?

LISA. And so, madam, I throw myself entirely upon you, for your protection, advice—assistance—

LADY B. Well, upon my word, Miss Swilsby—

LISA. Selby!

LADY B. Selby—precisely—it seems that I must be excessively plain—

LISA. Oh, you are, indeed, madam—remarkably plain.

LADY B. (*staggering back*) Ah! ah!

LISA. You are ungrateful! for you have been under great obligations to Sir John; but no matter, I am resolved to stay here; I like you too well to part with you—you have no gratitude—no attachment. You are a countess, and you are poor.

LADY B. Well I never—no—in all my life I never did—hark'ye, Miss Jigby!

LISA. Selby!

LADY B. Well, Wigby—you are the most audacious—but I'll soon settle this. (*calling*) Jane! run for a policeman.

LISA. Do not be silly, madam, for I intend to stay, and pay you.

LADY B. Pay me, Miss Slugsby! I hate the very name of pay! I never pay anybody.

LISA. (*slowly*) At my disposal I have four hundred thousand pounds!

LADY BEMALE utters a scream of astonishment, staggers back, and falls on sofa.

*Enter JANE, R.*

JANE. Did you call, my lady?

LADY B. Get out!

(*starts suddenly to her feet, snatching up sofa pillow and throws it at JANE's head, who runs off screaming, R.*

and you have—really—

LISA. Four hundred thousand pounds; which I fondly hoped the Countess of Bedale would have helped a poor country girl to expend, by introducing her to the ranks of fashion and extravagance.

LADY B. (*rushing to LISA, and embracing her*) Oh! my dear, my beautiful niece! Four hundred thousand pounds! why I will make you the centre of fashion—your name shall be on every lip! Your beauty—my dear, you really are good looking—

LISA. (*smiling*) Yes, I have four hundred thousand charms. Aid me to attain my wishes, and you shall be no longer poor

Lady Bedale. To-morrow, to begin with, I will give you a cheque for five thousand pounds.

LADY B. (*embracing LISA again*) Oh, you blessed angel! Miss Selby, my love, I adore you! I can, and will help you to all you desire; and if in London society, you wish to be considered the arbitress of fashion—as the—the star of society—I can shew you how to be so.

LISA. Good! I would taste of every enjoyment.

LADY B. You seek pleasure?

LISA. Ay, and power.

LADY B. But you must have no nonsensical scruples.

LISA. Do not fear me.

LADY B. You must be, in short—

LISA. A thorough Woman of the World—I will! *Exeunt R.*

SCENE SECOND—*Madame Arundelli's Sanctum. Large window in flat, looking on to street—(3rd grooves)—table, chairs, &c.*

MADAME ARUNDELLI *discovered seated, and drinking from wine glass, a decanter of brandy beside her. Enter MISS WINCH, R.*

MADAME A. (*starts, and is nearly choked*) Eh—what's that? how you made me jump—and the bran—hem! the cordial has gone the wrong way. I felt so weak and faint, Winch, that I was obliged to take a little of my reviving cordial.

MISS W. (*aside*) Brandy, I know. (*aloud*) Yes, mum, you is delicate—you looks so; but I came to say, mum, that there is a great commotion in the work-room; the girls say they are overworked and underpaid.

MADAME A. (*rising*) Ungrateful lussies! and we have a housefull of work! Oh, who would be a fashionable milliner? Overworked, indeed! Why, in the very busiest season I never keep them at it, more than nineteen hours, out of the twenty-four—and at present they are only working eighteen hours—and underpaid, forsooth! don't I allow them the liberal sum of a shilling a day? What would the ungrateful wretches have?

MISS W. Very true, mum. Ah, it's a wicked world! there's that girl, Simpson, who is continually presuming to say that she is very ill, has this morning, already, mum—had the outrageous impudence to faint away three times—actually went right off, over her work, mum.

MADAME A. To faint away in working hours! Never heard of such audacity in all my life! her time belongs to me,

and it's a robbery! Why couldn't the hussey wait till she got home? This won't do, Winch!

MISS W. No, mum—it won't.

MADAME A. Bundle her off—lead her down stairs, and place her in the street—no doubt she will get home somehow; that is, if she has got a home to go to; if not, there is the work-house, and other benevolent institutions—only make haste and get her out of the house, or she may pretend to be worse, and I may be put to the expense of a cab; and that wouldn't do, for I know she comes about four miles to work.

MISS W. And, of course, she ain't to have none of her day's wages—she ain't been here this morning above seven hours.

MADAME A. Umph! not half a day! Well, never mind, let her have sixpence—I never can help being generous.

MISS W. (*going*) No, that you can't, mum.

MADAME A. Stay, Winch; has my niece risen yet?

MISS W. Yes, mum. And there's another noble act of yours—to give a shelter to the poor, discarded, houseless thing—ah! you are too good for this world!

MADAME A. I hope not, Winch, for I am not tired of it yet, though mine is a harrassing life, and I often need a little comfort.

MISS W. (*aside*) Brandy—hem! (*aloud*) but you are rich and—

MADAME A. Yes, a good and virtuous life ever meets with its reward. I should not, though, have been burthened with a niece I never saw before in all my life, but a glance shewed me that the girl is very pretty, and the Duke of Endell is very liberal—he will provide handsomely for her, and it is our duty, you know, to do our best for our relations—so if she should take his fancy—

MISS W. He will be certain, mum, to reward you well.

MADAME A. I have never found him niggardly, and I shall not fail to reward you, Winch.

MISS W. Thank you, mum!

MADAME A. It is a duty one owes to oneself to neglect no honest means of adding to one's little store; but honestly, of course, always honestly and properly.

MISS W. Of course mum, not otherwise—certainly not, mum.

MADAME A. And now send my niece to me, Winch.

MISS W. (*going*) Yes, mum!

MADAME A. And, Winch?

MISS W. (*returning*) Mum?

MADAME A. Recollect, that to my niece, the Duke of Endell will be my cousin—Cousin Thompson. The girl is fresh from the country, and might, perhaps, prove a little squeamish.

MISS W. I shall remember, mum.

*Exit L.*

MADAME A. Stop! let me put away this bran—hem! my cordial! (*does so*) The duke will presently be here, and—

*Enter JOANNA, L.—she is handsomely dressed.*

Well, Joanna—that, you tell me, is your name, you are looking charmingly this morning.

JOANNA. I was fatigued in mind and body, and I slept well, and long.

MADAME A. Ah! youth soon forgets its sorrows—and so your name is Arundel, although you have always been called Cleveland; and you are, it seems, the daughter of my dead brother, Captain Arundel. My brother never countenanced me—but never mind that; you have told me your story—I own I cannot exactly understand why you have left Sir John Cleveland's—but as I said before, never mind that.

JOANNA. He is no longer kind to me—he no longer has faith in me; and so I have left him and come up to London to you, as my only relative, to throw myself upon your kindness.

MADAME A. Ah, exactly—and had some trouble to find me, no doubt?

JOANNA. Yes, I knew not your address; and your change of name—

MADAME A. Exactly—from Arundel to Arundelli, my dear 'Twas necessary—nothing that's native is fashionable—must be foreign to succeed in London—but really your arrival—

JOANNA. I can labour! You employ other young girls—I can work; I do not want to be a burden to you—I wish to work for you, that is all; and if you can give me kindness as well, I shall look upon it as a precious boon.

MADAME A. Oh, we don't want any hands.

JOANNA. But you will not cast me from you? For his sake who sleeps in the grave now, and for the dear love that may yet be all our own, when we meet again after this world's trials and fitful frowns have passed away, oh, do not abandon me in this great and merciless city! Oh, do not, I implore you! for, without you, I am alone and friendless!

MADAME A. Really, my dear, you are very pretty! Work would not suit you at all. We shall be able, I hope, to do better than that for you. As I said before, your story is so perplexing, that I can make nothing of it—there must have been something for this Stanmore to desert you—but we shall see—we shall see. We must have the advice of my cousin Thompson, who will presently be here.

JOANNA. Is she good—and kind—young?

MADAME A. She! My dear, it's a *he*—a gentleman!

JOANNA. Indeed!

MADAME A. Yes—did you never hear of gentlemen cousins?

JOANNA. Oh, yes—yes—but—

*Enter MISS WINCH, L.*

MISS W. If you please, ma'am, here is your cousin, Mr. Thompson. Walk in, if you please, Mr. Thompson.

*Enter the DUKE OF ENDELL, L.—MISS WINCH curtseys, and goes off, L.*

DUKE. (to MADAME A.) How do?

MADAME A. (crosses, C., looking at DUKE, significantly) Cousin Thompson, I am delighted to see you. (turning to JOANNA) My dear—Cousin Thompson is a gentleman of great judgement and experience, on whose good-will you may rely.

JOANNA. (R.) It is no doubt kind of you, but—

MADAME A. Hush! My niece, Cousin Thompson.

DUKE. (E.) Ah! (raising eyeglass, and taking a steady look at JOANNA) Um! (MADAME A. looks anxiously at DUKE, who nods) She'll do! I am delighted to see you, Miss—a—a—

MADAME A. (C.) Joanna Arundelli!

DUKE. Ah, yes—I am quite delighted—perfectly charmed.

*Enter MISS WINCH, L.*

MISS W. Oh, if you please, ma'am, the hands don't know how to get on without you.

MADAME A. How provoking! Cousin Thompson, will you excuse me a few moments?

DUKE. Oh, certainly.

JOANNA. (taking MADAME'S arm) You will not leave me?

MADAME A. (removing JOANNA'S arm) Don't be a fool! Tell Cousin Thompson your story, and he will advise. I shall be back soon.

JOANNA. But I have no story, and no need of advice.

MADAME. (crossing L.) Pooh! pooh!

Nods significantly to DUKE, and goes off, L., followed by WINCH.

DUKE. (with a bland smile, and his glass to his eye) Well, my dear, and what are your expectations?

JOANNA. (R.) Sir!

DUKE. I want to know what are your expectations, my dear, that is all. You are a charming young creature, and I am only all amazement to know how on earth Arundelli found you. I think she said your friends were in the country?

JOANNA. I have no friend, sir, but Madame Arundelli.

DUKE. Nay, pray include me, if you please! Do not play the coy maiden, for I am the most liberal of men, as you will

find; nor am I inconstant either, without good cause. Come, now, what do you say?

JOANNA. If you please I—I should like to see my aunt. I—

DUKE. Oh! she shall have every reason to be satisfied. There is really no need for consultation, for you are a charming, exquisite, adorable girl! I really and truly love you! There is a piquant innocence about you that is fresh as the perfume of early roses. I shall—I do admire you! mistress of my heart and fortune, there is nothing in all the world that your utmost caprice can long for that shall not be yours—the life that is before you, shall be a romance. I never loved till now! I have been cold, indifferent, jaded, but now I love with all my heart!

JOANNA. Oh! what can all this mean? (*calls*) Aunt! Aunt! Oh! sir, let me pass, if you are a gentleman!

DUKE. I am a nobleman!

JOANNA. I care not! I ask you but to prove you are a gentleman!

DUKE. My adorable girl—you shall be mine! and mine only!

JOANNA. Help! Aunt! Help!

(DUKE follows her round the table—JOANNA, in her fright knocks over the table, she dashes open French window and shrieks “Help! help!” as DUKE grasps her by the arm.—*Music—tableau.* [No. 532, “Joanna attempting to escape from Cousin Thompson.”])

DUKE. This is carrying coquetry too far.

JOANNA. (*looking through window*) Save me! save me!

DUKE. (*dragging her forward*) Hush! you will attract notice from the street!

MADAME ARUNDELLI enters hastily, L.—goes to and closes window.

MADAME A. Are you mad, girl—that you would draw observation to my house? Are you mad, I say?

JOANNA. (C.) Ah! thank Heaven, you are here! You do not know, you cannot know this man!

MADAME A. Hush! hush!

JOANNA. I will not be silent! I am slow of suspicion, but I feel that it is infamy to listen to him, or to breathe the air of his presence. Aunt, if this is the sort of protection you offer me, welcome the streets of London, even if I have to beg my daily bread.

DUKE. (R.) I throw my fortune at your feet!

JOANNA. And I despise it, sir, as I despise you!

MISS WINCH enters hurriedly, L.

MISS W. A man rushing up stairs—a gentleman, I mean, ma'am, asking for Miss Cleveland. I couldn't stop him—he upset me on the stairs in a most indelicate manner—says he will see her.

JOANNA. Ah! help!

MADAME A. Quick! (*seizing JOANNA*) assist me, Winch! Drag her to my private cabinet—come!

*Music*—MADAME ARUNDELLI places her hand over JOANNA'S mouth, who is dragged off, R.—the instant she is off, CHARLES STANMORE hurries on L.

DUKE. (C.) Now, sir, why this intrusion?

CHARLES. (L. C.) I must and will see her! It was her voice I heard—it was her form I beheld—I will swear it! give her to me—I am in London searching for her, on authority of her relations.

*Re-enter MADAME ARUNDELLI and MISS WINCH, R.*

MADAME A. And pray, sir, who may you be, that you take upon yourself to rush into people's houses in this way, without the slightest knowledge of them, and without their leave?

MISS W. Oh, ma'am, perhaps the gentleman is mistaken, after all, and when he owns it, he may apologise. I don't know you, sir, and no relations have any right to claim me; and if I choose, while playing at forfeits with my cousin, here, and Madame Arundelli, to go to the window, and cry "help" to get back my bracelet—for that was what I had to do—what is that to you, sir? (*sticking out her elbows—advancing to STANMORE, and shaking her head in his face*) Eh? eh? eh?

CHARLES. You?

MISS W. Yes, me! What then, sir!

MADAME A. (*shouting, L.*) Minchin! take care of the spoons!

CHARLES. Well, well; in the excited state of my mind, it is possible that I may have been mistaken, and I must apologise to that elderly spinster for—

MISS W. Elderly spinster! Get out of the house you villain!

CHARLES. (*aside*) I am not yet satisfied, and I will watch. Oh! Joanna, Joanna!

*Exit, L.*

MADAME A. (*shouting off*) Minchin! watch the umbrellas in the passage. (*turning to DUKE*) I warned your grace—you have spoiled all by being so precipitate.

DUKE. Have your own price—make your own arrangements—but that girl must be mine, if she costs me half my fortune.

MADAME A. So she shall—for you are so liberal, there is no resisting you ; and I have a plan. The girl is pining for fresh air—there is a small parcel of choice lace to go to Lady Bedale's—Joanna shall be the bearer of it, on her return you must contrive—in short, the rest is for you to do. (*crosses, R.*)

DUKE. Admirable ! You shall be well rewarded—doubt it not. Farewell! *Exit, L.*

MADAME A. Oh, dear, all this agitation is too much for my delicate system—nothing will recover me but some bran—a little cordial, I mean.

MISS W. Oh, ma'am, you are a poor dear angel.

MADAME A. I am afraid I am, Winch—I am afraid I am.

*Exit MISS WINCH supporting MADAME A., R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Street in London.*

*Enter JOHN BUTTS and SUSAN JENKINS, L., arm in arm, both with their Sunday clothes on—JOHN has an old fashioned watch chain, and immense bunch of seals, a thick oaken stick in his hand.*

JOHN. Well, zooks and taters! this here Lunnun be the biggest place as ever I did see, and what surprises me above all, that it be all over houses. And I never seed such shops—and there's generally more than one man to keep one on 'em, for over almost every door there's Jones and Co., or Smith and Co., or something or other and Co. What a many people to be sure of the name of Co! I wonder if all them Mr. Co's are related to one another?

SUSAN. Ha, ha, ha ! Law, John, what a stupid gaby you are! Co is only a make believe—it means a Company.

JOHN. Likely—but better monners, Susan, or I shan't keep company wi' you any longer—you a' gotten good brass to call me a gaby afore we're married, I think.

SUSAN. La, John, it's only a playful expression.

JOHN. Oh, zooks and taters! you are playful is you—I don't fancy that, for playful women is like playful kittens—they scratches.

SUSAN. Well, don't be cross, John—give me a kiss.

JOHN. What, out here in the street, wi' all the Lunnun chaps a looking at us? No, dang it, I can't stand that neither.

SUSAN. You have promised, John, to make me your lawful wife, and so I persuaded you to treat me up to London, because

I am acquainted with the renowned city, and can induct you to its galaxy of sparkling pleasure.

JOHN. (*whistling*) Whew! Susan, is you a young woman, or is you a member of Parlyment? Hedgehogs and mangel wurzel! what is all them words about?

SUSAN. I mean, John, that I can introduce you to its intoxicating delights.

JOHN. Intoxicating! yes, I shouldn't wonder, for there be a nation sight of public houses in Lunnon—but I bean't inclined for a fuddle just now, thank'ee.

SUSAN. Oh, dear, dear, John, you are remarkably obtruse.

JOHN. Now, I say, Susan, doan't 'ee call names, I don't like it.

SUSAN. 'Tisn't names, John, it's only the genteel words I picked up when I was in service in London.

JOHN. Ah, well, if you picked 'em up, the sooner, I think, that you drop 'em agin, the better.

SUSAN. Well, John, to speak plain, as fashionable people say, I mean to show you the lions.

JOHN. Why, zooks and taters! Do you think I've come up to Lunnon on'y just to see the wild beastes? I've seed 'em on'y t'other day—there was a menaggery down in our parts.

SUSAN. Menaggery! Oh, I give you up, John—you are incorrigible.

JOHN. (*in a passion*) No, I bean't! I's a respectable farmer, and you may give up as soon as you like, for I tell 'ee what Susan, I wunt put up wi' no more of your dommed impurence! If a man had said as much to me (*taking off his hat and punching it*) I'd a punched his head as flat as a pancake!

SUSAN. Don't, John! Don't spoil your new hat, or you'll have to buy another to be married in.

JOHN. I won't be married at all! I'll have a divorce instead.

SUSAN. Perhaps that will come afterwards. (*bursts into tears*) How can you be so cruel? Oh, John Butts! John Bu-bu-bu—

JOHN. Oh, dang it, Susan! if you begins to cry, I'm mollified directly.

SUSAN. (*aside*) I know that, it's only make-believe. (*cries again*) Oh, oh, oh!

JOHN. (*whimpering*) Now do give over, Susan, else I shall begin to bellow directly, do 'ee leave off, Susan! Oh, ploughs and parsnips, Susy! I'll gi'ee anything if thee'lt ony gi' over.

SUSAN. (*suddenly ceasing to cry*) Will you, John? will you let me buy that pretty dress I saw in the shop window yonder?

JOHN. Eh? Oh dang it, Susan! you knows how to do it.

Well, zooks and taters! women be the most artful animals as ever I seed.

SUSAN. You said it would be a waste of money to buy it, and as we are going to be married, we both ought to be saving.

JOHN. Well, and I think so now.

SUSAN. You do, John, and musn't I buy it then, John? (*beginning to cry*) you are the—the—

JOHN. No, no, stop, Susan! stop! Go and buy it—go and buy all the shop if you like, so long as you wont turn on that ere main again.

SUSAN. Come you with me, John, you can amuse yourself looking in at the shop window, while I am buying the dress.

JOHN. What! and have some chap amuse himsen by cleaning out my pockets, as they did t'other day while I was a staring at the wax work.

SUSAN. The thieves in London are dreadful.

JOHN. Zooks and taters! that they is—they very nearly had my watch t'other day—that grandfeather gi' me—on'y it be so large that they couldn't lug it out o' my fob—it stuck by the way, and while the chap were a hauling at it, I let fly wi' my stick, and away he rolled into the gutter—and it's my opinion he'd ha' the headache for a week aterwards.

SUSAN. Well, wait here—I shan't be long, if the shop ain't full. You know I take a pleasure in obeying you, John, (*aside*) but only wait till we are married, and we'll soon see then who's master.

*Exit L.*

JOHN. (*calling after her*) Take care of your pockets, Susan! I must look arter her, 'cause if she were robbed now, it would be so much loss when we are married. Zooks and taters! what a nation sight of people there be a walking about to be sure—I be's sure there can't be no room for 'em unless they sleep five or six in a bed.

*Enter MAJOR EDMONDS, R., dressed shabbily.*

MAJOR. I am sure I shall be too late—can't see a clock about here, and my ticker has long ago been in the possession of an esteemed welative. Oh! here is an indiividual. (*advancing and touching JOHN on the shoulder*) My dear sir, excuse me, but—

JOHN (*starting back*) Keep off! or domme if I don't knock 'ee down.

MAJOR. Knock me down, eh? Oh yes—catch a weazel asleep! My good fwiend, I merely wish to know what's o'clock.

JOHN. Eh? (*alarmed—takes his hat off and claps it over his bunch of seals*) No, no, that wont do—I's up to your rigs—you know what's o'clock, well enough.

MAJOR. (*aside*) What a queer animal! (*aloud*) The fact is, my fwiend, I have an appointment with a lovely young lady—

JOHN. (*aside*) Somebody he is going to rob, I suppose.

MAJOR. And I am afraid I shall be too late.

JOHN. Well, you won't get there no sooner by stopping here, you know.

MAJOR. Ha, ha! vewy good! catch a weazel asleep and—ha, ha! I see—stwike me comical, you are a wag.

JOHN. A wag! perhaps I am—but I tell'ee what, if you don't go, you'll find my stick a-wagging about your head presently.

MAJOR. Oh! weally, I can't put up with this— (*advancing towards JOHN*) and I must have—

JOHN. No, you shan't, nobody shall have it—it were grand-fathers (*shouting*) here, purlice! purlice!

MAJOR. Confound the fellow, it's lucky the police are never in the way when they are wanted. He is an innocent wustic I perceive. (*to JOHN*) My good fwiend, I admiwr you exceedingly. (*aside*) here's a chance, catch a weazel—hem! (*aloud*) My dear fellow, I am pwoud of your acquaintance.

JOHN. Be off! will'ee? I don't know'ee, and I don't want to.

MAJOR. I was mewely about to say, that—that a tempo-wawy emergency—would—could you lend me half a cwown?

JOHN. Oh, yes, I could!

MAJOR. (*holding out his hand*) Ah! thank you!

JOHN. I could I say!

MAJOR. Thank you! I'm in lucks way, stwike me fortunate! Thank you!

JOHN. But I'm dommed if I do!

MAJOR. Oh! (*John buttons up his coat*) I see, catch a weazel asleep! (*looking off, R.*) Eh! yonder goes a young woman I have said a few tender things to—I think she's good for about eighteen pence. Here, Miss Swab! Catch a weazel asleep not to be done—stwike me uncomfortable! *Runs off, R.*

JOHN. (*looking after him*) Danged if I ain't had a wonderful escape—never see such a cut throat looking rascal in all my days!

*Enter JOANNA, L.. rather shabbily dressed, and carrying a small parcel.*

JOANNA. My aunt's designs are now but too plainly apparent, for the fine dress, having served it's turn, to wear in the presence of him she called her cousin, she has taken it from me, and given me this poor attire. And must I return to her house! oh! where else can I go? But this parcel which I am

to take. I must inquire my way. (*going to JOHN*) Would you be kind enough to tell me—

JOHN. (*turning, seeing her, and retreating*) Keep off! none of your Lunnon tricks, young 'ooman, they don't do wi' I; I've heerd of your games—you ain't a-going to hocuss I, I can tell' ee.

JOANNA. (*hanging her head*) Alas—alas!

JOHN. There now—*she's* going to cry—somebody has told her how to come over me. (*advancing rather fearfully*) Young 'ooman, if you be's really honest, I—I—(*JOANNA raises her head and looks at him*) Eh? (*starting*) surely I ought to know that face, for I never seed another like it; but it can't be—I ain't awake—it's a moral unpossibility.

JOANNA. (*astonished*) John Butts!

JOHN. Miss Joanna! Oh, oh, zooks and taters! (*drops his stick and bursts out crying*) Oh dear—oh dear! to see 'ee like this—you so good, so beautisome—it's enough to make anybody bad. Oh, dang it! how I should like to punch somebody's head.

JOANNA. Oh, John, times are sadly changed with me.

JOHN. I see they be, miss—and you that was such a lady—and that your uncle was so fond on.

JOANNA. Oh, do not, John, in mercy do not.

JOHN. Well, I won't; (*wiping his eyes*) but—(*breaking out*) Ploughshares and barley seed! (*dashing his hat to the ground*) It's enough to make a man—but here—here, I've gotten some o' the rhino. (*hastily pulls out a leather bag full of money and thrusts it into her hand*) Take that for the present—I ha' gotten some more at home; and here—here—you shall ha' grand-feather's watch—I never thought to part wi' it, but—(*lugging at chain*) Domn thee, come out, will 'ee!

JOANNA. (*forcing him to take back his money*) John, I knew you always for a noble-hearted fellow; but pray take back your money—I cannot—at all events, not yet.

JOHN. Oh, yes, I understand; but if you won't have my money, I tell'ee what, Miss Joanna—you sees Susan Jenkins, you know her, in course. Well, we is a going to be married—she wouldn't let me have no peace till I said she might put up the *bangs*. And you—you, Miss Joanna, shall come and live wi' us, like a lady, as you is, or perhaps you mayn't like living wi' her as were once your servant—so I tell'ee what, Miss Joanna I wont marry Susan at all—or I'll put it off for nine or ten years or so, and you shall come and live wi' me, all alone—there now!

JOANNA. Good John—we will talk of all that hereafter. I must not loiter longer here—evening draws on, and I have to deliver this parcel. Will you accompany me?

JOHN. 'Company you! Dang me if I ever leave you any more. But where be's it you be's a-going to?

JOANNA. To Park Lane—do you know it?

JOHN. Lor, bless 'ee; not I! I never seed sich lanes as they ha' gotten in Lunnon—they be's all full o' houses.

JOANNA. It is to a Lady Bedale, that I am going.

JOHN. What, to a real, live lady? Lor, come along then! we'll find it, never fear—and while you goes into the house, I'll lie down on the step o' the door, and keep a sharp look out, like my dog Towser does, outside his kennel.

JOANNA. Come, then, my kind friend.

JOHN. Stop, let's get my hat, and my walking stick, (*picks them up*) and we'll talk over matters by the way—for dang me if you shall be without a good home while John Butts has got a pound in his old leather bag.

JOANNA. (*taking JOHN'S arm*) Heaven will one day reward you for this goodness.

*As they are going, arm in arm, R., SUSAN enters, L., carrying a large parcel before her—she gives a furious start—JOHN turns and sees her.*

SUSAN. Oh, gracious! John—John! what does this dreadful vision mean?

JOHN. Don't bother me now, young 'ooman. Zooks and taters! don't you see I'm 'ticularly engaged.

(*walks off with JOANNA, R., SUSAN stares after them amazed—then her arms drop, and the large parcel falls to the ground.*)

SUSAN. Oh, oh! I'm very ill—I want to faint, and I can't, for I don't see a blessed soul to catch me! Oh, the monster! and next Sunday would have been the last time of asking. It's all the fault of those horrid draper's young men—they kept me so long talking; and they looked so nice, done up all in black and white; and now, I shall look blue, for I have lost my young man. Oh, oh, oh! (*crying*) And so much trouble I had, too, to catch him; and now he's broke loose. Oh! if I only had hold of the nasty hussy that's unwiggled him from me—I'll—I'll—oh, oh, oh! (*crying*)

*Enter MAJOR EDMONDS, R.*

MAJOR. Bless my soul! what's the matter? don't, young woman—you'll distuwb the whole neighbourhood. (*SUSAN bellows*) Don't, I tell you—you'll be shot! People will think there's an unlimited number of cats in the gutter—stwike me uneasy!

SUSAN. (*looking up, and ceasing to cry*) Why, bless me, it's Major Edmonds!

MAJOR. Eh? you know me? (*aside*) One of my victims, perwhaps. (*aloud*) I am glad to find you have left off cwyng.

SUSAN. No, I haven't. (*breaks out again*)

MAJOR. (*stopping his ears*) Oh—murder! Will you be quiet, just for one moment?

SUSAN. Certainly! (*suddenly ceasing*) How is it that you are in London, Major Edmonds?

MAJOR. Business! to see Miss Lisa Selby, if I can; I want some money from her—she is under gweat obligations to me.

SUSAN. (*breaking out again*) Oh! John! John!

MAJOR. John! John! one might as well be in a *dun-jon*, as to hear this wow! Will you stop for another moment?

SUSAN. (*suddenly ceasing*) By all means.

MAJOR. How do you happen to know me?

SUSAN. I was servant at Cleveland Hall, when you used to come there.

MAJOR. Oh, indeed! You are a pwetty girl, will you take a small walk with me, my love?

SUSAN. (*bursting out again*) No, no, never, certainly not, no, no, no! (*suddenly ceasing, and taking his arm*) Yes, I will!

MAJOR. That's wight, a—hem! 'pon my soul, I am ashamed to ask, but, pecuniawy disappointments—hem! could you lend me half a cwown?

SUSAN. (*producing her purse*) With pleasure, Major.

MAJOR. (*aside*) All wight! catch a weazel asleep, and—(*she gives him half a crown*) Thank you my angel! (*aside*) I'll make a little love to her, and then borwown another.

SUSAN. Would you have the goodness, Major, to carry that small parcel for me?

MAJOR. Small parcel! hem! (*lifts it from ground*) Ah! well, one comfort it isn't heavy. (*puts it under his arm*)

SUSAN. Oh! (*with a half scream*) don't do that, Major. By the bye, people say you are not a Major!

MAJOR. Do they? ha, ha! malice, my love, malice—catch a weazel asleep, you know.

SUSAN. Oh, dear, you have crushed it quite flat, you must carry it gently; hold your arm up, there. (*lying dress across his arms*) There, (*taking his arm*) that's the way you must carry it—it is so nicely cut out.

MAJOR. (*aside*) And a pwetty figure I shall cut—never mind, there's another half cwown or two, on the woad.

SUSAN. It's a new dress—I bought it to—to—because, Jo—Jo—John—(*roaring loudly*) oh, oh!

MAJOR. Oh! dem it! she's bwreaking out in a fwesh place.

*Exeunt L.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Mansion in Park Lane. Handsome apartment, sumptuously furnished—ottomans, consoles, vases, &c.*

LISA, in elegant evening dress, discovered at table, her face buried in her hands—*Music—after a pause, she looks up.*

LISA. I have attained the wealth and splendour for which I pined, but am I happy? No! Joanna—where'er thou art, whate'er thy wretchedness—more tranquilly dost thou sleep than she who toiled and sinned to plunge thee into misery! (*rises*) But I will pursue the course I have begun—I will not, if I can avoid it, fall from my high estate, and so become the world's mockery! My state, supported by stolen wealth, surrounded by suitors whom I despise, while he whom I so madly love, rejects me with all my riches, and lavishes his adoration on a poor, penniless girl. I have been taught to think that wealth can purchase every joy. It is a lie! for is it not powerless to win me now the only heart I prize? There is, too, a never ceasing fear around, about me—weighing down, amidst the gayest throng, the spirits that should be buoyant. The happiness sought by guilt, is but illusion—each step I take, I dread the avalanche that would o'erwhelm me.

*Enter LADY BEDALE, R., handsomely dressed.*

LADY B. My love, there is a shabby looking man—the servants can't get rid of him—he insists on seeing you—says his name is Croker.

LISA. (*starting*) Ah!

LADY B. Croker! what a horrid name! I shall make him go—for of course we don't want a croker here.

LISA. No, no, Lady Bedale, I will see him—I—

LADY B. My dear, you are agitated! Who then, is this Croker?

LISA. Lady Bedale, you have promised that you would not be curious—that you would not seek to pry into the mystery which I have freely confessed surrounds me.

LADY B. Very true, my love; your wealth has restored me to the society from which I thought myself for ever banished—and, certainly, no scruples of mine—but this man—this Croker?

*Enter CROKER, R.*

CROKER. That's me—I'm Croker—"Crowbar Croker," they call me. I'm an honest lawyer—ugh, ah—bow-wow, ugh! what do you think of that? (*crosses, c.*) Miss Selby—ah, um!—must speak to you—old lady, go away!

LADY B. Old lady!

CROKER. Venerable, but not respectable—eugh, ah, bow-wow—get out! eugh!

LADY BEDALE *flounces off, R.*—LISA *sinks into chair, L.*

CROKER. Ah, um! ain't you well? Look here! (*holding letter*) My client, Sir John Cleveland, has written to me—um—thinks that you are at my house—that I am helping you to search for his other niece—eugh, um! don't understand it—says he gave you a letter—you have never been to me, you know—says he shall be in London in a day or two, to see how the matter goes on—what matter? eugh! um! something is the matter, I am sure of that! he wants to know about his lost lamb; but I know that Lady Bedale is an old cat—eugh! um! bow-wow! eugh! (*wheezing*)

LISA. (*rising, greatly agitated—aside*) Oh! the ruin that I dreaded is approaching—how to avert it?

CROKER. Well! um! ah! don't talk to yourself, talk to me, eugh! um! bow-wow! eugh! (*coughing and wheezing*)

LISA. Mr. Croker, to-morrow at two o'clock I will be at your office, and—and—will arrange this affair with you, and, if you—if you would condescend to be my solicitor, and—and to accept of a fee of a thousand guineas for—

CROKER. Bribery! Ah! um! Was sure there was something wrong—won't do—

LISA. Two thousand!

CROKER. Oh! ee eugh!

LISA. Four thousand!

CROKER. You want to know my price; for what sum I will betray, in some gross way, my old client, Sir John Cleveland? Oh, um—go to the devil! Ah, eugh, bow-wow!

LISA. But you will wait till two to-morrow?

CROKER. Yes; that won't make much difference—but I must know then, the game you are playing, or I shall be sure to find you out, and then so much the worse for you; you may wriggle and twist, but you are caged and caught. Bow-wow, eugh! my name is Croker—that's enough, to those that know me—bow-wow! I shall see you to-morrow.

*Enter LADY BEDALE, R.*

Get out of the way, old lady! (*crosses, R.*) To-morrow! to-morrow! (*looking at LADY BEDALE*) Ah, eugh—pussy cat! Bow-wow, eugh! *Exit, R.*

LADY B. The old hog! eugh! My dear, the visit of that savage has disturbed you—you look ill.

LISA. (*with affected composure*) Oh! no, he merely called on a little business that—

LADY B. (*aside*) That's false, I know. But never mind, she has still about two hundred thousand pounds at her bankers.

LISA. (*severely*) Why did you return, Lady Bedale, when you knew that I was not alone?

LADY B. I really thought that horrid Croker was gone. (*aside*) That's a thumper! (*aloud*) I came to tell you that a young person is here from Madame Arundelli's with the patterns of the lace that— (*pointedly*) but perhaps you are too troubled now to bother about such trifles?

LISA. (*with an effort*) Troubled? certainly not, wherefore? let her come in.

*Musical.*—JOANNA enters R., crosses to C., curtsies to LISA, who, at that moment, turns towards JOANNA, their eyes meet—  
Chord—JOANNA drops parcel.

JOANNA. (*joyfully*) Lisa!

LISA. (*aside—greatly agitated*) Joanna!

JOANNA. Lisa! dear Lisa! my cousin! companion of my childhood—dear friend of my girlish days—oh! how is it that I see you here, surrounded with so much splendour? Oh! tell me, is he well—my dear uncle—tell me, is it possible that he will be here—is this to be the blessed end of all distress? Oh, Lisa! Lisa! in mercy speak to me.

(LADY BEDALE is staring in astonishment, R.

LISA. (*coldly*) Lady Bedale, is this young person a lunatic?

LADY B. Eh! well—yes—I shouldn't at all wonder!

JOANNA. Lisa, can this be? Do you not know me?

LISA. I never saw you in my life before.

JOANNA. (*shrinking back*) Oh! say not that! surely you are Lisa. The look—the tone! Oh, Lisa! you are jesting with me. Say that you are—speak, dear Lisa, oh! speak to me.

LISA. Begone! I know you not!

JOANNA. Good Heavens! (*turning to LADY BEDALE*) Oh, tell me—is not the name of this young lady, Selby?

LADY B. Ye—

LISA. (*loudly, and with a stern glance at LADY BEDALE.*) No!

JOANNA. Not! then sight and mind are surely failing me. Oh! Heaven help and protect me.

*Musical.*—JOANNA gazes searchingly into the face of LISA, who returns the look with one of cold severity—JOANNA shudders and staggers off, R., LISA sinks into chair.

LADY B. (*picking up parcel, and placing it on table*) There is something very mysterious in all this, for that young woman was as sensible as I am, and of course your name is Selby—

LISA. (*rising*) Lady Bedale, I will soon make you my confidant—will tell you all; and now leave me, leave me, for I have need to reflect—ay, and to act.

LADY B. Very well, my love. (*aside*) There will be a smash and a crash, soon; I am sure of that. I am sadly afraid her great heap of money was not honestly come by; and— But

never mind, I have saved something worth while, thank goodness! *Exit, L.*

LISA. Monti! he only can save me now. I must instantly seek him—

*Enter MONTI, R.—chord.*

MONTI. You need not, Lisa, he is here. You are agitated—you tremble—wherefore? You have no cause for fear.

LISA. Not? ruin surrounds me every way, and only you can rescue me.

MONTI. And I will do so. Joanna has been here.

LISA. Ah! you know?

MONTI. Yes; know too, that ere long she will be beyond the power of doing you harm—will cross your path no more.

LISA. You will not slaughter— Oh! I am not yet prepared for that.

MONTI. Fear not, her life is safe.

LISA. Thanks for that; but I have more to tell—

MONTI. I know that you would say. Croker has been here—you have never delivered your letter of introduction; and Sir John has written to him, making inquiries, and announcing his intention of being in London within a few days.

LISA. Yes, yes; how could you know all this?

MONTI. Nothing can escape me.

LISA. Yes, yes! you are powerful, and you will save me.

MONTI. I will! (*she clasps her hands joyfully*) Desperate perils must be encountered by desperate means. Croker must be silenced.

LISA. Ah, yes! offer him any sum. (*he smiles*) But Sir John—should he arrive in London!

MONTI. He will not!

LISA. How?

MONTI. He must be stopped.

LISA. Stopped! you do not mean—

MONTI. Murder him! Well, to save you, I may even commit a murder, since I have already plunged into forgery on your account.

LISA. Ah!

MONTI. Yes, the bankers wrote to inform Sir John of your heavy drafts on his account—I, no matter how, contrived to intercept that letter.

LISA. You did!

MONTI. Ay; and returned one, seemingly written by Sir John, which assured the bankers that all was well, and bade them yield to you that you all should command.

LISA. Already then, you have saved me from destruction?

MONTI. And will again. Go on, and fear not. Your star has not yet culminated—you are, as yet, but entering on your glorious career!

LISA. Oh, that I were but assured of that!

MONTI. You may be. Confide in me—hitherto have I in aught failed you?

LISA. No, oh, no! but—but for all this, you will require something more of me?

MONTI. Yes, Lisa, yes—we serve, and are useful to each other.

LISA. Is it more money? Be moderate, Monti, the sum at my disposal, were it ten times the amount, would soon vanish before such drafts as you make upon it. You have already had seventy thousand.

MONTI. Not my fair proportion. But, at present I shall not ask you for more money, but jewels—for four and twenty hours, as was our compact. You do not procure them fast enough. You have opportunities for obtaining the most priceless in the land.

LISA. I borrow, where'er 'tis possible—

MONTI. But you neglect the chances where you might borrow without the consent of the owner, and replace again—and none be a whit the wiser.

LISA. I cannot, and I will not do that—I will not, as I have told you, become a common thief.

MONTI. (*with a sneering laugh*) And yet you have robbed of a large sum, your loving, doting, foolish old uncle.

LISA. Robbed!

MONTI. Oh! I beg pardon—appropriated is a genteeler word! Do my bidding Lisa, or, in an instant, and in the height of your glory, stricken with disgrace—crushed with infamy—you will shriek and grovel at my feet.

LISA. Mercy! do not—I shudder in every limb—I will obey you in everything.

MONTI. Then you are safe; but, remember, that at every moment of your life, you stand upon the brink of an abyss; and that you will surely topple over, whenever it shall please me to withdraw my protecting arm. Forget not that, and so, farewell!

*Music—Exit, R.*

LISA. Yes, I am in his power, and must obey his behests; and he, alone, can save me. Oh! I hate him with an intensity that knows no bounds. But vainly do I groan—vainly do I writhe and struggle, for I am his bonded slave. He has made me what I now am; and by a breath he could scatter the fabric of my new existence to the winds. No, no, I dare not defy him, for I am his—his—his—body and soul, are all his own.

*Music—Exit, L.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Street—Night. (2nd grooves)*

*Music*—JOHN BUTTS hurries on, R.—and looks every way.

JOHN. Oh! zooks and taters! gone—gone—can't find her nowheres. What a marcy it would be if somebody would come and kill me—I deserves it. What will Miss Joanna think of me, arter all my promises? Oh! I've a great mind to knock mysel' on the head wi' my stick. Eh? be that her? (*runs and looks off, L.*) No, it be a perlizeman. While I wur sitting on the step o' the house, a man fell down opposite—they said he wur in a fit; but nobody seemed to care, so I went to help the poor critter up; and as soon as I got him on his feet, he lugged grandfeather's watch out o' my fob, and run away like mad; and ever so many chaps knocked me about, and pushed my hat over my eyes; and when I got it up again, and could see—dang me if there wur a soul in sight nowhere. Oh! Lunnun be a awful place. Eh? dang it—there's Miss. Joanna. (*runs to R.*) No! (*shaking his head*) it's a Hitalian wi' a barrel organ. And then, when I came to my thoughts agin, I run to the door and hammered away wi' my stick, and axed for Miss Joanna; and they told me she wur gone, and said they'd lock me up; but I didn't wait for that, and—eh? (*turning towards L.*) I be sure that be her yonder by the gashlight. Oh! I be's so glad—Miss Joanna! Miss Joanua! oh lud! oh lud! *Runs off, L.*

*Enter DUKE OF ENDELL, R.*

DUKE. 'Tis clear she has escaped me—yet how? she has not passed this way on her return—of that I'm certain.

MONTI *has entered, R. 2 E., and advanced to the DUKE's side.*

MONTI. The girl for whom you wait will presently be here; and I, and only I can place her securely in your power.

DUKE. Ah! how know you—?

MONTI. No matter! her friends would richly reward him who would bring her back to their arms.

DUKE. That must not be. I, too, can reward.

MONTI. I know it. I have an interest in keeping the girl from her home—I have an influence over her. Agree to my terms, and she is yours—refuse, and she is lost to you for ever.

DUKE. And those terms—

MONTI. A thousand pounds, and the immediate removal of the girl from this country.

DUKE. Give her to me, and I will double the reward you ask.

MONTI. And will take her, at once, from England?

DUKE. Yes!

MONTI. You may safely trust me; I will, as I have before done, throw her into a mesmeric trance, and she will follow you, and will be powerless in your hands. (*crosses c.*) She is coming! I but go to bid your coachman draw up to the spot. Accost and detain her with a few words till my return

*Exit L. 2 E.*

DUKE. Yes, I will take her abroad to sunny Italy, and she will be all my own—my own!

*Enter JOANNA, R. 1 E.*

JOANNA. Vainly have I lingered and searched—he has not rejoined me. What can have happened? willingly, I am certain, John Butts would not desert me.

DUKE. (*advancing, L.*) My charming creature, do I meet you once again?

JOANNA. Ah! I see it plainly now—poor John has been entrapped. Let me pass you, sir, or I will shriek for help.

DUKE. Nay, why shrink from one who so passionately loves you?

JOANNA. Villain! I will go my way. (*crossing to L.*)

DUKE. (*grasping her*) No! by Heaven, you shall not again escape me.

JOANNA. Help! help! (*Music—they struggle*) Will no friendly hand be raised to protect me?

JOHN BUTTS runs on, L. 2 E., and knocks the DUKE down with cudgel.

JOHN. (*looking down at him*) There! now you'll keep your paws off another time, won't you? Dang it! how his head has bruised my stick, surely. Lord, my dear, I be's so glad to see 'ee again. (*hugs her, and then shrinks back abashed*) I axes pardon! don't 'ee be afeared, miss—I be's an innocent chap, I assure 'ee.

DUKE. (*rising*) Villain! this attack upon my life shall not go unpunished. (*seizing JOHN*) Police! police!

JOHN. Don't 'ee stir a single step, miss, from where 'ee be—I'll soon get rid of this fellow! Let go, you sir, do 'e hear? Let go, or dommed if I don't gi' 'ee another topper.

DUKE. (*shouting*) Police! police!

(*music—They struggle, and DUKE drags JOHN off, R. 1 E.*)

*Enter MONTI, L. 2 E., and crosses at back to R.*

JOANNA. Oh, Heaven! should he come to harm on my account—at any risk, I will not desert him. (*Music—Going, R.*)—she encounters MONTI, and shrinks back alarmed—he looks

*fixedly into her eyes—greatly terrified*) That man again! his gaze fascinates—petrifies me!

(MONTI advances to her, and waves his arms, (*music, piano, tremuloso, tell they are off stage*) after two or three passes,

JOANNO's head droops—he walks round her and remains, L.

MONTI. Joanna, I will that you should follow me!

JOANNA. (*in a trance*) I must—I must!

MONTI. Come, then, come!

MONTI backs off, L., waving his hands, and JOANNA slowly follows him—*Music agitato*—JOHN BUTTS runs on, R. U. E.

JOHN. (*looking about*) Gone again! Oh, zooks and taters! this be too much. I knocked that chap down again, and bolted from the purlice, and now—but she must be gone that way, and I'll find her, or I'll die—dang me if I don't! so here goes. Where be 'ee? where be 'ee?

*Running off, L. 1 E.*—SUSAN meets him.

SUSAN. Oh, John! my dear John!

JOHN. Dom thee! stand out of the way!

*Pushes her on one side and runs off, L. 1 E.*

SUSAN. Oh! oh! the villain! But I see it now—the sights of London have turned his brain. As sure as can be, he's got a fit of lunacy. Nice job I have done for myself in bringing him here—to lose a husband in such times as these, when they are so particularly scarce. And that wretch of a Major, too, just as we turned the corner, he run away from me, and took my new dress with him, and left me in such a dreadful state of horror, that I hadn't sufficient presence of mind to call murder.

*Enter MAJOR EDMUNDS, L., whistling—stops suddenly on seeing SUSAN.*

MAJOR. Hem! Unpleasant meeting!—awkward—vewy! Never mind—catch a weazel asleep and shave his eyebrows.

SUSAN. (*who has been gasping*) I couldn't speak before, or else I would; you rascal! swindler! Where is my dress?

MAJOR. Don't be uneasy, my love, it is quite safe.

SUSAN. Oh, thank goodness for that! But where is it?

MAJOR. Where? oh! hem! Why—it's with my uncle.

SUSAN. (*starting*) Your uncle! You don't mean the—the—

MAJOR. Yes I do! My necessities dwove me to the deed. You refused to lend me another half-a-cwown, and so the new dwess went up for seven and six.

SUSAN. And it cost me one pound eleven! Oh, you villain! I'll lock you up!

MAJOR. No you won't—for to pwove to you that I intend to behave handsomely in the matter—there's the ticket. Stwike me liberal! (*giving it*)

SUSAN. Oh, you vagabond! you—

MAJOR. (*looking off, R.*) Oh, Lord! here's the police! Catch a weazel asleep—and stwike me particularly scarce!

*Runs off, L.*

SUSAN. Why, he's gone! Ah! ah! ah! (*screaming violently*)

*Enter TWO POLICEMEN, R.*

1st. POLICEMAN. Come, I say, you gal, don't make that row.

SUSAN. There he goes! Ah! (*screams*)

1st. POLICEMAN. Oh, I see, you're drunk again.

2nd POLICEMAN. Lock her up once more.

SUSAN. There he goes! (*screams*)

1st. POLICEMAN. Yes, and here *you* go—to the station house.

SUSAN. I won't go—I won't—ah! John—John—ah! ah!

*Music. They hurry her off struggling and screaming, R.*

### SCENE SIXTH.—Willesden Lane.

*Moonlight. Music. MONTI discovered, C., his arms folded' a heavy riding whip in his hand.*

MONTI. 'Tis down this lane that every night Croker, after having left the omnibus, walks to his home. The friend who each evening leaves town with him, branches off to his own home at yonder turning, (*pointing off R.*) so that when Croker shall reach the spot where now I stand, he will be alone. *One way, or another*, he must be silenced; and should it need to be the other way, the deed may be done in safety. My horse brought me here swiftly—he is tethered to a tree near this, and will as quickly take me back again. Half measures will not do, where there is so much at stake. Lisa's fortune, and consequently mine, must not thus be blasted. (*listening R.*) Hark! what was that?

VOICE. (*without, as if at some distance*) Good night, my friend!

CROKER. (*without*) Ah, eugh, good night! Bow-wow, eugh!

MONTI. 'Tis he! He comes—he comes—it may be, never to depart alive!

*Music.—MONTI walks steadily up stage, and takes his stand, C., as before—after a pause.*

CROKER, in a shabby great coat, and carrying a large cotton umbrella, enters, R. 1 E., and walks leisurely up stage, his head down, as if in thought, till he arrives at the spot where MONTI is standing.

MONTI. Delighted to see you, Mr. Croker!

CROKER. (*looks up and starts*) Eh? eugh, bow-wow! I don't know you.

MONTI. Mr. Croker, I wish to speak to you on some business of much importance to yourself and others. I am a neighbour of yours, and have walked down the lane in the hope of meeting you.

CROKER. Then you may walk back again—I never speak of business out of office.

MONTI. Consent to become the man of business to Miss Selby, and name you terms.

CROKER. Oh! that's it, is it? Hang me if I didn't think so. Ha, ha, heugh! Bow-wow! eugh You only waste your own time and mine too—get out of my way!

MONTI. Not yet—you must listen to me.

CROKER. Eh, what? Eugh, bow-wow! You don't mean to obstruct me, do you? That is an assault, sir, I can tell you, if you don't know it, an assault in law, sir!

MONTI. I do know it. I tell you, Mr Croker, that by fair means or foul, you shall be stopped from writing to Sir John Cleveland tomorrow. You may make your fortune by abstaining—as a reasonable man would do—you may lose your life by your obstinacy.

CROKER. My life!

MONTI. Yes, your pitiful life!

CROKER. Help! mur—

*Music.—With a sudden bound MONTI grasps CROKER by the throat—CROKER raises his umbrella—MONTI strikes him with his whip, and wounds him—after a terrible struggle, they fall together—MONTI gets CROKER under, kneels upon his chest, and taking a handkerchief from his own pocket, places it around CROKER'S neck, and grasps it tightly with both hands.—Tableau. [No. 537 “Death struggle between Monti and Croker.”*

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# SCENE SEVENTH.—*Handsome Chamber. (1st grooves.)*

*Enter* LADY BEDALE, SIR JOHN CLEVELAND, and  
DR. MEADOWS, L.

SIR J. (C.) You swear, then, to be silent?

LADY B. (R.) I have sworn, Sir John, solemnly sworn. Oh! dear—who could have thought—

SIR J. Your ladyship must have known that she had no just right to such vast wealth. But, aid us in our present scheme, preserve the strictest silence, avoid the slightest hint by word or

look, of my presence in London, and you shall be suffered to retain the money given you by my unworthy niece.

LADY B. Oh, Sir John! I am deeply grateful. I should have been more particular—but, you see, Lisa found me so very poor, and poverty—

SIR J. Is a great temptation to do evil. Well, well, be silent and discreet, and your share in this disreputable matter shall never be known to the fashionable world you hold in so much awe.

LADY B. Oh, thanks, Sir John! I am, I know, a blighted lily, and uncheered by the rays of fashionable life should soon wither and die. (*aside*) It hasn't been such a bad thing for me, after all—but the infamy of Lisa's conduct is most atrocious.

*Exit, R.*

SIR J. Lisa's puzzling silence is now too terribly accounted for. The ungrateful, heartless monster! In some way, I feel assured, she has been the prime mover of all, of which poor darling Joanna was accused.

DR. M. There can be little doubt of that, Sir John.

SIR J. My blessed child! I tremble to think of what she must have endured and suffered. Alas! alas! unable to bear the calamity that has befallen her, should she have perished by her own hands! Oh! what horror is in the thought!

DR. M. Do not fear that, Sir John. Joanna is a good, and religious girl. No, no, she would not do that.

SIR J. Thank you, doctor, for those comforting words. Thanks to you, also, that, under Heaven, restored me to somewhat of my former strength—and have given me renewed energy, that I may hunt through the world for my darling child, and punish the guilty wretch who has so ungratefully, so vilely, repaid me for all the tender care that I for years have lavished on her.

DR. M. Talk not so loudly, Sir John; walls have ears, and you know that you are dead. (*smiling*)

SIR J. Yes, yes! When Charles Stanmore's letter informed us how Lisa was proceeding, you persuaded me to suffer you to write to Lisa, that unable to endure longer, the shock I had received from Joanna's loss, I had suddenly expired. But it seems to me a trifling with heaven, and I now regret having yielded to the mockery.

DR. M. Nonsense, my friend—our motive is good. Supposed dead, you will now be enabled easily to unravel matters, that otherwise might have continued inextricable. But, come, let

SIR J. I only want to find my poor Joanna! Large as is the sum of which that jade, Lisa, has despoiled me—I have still

ample riches left. I can forget all—forgive everything—if once again by Heaven permitted to hold my dear, lost darling to my heart!

*Exeunt R*

SCENE EIGHTH.—*Handsome Chambers, elegantly furnished—folding doors, C.—doors, R. 2 E. and L. 2 E.*

*Enter LISA, hastily, R., an open letter in her hand.*

LISA. Dead, dead—he is dead! Sir John Cleveland is dead. and I am free from future danger—shall no longer live in fear, Who shall now call me to account for that which I have done? Oh! I shall henceforth walk abroad without that insupportable weight at my heart—shall no longer tremble at every sound. And Monti! ha, ha, ha! he has lost his power over me. Boldly now, the slave may spurn her master!

*Music—MONTI hurries on, L. 2 E.*

MONTI. Now, Lisa, speak! Have I any more work to do? Speak! am I not relieving your path for you? Do I scruple or stop at anything? Do I not wade through blood to serve you?

LISA. Blood!

MONTI. Ay, blood! The old lawyer is dead! To save you, I have slain him!

LISA. Horrible!

MONTI. What say you? And was it not for you that I—but never more—oh! never more! His glassy eyes, even now, are staring into mine—his throat seems even now within my hands—his death gurgle still ringing in my ear. Oh! never more! never more! (*sinking into chair*) Give me wine, for I am heart-sick—no, not that, that cannot be, since I have no heart—but brain-sick, almost to madness—and it's no wonder—for after all, I am but human! No more blood! no more! come what will, on Sir John Cleveland I will not lay a finger.

LISA. Sir John is already beyond your reach—he is dead.

MONTI. (*starting to his feet*) Dead? how—when?

LISA. (*giving him letter*) Read, and learn how useless the murder you have committed.

MONTI. (*having glanced over letter*) Oh, curses, withering, and eternal curses! on the madness that drove me to the deed.

LISA. Ay! Now, Monti, you are in my power! 'Tis your turn, now, to be a slave—you are at my mercy, and when you fail sufficiently to cringe, and crawl before me, that instant I denounce you—I give you to the scaffold!

MONTI. Fiend! fiend!

LISA. No, I am simply that which you have made me—a Woman of the World!

MONTI. On the scaffold I shall never perish! I am at all times prepared 'gainst that. Revolt, endeavour to betray me, and it's yourself that would ascend the scaffold. Have you forgotten that in everything you have been my accomplice. Did you not stand by, when in her mesmeric trance, Joanna dropped the poison into her uncle's drink? Is not Joanna, now within my power—to be produced by me at any moment I shall choose? And is not the will still extant which makes her heiress, which gives her all—and how would you then escape the penalty of your robbery, if not, Sir John's, of *her* wealth?

LISA. I would die! It would but be a pang, and then *peace!*

MONTI. Peace, for you! No, no, Lisa, you dare not die! And I have not yet told you all. The jewels which you borrowed to *lend* to me, I have kept. You have given back to their owners *false* ones which my skill enabled me to render undistinguishable from the originals—I have but to proclaim *that*, and then, Lisa, what think you would your fashionable friends *say* to their new found votary.

LISA. Oh! entrapped—entangled beyond all hope of extrication.

MONTI. Even so! You see, you have not yet shaken off my yoke—I am still *your* master—you are still *my* slave.

LISA. No, Monti, no; we will be equals—friends.

MONTI. Friends! psha! I tell you, Lisa, I am, and will be *your master*. Ah! you thought, did you, that Sir John's death had freed you from my power—you were, you see, mistaken. (*grasping her arm*) Down—down, then, to your knee, and crave of me mercy and forgiveness. (*forcing her down*)

LISA. (*breaking from him*) No, I will not! I will no longer live in thrall and dread—I will be free, or nothing—will denounce you, though I die!

MONTI. Ah! say you so? are you, indeed, so resolute? You shall die, but not denounce me. I did not think to shed more blood, but since you will have it so, why be it so. (*drawing small dagger*)

LISA. Ah, villain! you have sealed your doom.

*Music—LISA is hurrying off, L.—MONTI pursues and brings her back—they struggle—he seizes her by her hair and raises his dagger to strike, when the folding doors are suddenly dashed open, and discover SIR JOHN and DR. MEADOWS—MONTI and LISA see SIR JOHN—MONTI drops the dagger, and both stagger back, utterly appalled.*

LISA. (L.) Living! he is living!

MONTI. (R.) He has heard all—I am lost.

SIR J. Yes, atrocious villain! yes, nought now remains for you, except to die; but, my Joanna—it can no further serve your hellish purpose now to keep her from me; then give her back to me—oh—give her once more to these doating arms.

MONTI. Say, Lisa, shall it be so?

LISA. No; let me not in every way be baffled—I have lost all else; but, leave me, at least, revenge!

MONTI. As I expected. Sir John, I cannot, if I would, restore to you your neice—she has become the victim of the Duke of Endell.

SIR J. Oh, infamy! infamy and despair; and I have caused this ruin. But where is she? tell me, do not keep from me the hope to rescue, and avenge her.

MONTI. Vain hope; ere this she has quitted England.

SIR J. Oh, misery—misery!

*Enter CHARLES STANMORE, hastily, L. 2 E.*

CHARLES. Sir John—Sir John—take comfort—Joanna—

SIR J. Oh! what of her? speak! in mercy, speak!

*JOANNA rushes on, L. 2 E.*

JOANNA. Here! she is here, dear uncle.

SIR J. My darling! she is mine again—again! (*embrace*)

CHARLES. Conducted by John Butts, that noble-hearted fellow, I overtook the Duke of Endell, as he was about to bear Joanna on board his yacht, rescued her, and left the duke senseless on the ground; and oh, sir, was it not a happy fate, that it should be mine to rescue her, for she has forgiven me all my former cruelty.

SIR J. Oh! yes, yes—all must be forgiven, now I have my child again. Take her, Charles, take her. (*JOANNA goes to CHARLES*) I am so happy that I can pardon even thee, Lisa; but never let me see you more.

LISA. I scorn your mercy. I am no longer the child you tolerated in your sight, and condescended to rear, while all your love was given to her. 'Twas your partiality which first dropped envy into my heart—that vice was the parent of all the others that have since found place within my soul—drove me to him, (*pointing to MONTI*) who made me the wretch you now behold me.

JOANNA. (*going to her*) Lisa, I forgive you all—dear Lisa.

LISA. Away! I hate you now, as I have ever hated you. From my childhood I have loathed you, for you ever stood between me and the love I coveted. Curse—oh, curse you all.

(JOANNA turns away shuddering) But I have had some revenge—I have rioted in what should have been your yours—have cast to the winds your hoped-for wealth—ha, ha, ha! I have not lost all—the memory of that still is left to me—ha, ha, ha! So now do with me as you will, for I—I—ah! ah!

(suddenly places her hand upon her heart, and falls back into the arms of DR. MEADOWS, who tears her off, L. 2 E.

SIR J. Oh! how little did I think that I was nourishing such a viper in my bosom. For you, miscreant—

MONTI. For me—death! but not upon the scaffold! (throws phial to the ground) I carry now my doom within me. The stake I played for, I have lost, and so, farewell! and do not think I die repentant. No! were the same to do again, I'd do it. Now give me to the officers of the law, I shall not seek to avoid them—a few minutes hence, and they can but secure my corse.

*Exit, L. 2 E.*

JOANNA. Oh, uncle! what mean these horrors?

SIR J. Hush, darling, hush!

*Enter JOHN BUTTS and SUSAN JENKINS, L. 2 E., arm in arm.*

JOHN. Oh, zooks and taters! on'y let me get out of Lunnon—and if ever I shews my nose in it again, I'm dommed!

SUSAN. Hush, John, hush! you musn't swear before ladies!

JOHN. I don't care! Think o' poor Miss Joanna! There is nout but villany in Lunnon. Susan's been in the Station-house, and I've lost grandfeyther's watch.

SIR J. Well, my brave fellow, to make you amends, you shall have your farm rent free for the remainder of your existence.

JOHN. Eh? Shall I? Oh, lord, Susan! dost hear?

SUSAN. Yes, John, it penetrated to my olfactories.

JOHN. Rent free! Oh, lord! rent free! he, he, he! Oh, zooks and taters!

*Enter DOCTOR MEADOWS, R.*

DR. M. Lisa!

SIR J. What of her? Speak!

DR. M. She has burst a blood vessel—she is dead!

SIR J. Peace to her guilty soul! Joanna, my darling, be thankful that you are single minded, truthful, and loving, for that is the right wisdom of heaven and of the heart—and she who with religion, meekness, charity, and love, fulfils her earthly mission—is the truest and wisest WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

CHARLES. JOANNA. SIR JOHN. SUSAN. JOHN. DR. M.  
R. L.

CURTAIN.

THE  
MILLINERS' HOLIDAY.

A FARCE

IN

ONE ACT

BY

J. M. MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most univarrantable Intrusion—Dying for Love—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—Going to the Derby—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Going to the Derby—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife—Irish Tiger—Ticklish Times—Take care of Dowl—Muleteer of Toledo—Game of Romps—Away with Melancholy—How Stout You're Getting—A Prince for an Hour, &c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,

LONDON.

# MILLINERS' HOLIDAY.

*First produced at the Haymarket Theatre,  
July 1st, 1844*

## CHARACTERS.

|                                                  |                                                                       |
|--------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| LIEUTENANT BOWLING, R.N. . . . .                 | Mr. HOLL.                                                             |
| MR. SIMON SPARKES . . . . .                      | Mr. BUCKSTONE.                                                        |
| MR. PENNYWIG . . . . .                           | Mr. STRICKLAND.                                                       |
| OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR . . . . .                      | Mr. MITCHENSON.                                                       |
| FANNY THOMPSON, <i>Ward of Bowling</i> . . . . . | Miss J. BENNETT.                                                      |
| MISS POTTS                                       | <div> <div> </div> <div> <i>Milliners.</i> </div> <div> </div> </div> |
| MISS DOTTS                                       |                                                                       |
| MISS TOTTS                                       |                                                                       |
| MISS WATTS                                       |                                                                       |
| MISS LOTTS                                       |                                                                       |
| KITTY CARRAWAY . . . . .                         | Mrs. WORRELL.                                                         |

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—50 minutes.

## COSTUMES.

LIEUTENANT BOWLING.—Modern suit.

MR. SIMON SPARKES.—Very short grey coloured Tweed coat, nankeen pantaloons, buff waistcoat, Hessian boots, black hat.

MR. PENNYWIG.—Black body coat and waistcoat, grey cloth pantaloons, black stocking gaiters, black hat.

OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.—Modern conductor's dress.

FANNY THOMPSON.—White morning dress, bonnet.

MISS POTTS.—Flounce muslin petticoat, black velvet spencer, bonnet.

MISS DOTTS.—Blue mousseline de laine, black scarf, bonnet.

MISS TOTTS.—Pink dress trimmed with black lace, scarf.

MISS WATTS.—White muslin dress and shawl, bonnet

MISS LOTTS.—Blue silk dress and scarf.

KITTY.—Dark silk dress, bonnet and veil.

# THE MILLINERS' HOLIDAY.



SCENE I.—*A Country View. Direction post, "To Peckham"—trees at wings, R. and L.—at the back a garden wall, fruit trees seen behind—a small practicable green door in c. of wall. Noise of carriage heard without, R.*

CONDUCTOR. (*without.*) Hold hard! (VOICES are heard in dispute.)

*Enter MISSES POTTS, DOTTS, TOTTS, WATTS, and LOTTS followed by an OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR, R. 2 E.*

CONDUCTOR. This won't do—a shilling's my fare, ladies.

MISS P. That's to say, a shilling would be your fare, young man, if you could get it, young man—but you won't, young man.

ALL. Certainly not.

CONDUCTOR. Very well, young ladies—the next time you get into my 'bus, I'll take you for nothing!

*Exit. R. 2 E.*

MISS P. Low fellow!

MISS D. Never mind. We've come out to have a day's pleasuring—it isn't often Mrs. Furbelow gives her ladies a holiday—so let's enjoy ourselves.

MISS P. So we will. Oh, what a love of a place! There's an apple tree! (*points to garden wall*) What bangers, to be sure! I'll bet any lady a penny she doesn't knock down one of those apples, with her parasol, once in three times.

Miss D. Done. But let's be sure there's nobody in the garden.

Miss P. I'll open the door and take a peep. (*goes to door*) Holloa! it's locked. How absurd! Just as if any one wanted their apples. Never mind—I'll have a look through the keyhole. (*looks*) Eh? it is—no—yes—(*runs forward*) Oh, Dotts, Totts, Watts, Lotts!

ALL. What is it?

Miss P. Who do you think I've seen, in a blue striped German velvet, with three tucks, embroidered at the top, and a watering pot in her hand? Guess—no, don't—for you never will.

ALL. Who?

Miss P. Fanny Thompson.

ALL. No! (*ALL run and try to look through the keyhole.*)

Miss D. You're sure 'twas Fanny?

Miss P. Quite.

Miss D. Our fellow apprentice at Mrs. Furbelow's?

Miss P. Yes.

Miss T. And who left us six months ago?

Miss P. Yes.

Miss W. And went nobody knows where?

Miss D. And with nobody knows who.

Miss P. No, Miss Dotts—your good-natured insinuation doesn't happen to be correct. Fanny Thompson was removed from Mrs. Furbelow's establishment by her legal guardian.

Miss D. (*sarcastically*) And a young guardian!

Miss P. Well, what of that? I don't see the absolute necessity for a guardian being seventy years old, with a pair of crutches, a pigtail, and the gout! I won't hear a word against Fanny—so let's go in a body, and give the dear girl an agreeable surprise.

Miss W. But how? The gate's locked.

Miss P. There are more ways of getting on the other side of a gate than going through it. Miss Totts, here's an opportunity for distinguishing yourself—you shall scramble over the wall, and let us in.

Miss T. Miss Potts, I'd rather not.

Miss D. Then what's to be done?

MISS P. I'm not naturally given to violent measures, but I think between us, we might bump the door open.

MISS D. Suppose we first take a circuit of the premises—there may be another door.

MISS P. Very true, Dotts—we'll divide our forces. You and Watts to the right—I and Totts to the left, and meet here again in a quarter of an hour.

ALL. Agreed. Come along.

MISS P. Stop—who's got the sandwiches?

MISS W. I.

MISS P. Then let's divide them, in case of accidents. (*takes a large paper of sandwiches out of Miss Watt's basket, and putting one in her mouth*) Now, then, we start fair—so, one, two, three, and away!

*Exeunt running, on opposite sides.*

*The green gate, c., opens, and BOWLING and MR. PENNYWIG appear.*

BOWL. After you, Mr. Pennywig—

PENNY. I couldn't think of such a thing.

BOWL. Now, Mr. Pennywig, while Fanny is busy watering her roses—are you satisfied with her improvement in the various branches of education you profess to instruct? In short, does she progress?

PENNY. Enormously! It was only the day before yesterday that we finished pronouns and launched into participles!

BOWL. When I placed Fanny under your charge, she was certainly rather deficient in—(*touching his forehead*)

PENNY. More than rather. She was totally and com—

BOWL. That'll do. How could it be otherwise, with no society but that of her milliners?

PENNY. We shall triumph, depend on't.

BOWL. No doubt of it; for when my good old aunt, Dorothy, some twenty years ago, appointed you my tutor, you contrived to knock something even into my hard head, and yet I was a sad idle dog!

PENNY. The very laziest young monkey—

BOWL. That'll do! Luckily Aunt Dorothy saw that unless she left me her fortune I should never make my own, and at her death I found myself master of fifteen

thousand pounds, besides this, her favourite little snugger at Peckham, which being but of little value to a sailor, like myself, I should certainly have disposed of, had I not shortly after inherited another legacy, in the shape of the orphan daughter of my old shipmate, Thompson. Poor fellow! he fell by my side.

PENNY. Did he? He must have hurt himself a good deal!

BOWL. Cut in half by a chain shot, that's all!

PENNY. Oh, that's all? And you adopted the orphan, Fanny? Well I will say, that such conduct on your part is by far the most—the most—I can't find an adjective sufficiently energetic to—

BOWL. That'll do! I was then under immediate sailing orders, and in this emergency I thought of you, sent for you instant—

PENNY. At two o'clock in the morning—raining cats and dogs—I remember.

BOWL. And placing Fanny under your tutorship, directed you to give her a plain every-day sort of education—in short, to teach her all you knew yourself—and above all, to keep her from all communication with her former associates, the milliners.

PENNY. I trust, Mr. B., I have most faithfully, religiously, and scrup—

BOWL. That'll do! Here comes Fanny.

*Enter FANNY, c. gate, with a watering pot in her hand.*

FANNY. (*singing*) La, la, la! (*sees BOWLING*) Oh! (*starts and sprinkles PENNYWIG's legs, who skips aside*) Why, guardian I thought you were on your road to town. It's really too bad of Mr. Pennywig to detain you. (*aside to PENNYWIG.*) Send him away!

PENNY. Lor!

(*dumb show—he deprecating, she insisting, and occasionally sprinkling him with the watering pot*)

BOWL. Why, Fanny, what ails you? You seem fidgetty—perhaps my presence—

FANNY. Oh!

PENNY. On the contrary, Mr. B., I assure you it was

only yesterday Fanny was complaining of her dear kind guardian's absence.

FANNY. Well, of all the dreadful fibs— (*lifting her hands in astonishment, and giving PENNYWIG a shower*)

PENNY. You know it's true, miss. To which I replied, "Why doesn't your respected guardian live here?" To which you rejoined, "To be sure." Upon which we both agreed, that as the house stood by itself, with no gas lamp within a quarter of a mile of it, and as the country was always proverbial for being the abode of innocence and housebreakers—

FANNY. What of that? If thieves were to break into the house, I presume you could turn them out again?

PENNY. Of course I could—if they'd let me.

FANNY. Besides, haven't we got John, the gardener, and his great fat wife?

BOWL. And, though last not least, isn't there old Blucher, the bull dog?

FANNY. Of course. But my dear old tutor is so fond of chattering, that he'd keep you here all day, and as I know you must have a thousand things to do, you'd better go—indeed you had. You can come back in two or three days you know.

BOWL. Can I? (*aside*) This looks very like turning me out! Well, then, good bye—and, as you say, in two or three days—

FANNY. Oh, I don't insist on your coming back so soon.

BOWL. Don't you? (*forcing a laugh*) Ha, ha!

PENNY. Ha, ha!

BOWL. (*silencing him by a look*) That'll do! (*aside*) This is odd—very odd! I decidedly don't return to town to-night! Good bye, Fanny—Pennywig, ta, ta!

PENNY. Ta, ta, Bowling! (*BOWLING stops him with a look and exit, R.*)

FANNY. He's gone at last!

PENNY. And I breathe again! To think that I, Septimus Pennywig, in the sixty-first year of my age, should conspire with my own pupil, to deceive her too-confiding guardian!

FANNY. You exaggerate.

PENNY. Not a bit. Ain't I, at this moment, like a good-for-nothing old vagabond, actually aiding and abetting you, his ward, and my pupil, in—

FANNY. In what?

PENNY. The particulars of the atrocious proceeding I don't know, but this I do know—that you've wheedled me into inviting a juvenile member of my own sex to the house.

FANNY. (*anxiously*) Do you think he will come?

PENNY. Who?

FANNY. Mr. Sparkes.

PENNY. I'm horribly afraid he will.

FANNY. You're sure you addressed the letter right?

PENNY. Alas! yes—"Simon Sparkes, Esquire."

FANNY. Sparkes, with an e?

PENNY. Simon Sparkes, with an E, Esquire, Architect, &c., Romford, Essex.

FANNY. Requesting his presence here to-day, on business of importance?

PENNY. Great importance. Great, with a dash under it!

FANNY. And the hour?

PENNY. Five, P. M.—and now (*looks at his watch*) it only wants a quarter. Perhaps John, the gardener or his wife had better go to the end of the lane, and watch for him.

FANNY. I've given them both a holiday.

PENNY. You have? Ha, ha!

FANNY. Of course! So you must receive Mr. Sparkes till I come back. I'm only going as far as the common.

PENNY. You're always going as far as the common. In short, Miss Fanny, I begin to suspect—

FANNY. That I've a secret, which you'd like to know. All in good time, my dear, inquisitive tutor. There, there! (*patting his cheek*)

PENNY. No, no—my duty to the respected Mr. B.—

FANNY. Of course—but don't try to look serious, because that dear rosy, handsome countenance couldn't if it would.

(*gradually turning him round—kissing him.*—PENNY-WIG hugs her, and she runs out, L.)

PENNY. I'm regularly in for it! I'm committing all sorts of deceptions, and no end of breaches of confidence! and I can't help it—now that's the melancholy part of it, and I can't help it!

SPARKES. (*without*) My good woman, I don't want any! (*very loud and fiercely*) I tell you, I don't want any!

PENNY. A stranger, and a youthful one!

(*retires, observing.*)

*Enter SPARKES, R., both hands full of lucifer boxes.*

SPARKES. It is a most extraordinary thing that people won't take an answer. There's a horrid old woman has been treading on my heels for the last mile and a half with a cargo of lucifer boxes—she insisted on my taking a dozen boxes, in spite of all I could say, and here they are. (*stuffing them into his coat pockets*) And now to look about me. Hollo! (*takes out letter*) "Garden wall"—there it is—"Small green door in ditto"—there's the door—this must be the house. Hollo! (*seeing PENNYWIG*) An individual—elderly and respectable—looks like a butler, or a coachman out of livery.

PENNY. It must be he! rather undersized, and not particularly well built for an architect.

(*they look at each other, then look away, and then at each other again*)

SPARKES. Oh, bother! (*goes to the door, and raps with care*)

PENNY. (*beckons to him, and brings him down mysteriously*) It's all right. (*in loud whisper*)

SPARKES. Is it? come, I'm glad to hear that.

PENNY. You are—(*whispering*)

SPARKES. I dare say I am—only I didn't hear what you said.

PENNY. I said—you are—Sparkes. (*in a loud whisper*)

SPARKES. Mr. Sparkes!

PENNY. With an E? (*whisper*)

SPARKES. A he? oh, an E—yes.

PENNY. Then take that. (*gives key*)

SPARKES. What's this?

PENNY. A key.

SPARKES. Pooh! of course I know it's a key—what is it for?

PENNY. To open that door—the person who is anxious to see you has just stepped out.

SPARKES. It strikes me that if the person had been anxious to see me, the person would have stopped at home. Will he soon be back?

PENNY. He? it isn't he! (*very mysteriously*)

SPARKES. No—why then it must be a—

PENNY. (*very energetically*) Hush!

SPARKES. (*starting*) Come, I say, don't do that again!

PENNY. Now go in, while I communicate your arrival to—

SPARKES. The lady, eh? (*nudging PENNYWIG*)

PENNY. Hush!

SPARKES. Now, d—n it, don't.

PENNY. Shut the door after you, and if any one should happen to knock—

SPARKES. I'll open the door with pleasure.

PENNY. Not for the world!

(*very forcibly—goes mysteriously to side, L.—stops, puts his finger to his lips, and goes off, L.*)

SPARKES. Is that man a lunatic, or is he not? Well, it's quite in keeping with the mysterious letter that brought me here. Who can the person be? and what can the person want? The butler, or the coachman, or whatever his capacity in the establishment may be, certainly hinted that the writer was not a male. Now, if he isn't a male, he may be a female—I mean, if she isn't a male, she may—no—never mind! Perhaps it's a pretty woman—possibly a lovely woman! 'Pon my life the number of woman I contrive to fascinate is quite extraordinary! Where could I have effected this conquest? not at Peckham, for I haven't been within twenty miles of it since the twelfth of last September, on which day, I left my second floor at the grocer's, on the Common, with my carpet bag, hat box, umbrella, and the heart of Kitty Carraway, my landlord's daughter. Poor Kitty! yes, that was it—she *was* poor, and that's why I—pshaw! conscience avaunt! Sparkes is himself again! (*goes to door, and begins putting key into lock*)

*Enter, on opposite sides, MISSES POTTS, DOTTS, TOTTS, &c.*

MISS P. Well?

MISS D. Well?

MISS P. No results?

MISS D. Ditto.

MISS P. Then, as I said before, we must thump the door open—come along! (*they run towards the door in a body, and nearly knock SPARKES over*)

SPARKES. Hollo! ladies—ladies!

MISS P. Beg pardon, sir—we entirely overlooked you!

MISS T. Yes, we overlooked you.

SPARKES. Overlooked *me*! (*draws himself up*) That's a good idea! (*aside*) Milliners out for a holiday! I'd as soon have met a drove of wild bulls! (*going to door*)

MISS P. (*stops him by the coat tail*) Beg pardon, sir, I hope you won't be offended.

MISS D. I'm sure he won't.

MISS P. The gentleman doesn't look as if he could be angry, does he, Dotts?

MISS P. No, Potts—I never saw a more benevolent countenance, did you, Totts?

MISS T. Never! Such a smile, eh, Watts?

MISS W. Oh, yes!

SPARKES. This is remarkably entertaining! I wish you a good morning. (*going*)

MISS P. (*stopping him*) I beg pardon—

SPARKES. I wish, ma'am, you wouldn't keep perpetually begging my pardon—it's absurd—if you've anything to say, why don't you say what you've got to say? (*fiercely*)

MISS P. Well, then, you can give us information respecting a young person—

SPARKES. Don't know any young person. (*going*)

MISS P. (*stopping him*) Miss Fanny Thompson—as you were going into her house, we thought—

SPARKES. (*aside*) Her house! then her name's Fanny, and a sweet name, too.

MISS P. Perhaps you think we are strangers to Fanny? but bless you, we knew her long before you became her guardian.

SPARKES. Guardian—me!

MISS P. Come, come—we know all about it—she'll be so delighted to see us, so come along.

*(takes one of SPARKES's arms—the other GIRLS take the other between them, and turn him round towards door)*

SPARKES. *(shouting)* Stop! my ward Fanny is indisposed!

MISS P. That won't do—she was walking in the shrubbery just now.

SPARKES. *(aside)* That's unlucky! Couldn't you postpone the agreeable visit till next week? the gooseberries will be ripe!

MISS P. No, it must be now or never.

SPARKES. Then of the two, I'd rather it was never.

MISS P. Very well, sir—of course you're the master here—but allow me to say, sir, that a guardian needn't be a tyrant.

MISS D. *(pulling him round to her)* No, sir—nor a savage.

MISS T. Nor a bear.

MISS P. Nor a brute! but we'll expose you.

MISS D. We'll hold you up to the execration of mankind.

MISS P. Let's tear him to pieces!

ALL. Let's tear him to pices!

SPARKES. Police!

*(runs to door, opens it, and after some difficulty in preventing the MILLINERS from following him, shuts the door—they begin hammering at it with their feet and parasols)*

*Enter BOWLING, R.*

BOWL. I'm almost ashamed of my suspicions, and pet—*(the GIRLS renew their knocking)* Hollo ladies!

MISS P. *(looking round)* Wait a minute! *(knocking)* There goes my parasol—lend me your stick.

BOWL. Might I inquire the object of this infuriated attack upon that unoffending door?

MISS P. The emancipation of a fellow creature! Oh, sir, we've just discovered that a dear friend of ours—a sweet young creature, about my age—

BOWL. Well?

MISS P. And a great favourite with us all—Mrs. Furbelow's—there's her card, sir, if you want—

BOWL. Psha! what have you discovered?

MISS P. That our dear Fanny is locked up in that house, a victim to the tyranny of a good-for-nothing ogre of a guardian.

ALL. Yes, sir!

BOWL. Incredible! (*with feigned astonishment*)

MISS P. The monster has just refused us admission.

BOWL. (*aside*) Well done, old Pennywig! then my suspicions were groundless.

MISS P. If it had been an old man, I shouldn't so much have wondered, but that a young man should be such a wretch!

BOWL. A young man!

MISS P. Yes, he slammed the door in our faces.

BOWL. And went in himself?

MISS P. Of course!

BOWL. Ha, ha! (*aside*) Then my suspicions were not groundless, and Fanny did send me out of the way. A young man? ha! but I'll be revenged!

MISS P. We'll all be revenged! (*loud barking heard*)

BOWL. That's Blucher's voice! he's the only faithful one after all. I must get these belligerent ladies out of the way. Ladies, suppose we retire, and deliberate on our plan of conducting the attack?

MISS P. Anything; only let's lose no time.

BOWL. Come, then. (*aside*) I'll not lose sight of that door. *Exeunt, R.*

(*very loud barking and cries of "Help! Murder!"*)

SPARKES is seen to scramble up on the wall, he is without his hat—barking and growling continued.

SPARKES. Pompey! nice Pompey! pretty Juno! good little doggy! (*barking*) Mercy on us! here's a situation! I've been running seventeen times round the garden, with a ferocious bull dog after me, within an inch of my heels. (*looking down, coaxingly*) Go to your kennel, pretty doggy, (*barking—very fiercely*) Go to your kennel, you brute! It's no use—there he sits, as if he was glued to the gravel walk. (*moving his position*) Hollo! the lucifer matches

are going off! I can't imagine a more disgusting position! it only want's a row of broken bottles to make it complete. Ugh! (*groaning at the dog*)

FANNY. (*without*) Come along—make haste!

*Enters, L., followed by MR. PENNYWIG, out of breath.*

You say Mr. Sparkes has arrived?

PENNY. Yes, he's in the garden.

SPARKES. No, he isn't.

PENNY. Hollo! I say, why the deuce are you perched up there?

SPARKES. I'm only too glad to be perched up anywhere! I'm quite ashamed, ma'am to introduce myself in such a ridiculous posture; but it's entirely the fault of that stupid old groom of yours. (*pointing to PENNYWIG*)

PENNY. Groom! What do you mean, sir? (*dog barks*)

SPARKES. That's what I mean.

FANNY. Oh, I see; Blucher is loose.

SPARKES. Oh, that's the gentleman's name. Here, Blu-Blu-Blu-Bluky! Bluky! (*calling*)

PENNY. Ha, ha! Fling me down the key.

SPARKES. That's no use; I've bolted the door.

PENNY. Then get down and unbolt it.

SPARKES. Thankye, I'd rather not!

PENNY. Never mind. Luckily I've got the key of the other gate.

SPARKES. Then make haste, if you love me.

FANNY. We'll soon relieve you, Mr. Sparkes.

SPARKES. Thankye, miss. Excuse my taking off my hat—the dog's got it. *Exit FANNY and PENNYWIG, L.*

*Enter BOWLING, R.*

BOWL. I've set my fair allies at work among the cherry trees in the market garden, and have given them the slip. Now, then, to make my observations.

SPARKES. I shall certainly catch cold in my head! (*approaches door*)

(*takes out his handkerchief—the lucifer boxes fall on BOWLING*)

BOWL. Holloa! (*looks up*) A man on the wall! The very fellow I wanted, no doubt. Sir—

SPARKES. Sir, to you!

BOWL. What business have you on that wall?

SPARKES. I'm not here on business. I sit here for my pleasure.

BOWL. Come down, sir, I want you!

SPARKES. Do you? Then instead of my coming down, suppose you come up.

BOWL. Coward! consider yourself horsewhipped.

SPARKES. Sir, you're below my notice.

PENNYWIG. (*heard from garden*) Now, Mr. Sparkes—we've tied up Blucher.

BOWL. Pennywig's voice! The old viper!

FANNY. (*heard from garden*) So pray come down, Mr. Sparkes.

BOWL. Fanny's voice! The young serpent! I shall go mad!

SPARKES. You'd better go to bed. Ha, ha! Sir, I wish you a good evening. (*disappearing, all but his head*) And, sir, consider yourself kicked! *Disappears.*

BOWL. Oh, what an unsuspecting, easy, confiding fool I have been.

*Enter MISSES POTTS, DOTTS, &c., eating cherries out of their pocket handkerchiefs.*

MISS P. (*walking after BOWLING, who is striding up and down*) Well, sir, what have you decided?

BOWL. Nothing.

MISS P. Then you might have stopped, and helped us to gather the cherries.

MISS D. And then we shouldn't have had to get up the ladders after them.

BOWL. Ladders! The very thing!

MISS P. What for?

BOWL. To scale that wall.

MISS P. Of course. Hurrah! (*waves handkerchief, and then runs about, picking up the cherries*) We'll run and fetch one! (*BOWLING about to remonstrate*) Don't think us such poor-spirited creatures as to let you go alone. No—we'll share your perils. And now, girls, the ladders—the ladders! *They run out, L.*

BOWL. Zounds, there's no stopping them! We shall

be the talk of the whole parish. Never mind, I shall have the satisfaction of twisting the young fellow's neck, at all events. Here they come again.

*Re-enter MISS POTTS, with two ladders, and followed by her COMPANIONS, each with a ladder.*

MISS P. Come along! (to BOWLING) Here's a ladder for you—no, this is the strongest—there! (gives ladder) And now, girls, remember this isn't a question of gathering blackheart cherries, but evergreen laurels. Are you ready? (to BOWLING) Give the word.

BOWL. Charge!

ALL. Hurrah!

(they rush to wall, headed by BOWLING, plant their ladders against it, and are seen climbing up as scene closes.

SCENE SECOND.—A large well furnished apartment. A door, R.—window, R. 3 E.—doors, L. and L. 3 E.—a door at back—chairs, table, &c.—also a large arm chair, with chintz cover, which can be taken off.

*Enter FANNY and KITTY CARRAWAY, C. D.*

FANNY. Come along, Kitty—I'll do my best to restore you your faithless Sparkes. Leave all to me, and remain quiet there.

(Points to door, L. 3 E., hurries her in, and shuts door. Poor Kitty Carriaway! she doesn't seem to have much confidence in my generalship—and yet, I flatter myself, never did campaign begin with fairer prospects of victory.

*Enter PENNYWIG, C. D.*

Well, where is Mr. Sparkes?

PENNY. Flinging stones at Blucher, in the kennel! No, he isn't—I hear him on the stairs. (noise of feet rushing up stairs)

SPARKES runs on, C., very pale and alarmed.

What is the matter?

FANNY. You look alarmed!

SPARKES. I *am* alarmed. They are coming!

FANNY. Who are coming?

SPARKES. I didn't stop to inquire. All I know is, I was pelting Blucher with pebbles, when I heard a noise; I looked up, and saw something on the wall—it was a head!

PENNY. (*alarmed*) A head!

SPARKES. Yes; and a head with a body to it. Presently I saw another, and another, and another—I should say, on a moderate calculation, thirty or forty of them, in white caps, and long dishevelled hair.

PENNY. Mercy on us!

FANNY. What could they have wanted?

SPARKES. I'm horribly afraid they wanted me—for they no sooner saw me than they set up a screech that nearly knocked me off my legs, and then the whole gang leaped down into the garden.

(*all the MILLINERS heard without.*)

MILLINERS. I am sure he went this way!

SPARKES. Hark! they're coming up the stairs.

PENNY. I'll secure this door. (*locks C. D.*)

FANNY. And I this. (*locks door, L. 3 E.*)

SPARKES. And I this.

(*running to R — PENNYWIG gets in before him and shuts the door in his face, then runs over to L., and is going out at door, when FANNY goes in before him*)

VOICES. (*without*) Holloa! Open, &c.

(*knocking at C. D. — FANNY hastily shuts door in SPARKES's face—the C. D. is violently shaken—he runs about in despair, tears off the cover of arm chair, then puts the cover over himself, and sits down, so as to form the appearance of the chair—the C. D., where the noise, shaking, and cries for admission, has continued during the above, is now broken open*)

BOWLING, MISSES POTTS, WATTS, &c., rush on, C., as if expecting to find somebody—they all simultaneously stop, look about them, and then at each other.

BOWL. Nobody here!

Miss P. He must be somewhere, so let's ferret out the wretch!

(SPARKES, who has been listening, now resumes his attitude)

BOWL. I must try and get these Amazons out of the way! Companions in arms, while we are talking here, this wretch, as you call him, may effect his escape by the garden.

MISS P. Not he, indeed. We'll draw our scissors, and cut off his retreat!

(here SPARKES, who has been watching, utters a groan, and resumes his attitude)

BOWL. What was that? I could almost swear— Wait till I search this corridor. *Runs out, L.*

MISS P. Now, then, suppose we sit down till our general returns.

(they seat themselves—MISS POTTS sits down in SPARKES's lap, who throws his arms about her—she screams, struggles, and rushes out C. D. followed by the MILLINERS, crying "Help! murder!" at this moment, the R. D. opens)

PENNYWIG rushes in—SPARKES, who has got rid of the cover, slips into room, R., as PENNYWIG enters.

PENNY. What can be the matter? Eh—can it be? No—yes—

*Enter BOWLING, L.*

Mr. Bowling!

FANNY. (opening L. D. slightly, and looking out) My guardian!

FANNY runs in.

Oh, I'm so happy! now we're safe. (takes BOWLING's arm)

PENNY. Yes, now we're safe! (takes the other arm—BOWLING snatches it away)

BOWL. Safe! what d'ye mean?

FANNY. The house is full of robbers. They scaled the garden wall.

BOWL. Ha, ha! I'm one of them.

FANNY. }  
PENNY. } You!

BOWL. Yes. The gang consists of myself, and your old fellow-apprentices at Mrs. Furbelow's.

FANNY. Oh, where are they? I do so love to see old friends!

BOWL. One moment, Fanny. There is a trifling matter to be explained first.

FANNY. (*aside*) He suspects something—we're in for it!

BOWL. In a word, Fanny, who is this young man that has introduced himself under my roof in my absence? I will know.

FANNY. So you shall. I confess I have been to blame, yet I can't help thinking—

PENNY. We can't help thinking—

BOWL. 'Sdeath, and furies! will you hold your tongue? Further concealment is, you see, unnecessary—so tell me who he is? No hesitation—as your guardian, I have a right to know.

FANNY. But you have no right to humiliate me—to make me blush!

PENNY. No, you've no right to make us blush!

BOWL. Answer me. You are silent! very well—then I promise you that if this said spark of yours came in at the door, he shan't go out the same way.

PENNY. Well, but my dear Mr. B—

BOWL. (*shouting*) Silence! and as for you, you abandoned old hypocrite, pack up and begone!

PENNY. Good gracious!

BOWL. Not a word! I discharge you—go, before I do you an injury—go!

(*shakes PENNYWIG, and then slamming his hat on his head, runs out, C. D.*)

PENNY. There—there! the explosion's come, and I'm blown clean out of seventy pounds a year!

FANNY. Never mind—don't despair! Where's Mr. Sparkes?

PENNY. I wish he was under the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge.

FANNY. (*calls*) Mr. Sparkes! Mr.—

SPARKES *looks out of R. D., and enters.*

SPARKES. Here I am!

FANNY. You may venture; the danger's past.

SPARKES. Oh, they're gone, are they?

FANNY. Now, Mr. Sparkes, suppose we talk on a more interesting subject?

SPARKES. Not before the coachman. (*to PENNYWIG*) John, retire!

PENNY. Coachman! John! (*going up to SPARKES, who slips away*)

FANNY. This is Mr. Pennywig, my respected tutor.

SPARKES. (*very quickly*) I apologise, my dear Mr. Pennyfarthing—give me your hand. (*shakes both hands very warmly*) There, worthy man, and now—(*aside to him*) You're in the way! two's company—you understand, Pennyroyal?

(*nudging PENNYWIG in the ribs, who, on a look from*

FANNY, *exits, C. D.*)

FANNY. Now we're alone.

SPARKES. (*aside*) Come, that's a pretty broad hint! As you say, most attractive of females, we are alone. (*smiles significantly.*)

FANNY. I trust, Mr. Sparkes, that you are a man of honour?

SPARKES. Bless you, it's all right—mum's the word!

FANNY. It is that belief that has induced me to resort to so bold a course, but it was the only one left me.

SPARKES. Of course. (*aside*) Poor soul! she must be desperately smitten!

FANNY. And yet, Mr. Sparkes—

SPARKES. (*very tenderly*) Why not Simon? (*about to take her waist*)

PENNY. (*putting his head in at c. door*) Hollo!

*Exits again.*

FANNY. And yet, Mr. Sparkes, supposing a young, innocent, and inexperienced girl—

SPARKES. Ah! (*tenderly, and trying to take her hand*)

FANNY. Were to listen to your vows of love—

SPARKES. Yes! (*same play*)

FANNY. Could she, I ask, be assured of your constancy, and that you would be true?

SPARKES. True as the needle to the—to the—I forget the other thing.

FANNY. And you would marry her?

SPARKES. (*aside*) Zounds! that's to the point! Why, I—of course—

FANNY. That's enough, Mr. Sparkes—there is such a person.

SPARKES. (*playfully*) I know it, and a sweet creature she is.

FANNY. Yes, that she is!

SPARKES. (*aside*) Come, she hasn't a bad opinion of herself. And does she love her Sparkes?

FANNY. Devotedly.

SPARKES. (*laying his handkerchief down, and sinking on his knees*) And her name is—I say, her name is—

FANNY. Kitty Carraway!

SPARKES. Ha, ha! what! is it for her I've been brought all the way from Romford, in Essex?

FANNY. Of course—Kitty is now waiting for you.

SPARKES. Is she? Then Kitty may wait—I wish you a very good afternoon. (*going*)

FANNY. No, sir, you must and shall see her. I've informed her brothers, both her uncles, and her cousin, the tall Life Guardsman, of your presence here.

SPARKES. Good gracious!

FANNY. And unless you wish to be torn in pieces—

SPARKES. But I don't—it's an operation I decidedly object to.

FANNY. Then you will see her? She's in that room. (*points to R. D. 3 E.*) Shall I call her?

SPARKES. Stop—suppose I write a few lines, and prepare her for the interview?

FANNY. Very well.

SPARKES. I'll run to the nearest stationers—(*going*)

FANNY. (*stops him*) You'll find pens, ink, and paper, in that room. (*points R.*)

SPARKES. Thank ye! (*aside*) And a penknife!

*Exit, R. D., making a sign of cutting his throat.*

MISS POTTS. (*without*) Come along, girls, she's here!

*Enter* MISSES POTTS, DOTTS, WATTS, and TOTTS.

I told you so—Fanny!

FANNY. My dear Miss Potts!

MISS T. Give me a kiss—there! (*kisses her*) Now one for Dotts—another for Watts—another for Totts! (FANNY *embraces them*) Oh, Fanny, we had such a trouble in finding you out. In the first place, you must know—

FANNY. That you scaled the garden wall!

MISS P. Yes, we took the place by assault—ha, ha! and here we are, united as one man, to avenge your wrongs.

FANNY. My wrongs!

MISS P. Yes, we all know what a brute of a guardian you've got.

FANNY. A brute! Why, he's the best—the kindest creature in the world!

MISS P. Now, Fanny, thht won't do! I suppose next you'll say you love the fellow!

FANNY. Oh, no—that is—yes—I mean—

MISS P. The girl's bewitched—ha, ha! you surely don't love him?

FANNY. Don't laugh at me—I'm afraid I do.

MISS P. And he doesn't love you in return? Then more shame for him!

FANNY. Hush!

*Seeing* SPARKES, *who enters, with letter, R. D., which he keeps twirling about between his fingers.*

MISS P. There is the guardian! (*aside to her COMPANIONS*) There's no accounting for tastes, but what she possibly can see in that small individual—

FANNY. Will you excuse me?

MISS P. Certainly!

(MISS POTTS and LADIES *retire towards c.*)

FANNY. Well, the letter?

SPARKES. Here it is.

FANNY. Give it me! (*snatches it*) How happy this will make your poor dear Kitty. (SPARKES *looks disgusted*) Wait here till I come back. *Runs into room, L. 3 E.*

SPARKES. Of course I will—of course I won't—ha, ha!

and so ma'am, for the second time I wish you a good afternoon! (*turns and sees MILLINERS*) These confounded milliners again!

(*going—the MILLINERS block the way up in a line, against SPARKES*)

MISS P. You seem in haste, sir?

SPARKES. I generally am when I'm in a hurry! (*trying to find an opening to get out*)

MISS P. I'm very sorry for that, for we can't think of parting with you, can we? (*to MILLINERS*)

MILLINERS. Oh dear no!

SPARKES. (*about to get into a fury, then stops, and very quietly*) I presume, ladies, you are aware that this is a land of liberty? besides, I've important business with the Lord Mayor.

MISS P. (*severely*) And I've business with you, sir. (*looking at him*) Well, as I said before, what she can possibly see, eh?

(*to MILLINERS—ALL look at him, lift up their hands, and exchange looks with MISS POTTS*)

SPARKES. (*turning round and examining himself*) Why, what can be the matter? there must be something stuck behind my back.

MISS P. And now, sir, listen to me. Fanny has told us all—all, sir!

SPARKES. (*aside*) Oh, she's been blabbing about me and Kitty.

MISS P. And can you behold a sweet, tender, interesting young creature pining away for love of you?

SPARKES. I shall really be too late for the Lord Mayor.

MISS P. In a word, she's our friend—we're answerable for your person, so out of the house you don't budge!

SPARKES. Confound the house! there's no getting into it, or out of it.

MISS P. Totts, &c., give the signal for the general.

(*the MILLINERS runs to window, R. and wave their handkerchiefs—SPARKES tries to bolt, but they again stop up, and he comes forward, looking disgusted.*)

*Enter BOWLING, C. D., hurriedly.*

BOWL. Well, have you found him?

MISS P. There he is, but—

BOWL. (*advances, measures SPARKES from head to foot, who affects nonchalance, and then returns to the MILLINERS*) Perhaps I'd better chuck him out of the window at once.

MISS P. No, don't—not on his account, but Fanny's.

BOWL. Fanny's!

MISS P. She loves him—she confesses it!

BOWL. Confusion! leave us together.

MISS P. (*going to fetch her parasol from a chair close to SPARKES—aside to him*) I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle.

*They exeunt, c. d.*

BOWL. Now, sir! (*buttoning up his coat and advancing to him*)

SPARKES. Now, general! (*doing the same*)

BOWL. General! Don't be impertinent, sir.

SPARKES. Imper—ha, ha! Come, come—you military men are such devils for joking.

BOWL. This is no joke, sir, and to prove it I beg to ask what your intentions are respecting this young lady?

SPARKES. (*aside*) Everybody in the parish seems to know all about me and Kitty! Sir, I don't exactly see what business that can possibly be of yours. You're not her brother?

BOWL. No, sir.

SPARKES. Nor her cousin, the tall Life Guardsman?

BOWL. No, sir.

SPARKES. Nor both her uncles?

BOWL. Pshaw! no.

SPARKES. Then, sir, dash my buttons, what right—(*BOWLING advances fiercely—SPARKES hastily retreats*) Ha! I've an idea—of course, the thing's evident. You're sweet upon the young lady yourself, eh?

BOWL. 'Sdeath and furies!

SPARKES. Now, don't—don't put yourself in a passion. You'll find me a noble, magnanimous rival. I give her up—there—what do you say to that? She's yours—I leave you my blessing. (*hurrying out*)

BOWL. (*dragging him back*) No, no. Had I been your rival, sir, I should have blown your brains out before this. I am her guardian, sir!

SPARKES. (*aside*) Very odd! Kitty never said a word about a guardian!

BOWL. So choose this moment between matrimony and a brace of bullets in your body. Choose, I say! (*seizes him by the collar*)

SPARKES. But, my dear sir—consider—an architect—a rising builder—a man of means—

*Enter FANNY, from door, L. 3 E., during the last speech.*

FANNY. One moment, sir. You say a man of means—granted. In some measure, perhaps the result of your own talents; but your memory can hardly fail to recall the time when you were struggling for bare existence. It was then, sir, you received a gift of one hundred pounds from an unknown hand.

SPARKES. So it was. Don't think I'm quite such an ungrateful brute to forget it. Who was it? Tell me—(*very earnestly*) I'm sure you know. Who was it?

FANNY. The poor devoted girl whose love you slighted.

SPARKES. No! say no more. Bless her! Will she have me now? Do you think she will? (*falling on both his knees*)

FANNY. That I am sure she will! (*gives him both her hands*)

BOWL. Before my face!

*Enter Miss POTTS, C. D.*

Miss P. Ha! the gentleman on his knees at last! Fanny, love, I give you joy. (*to BOWLING*) I'm sorry for you, young man—but I told you she was in love with her guardian.

FANNY. Hush!

BOWL. With me? Can it be possible? My dear Fanny!  
(*crosses to FANNY.*)

Miss P. Heyday!

FANNY. Yes—this is my brute of a guardian. Ha, ha!

Miss P. (*to SPARKES*) Then who are you, after all?

SPARKES. Simon Sparkes, Esquire.

BOWL. And the object of your affection is—

SPARKES. Kitty Carraway. Where is Kitty? Sparkes is impatient for his Kitty!

*Enter KITTY, L. 3 E.—SPARKES rushes into her arms—PENNYWIG enters, C. D., with a quantity of books, fastened with a leather strap, over his shoulder—a bundle under one arm, and an old cotton umbrella under the other.*

BOWL. Ah, my dear Pennywig!

PENNY. (*proudly*) Yes, Mr. B., you see the abandoned old hypocrite has packed up. Good bye, my dear pupil. Might your old tutor be allowed a last philosophical embrace?

FANNY. You must first ask my husband.

(*showing BOWLING.*

PENNY. Husband! Eh—what—ha, ha! (*drops books on SPARKES's feet, and embraces FANNY*)

BOWL. Now, hey for Doctors Commons, and the wedding licences!

SPARKES. Yes—let's all go in a cab!

MISS P. And so make a happy finale to the MILLINERS' HOLIDAY.

CURTAIN.

---

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

|        |               |         |              |       |
|--------|---------------|---------|--------------|-------|
| R.     | B. C.         | C.      | L. C.        | L.    |
| Right. | Right Centre. | Centre. | Left Centre. | Left. |

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

---

THE  
RULE OF THREE

A COMEDIETTA

IN

ONE ACT

BY

FRANCIS TALFOURD

AUTHOR OF

*Atalanta—Pluto and Proserpine—Ganem—Macbeth, slightly removed*  
*—Shylock—Alcestis—Alcestis the Strong Minded Woman—*  
*Black Eyed Sue—By Special Appointment—March of*  
*Intellect—Jones the Avenger—Mammon and*  
*Gammon—The Heart-wreck,*  
*&c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

## THE RULE OF THREE.

*First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre,  
Monday, 20th December, 1858.*

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### CHARACTERS.

|                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| MR. THISTLEBURN . . .   | Mr. J. W. TURNER       |
| MR. BRASSEY GLITTERMORE | Mr. PARSELLE.          |
| AUGUSTUS FLUTTER . . .  | Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH. |
| HECTOR TEMPLETON . . .  | Mr. MOWBRAY.           |
| SERVANT . . . . .       | Mr. WILSON.            |
| MRS. THISTLEBURN . . .  | Miss M. TERNAN.        |

---

COSTUMES—Present day—Fashionable Morning Dresses.

# THE RULE OF THREE.



SCENE.—*Drawing Room in Thistleburr's House—three windows at back, opening upon a garden—doors R. and L.—fireplace, R.—table, R. C., with writing materials—a circular ottoman, C.—piano, L.—table, with backgammon board, C.*

*Enter THISTLEBURR, followed by GLITTERMORE, at window, L. C.*

GLITTER. Well, old fellow, and these are your quarters?

THISTLE. (*endeavouring to prevent his entering*) Yes, for want of better. I am much obliged to you for your company. Good morning!

GLITTER. (*entering window, L. C.*) Why, you told me it was a dog hole! Egad! I wish I was the lucky dog.

THISTLE. Tolerable, nothing more. Good morning!

GLITTER. (*going to window, R.*) Beautiful garden, too—quite luxurious! What a place to spend a few days at!

THISTLE. Not at all—I assure you you wouldn't like it at all—looks well enough at first sight, and all that, but loses dreadfully on nearer view. But I am detaining you—good morning!

GLITTERMORE *has gone out at window, R. C., and re-enters window, C.*

GLITTER. (L.) 'Pon my word, do you know, Thistleburr, I have half a mind to devote an hour or so—

THISTLE. My dear friend, I couldn't hear of it! You've business—pressing business—you told me so an hour ago when we met in town.

GLITTER. The first time after a five years' separation! My dear friend! (*grasping his hand*)

THISTLE. And you insisted, on the score of friendship, upon accompanying me home; you have—here you are. I am much

obliged to you, and, as I think I observed before—good morning!

GLITTER. Why, you don't want to turn me out?

THISTLE. Not at all; that's why I objected to your coming in. Don't be offended—it's a principle—I object to you on principle. To be frank with you—before Margaret blessed me with her hand, I was informed that one or two of my bachelor friends were equally solicitous of the distinction. I don't know who they were, and I don't care, for I have resolved in consequence, to admit none of my old friends, unless indeed, they have become steady married men—so you see—

GLITTER. My dear Thistleburr, say no more: I can but admire the wisdom and prudence of such a determination.

THISTLE. No—really!

GLITTER. It's exactly the course I adopt myself.

THISTLE. You!

GLITTER. These young butterfly bachelors are the bane of wedded life! They are, if I be allowed the expression, the *(looks at watch)*—but, as you remind me, I must be off. Eleven o'clock, and I was to be in early this afternoon—the fact is, I promised to take my wife out shopping.

THISTLE. What? you are married then!

GLITTER. Didn't you know that? to be sure, how should you? Oh, yes, for the last two years—but, as I said, Eliza must be expecting me, with the three children.

THISTLE. *Three children!*

GLITTER. Yes, two of them twins, you understand—so I'm off!

THISTLE. *(staying him)* Stay old fellow, there can be no such great hurry!

GLITTER. Indeed but there is; you don't know Jenny so well as I do!

THISTLE. I thought you said her name was Eliza?

GLITTER. *(confused)* So it is—Eliza Jane—she has two names, don't you see?—good morning!

THISTLE. No, no! don't go; since I've brought you all this way, you must positively stay to luncheon, and I'll introduce you to—yes, to my little Margaret!

GLITTER. Margaret? sweetly pretty!

THISTLE. Yes, or Maggy—Maggy when we are alone; quite alone.

GLITTER. *(aside)* Margaret? I thought so—it is she! *(aloud)* Well, I'd stay, but that in a quarter of an hour, I believe you'd wish even *me* gone! I'm afraid you are naturally distrustful!

THISTLE. And you?

GLITTER. Oh! I'm no rule for any one. I'm a perfect

tiger myself! (THISTLEBURR *grasps his hand*) I'd never suffer any one, no matter what his age or condition, to approach Matilda!

THISTLE. I thought you said her name was Eliza Jane?

GLITTER. So it is; Matilda Eliza Jane—her three aunts, you see, all insisted upon endorsing their names—well I was for a time made miserable by a swarm of admirers buzzing their fulsome compliments in Matilda's ear—did I allow the swarm to settle? no, I forbade them the house!

THISTLE. You were wrong!

GLITTER. Why, you would yourself allow no one—

THISTLE. Not any *one*—for instance, here's Mr. Hector Templeton, the son of one of my oldest friends, whom, as business calls him to this neighbourhood, I should be delighted to see at my table, and lodge in my house; but, in deference to my principle, I allow him to suffer the inconvenience and expense of an inn.

GLITTER. Because you think him dangerous—because—

THISTLE. Because he is *alone*—were there two of them?

GLITTER. It would be twice as bad.

THISTLE. By no means. I will explain myself—you see if there were two of them—(*bell rings L.*, THISTLEBURR *looks off at back, L., and returns*) Who's that? ah, it's that eternal cousin Augustus!

GLITTER. Augustus?

THISTLE. Yes, at least my wife's cousin—a most annoying and frivolous young coxcomb—but as he is my wife's relation, you know, I can't well send him to the Coach and Horses—the consequence is, he takes us by assault every Sunday, on pretence of extreme admiration for the country, and affection for me.

GLITTER. But this is Thursday!

THISTLE. Exactly—so he can't remain long that's one comfort.

*Enter AUGUSTUS at window L. C., with a small portmanteau.*

AUGUS. (C.) Morning to you, Thistleburr—ah! you didn't look for me to-day? unexpected treat! (to GLITTER) Your servant, sir.

THISTLE. (R.) My dear cousin, you know we are always glad to see you when your business at the office can spare you. I hope, although I know this is a busy day with you, that you are not going to run away before luncheon.

AUGUS. Not I, indeed—never fear!

THISTLE. Perhaps you may be able to stay to dinner even?

AUGUS. Perhaps I may—here, catch! (*throws portmanteau to THISTLEBURR*) Ah! butter fingers! tell somebody to put that somewhere,

THISTLE. (*hesitatingly*) Then you mean to stay here to-night? (AUGUSTUS *nods*) Perhaps a week?

AUGUS. My dear fellow, these are our hollidays, and I am come down to enliven your country solitude—I can give you three weeks!

THISTLE. Thank you—three weeks!

AUGUS. Couldn't make it more if 'twas ever so—unless indeed—

THISTLE. No matter, don't distress yourself on my account.

AUGUS. Now, where's my little cousin—where's Margaret? I want to surprise her!

THISTLE. (*hesitatingly*) She—she'll be here presently—she's in the greenhouse, I believe—if you please we will walk in that direction!

AUGUS. No occasion for you to trouble yourself, old fellow—I'll find her, I warrant! (*going*)

THISTLE. But I think it would be more proper!

AUGUS. Fiddlesticks! I am one of the family!

THISTLE. Exactly—only I think we may as well wait—she's in her gardening dress, and ladies don't like—

AUGUS. Yes, but as I'm one of the family, you know—there. I'm off! (*offers to go out of window c., THISTLEBURN bars his passage*)

THISTLE. But I insist!

AUGUS. So do I! (*dodging*) Stop me if you can! (*makes a feint at c. window—THISTLEBURN stops him—AUGUSTUS dodges him, and rushes out at window, R. c.*) Ha, ha, ha!

THISTLE. (*sinks exhausted on ottoman*) Phew! he's gone!

GLITTER. And is this plague to rage in this way for three weeks? why, it would kill me!

THISTLE. So it would me, if I didn't apply the antidote in time.

GLITTER. The antidote?

THISTLE. Yes, a counter irritant—that's my principle.

(*sits at table R., rings bell, and writes.*)

GLITTER. What are you about?

THISTLE. I'm about to write!

GLITTER. To give Mr. Flutter notice to quit.

THISTLE. By no means—it is to invite Mr. Hector Templeton, my other fast friend, to exchange the loneliness of his inn for the society we may be able to offer.

*Enter SERVANT, R.*

(*to SERVANT*) Quick! take this letter to the Coach and Horses, and tell Mr. Templeton I am impatiently awaiting him.

*Exit SERVANT at window, L. c.*

GLITTER. But I thought you told me this man, of all others—

THISTLE. So I did! the stronger the bane, the stronger must be the antidote to correct its influence. The more the preponderance in one scale, the heavier should be the counter weight to preserve the balance of domestic bliss—that's my system.

GLITTER. Capital! I am all impatience to see the working of your ingenious mechanism.

*Re-enter SERVANT, preceding HECTOR TEMPLETON, L. C.*

SERVANT. (*announcing*) Mr. Templeton! *Exit, L. C.*

THISTLE. (*crossing to C.*) My dear Hector! (GLITTER-MORE *crosses to R*) This visit is most kind; an old friend of mine—Mr. Brassy Glittermore. (*they bow*)

HECTOR. (L.) I was just calling to pay my respects, when I luckily met your messenger and this letter.

THISTLE. Yes, my dear friend, yes—I couldn't endure the thought of your stopping at an inn.

HECTOR. Thank you! but I thought you told me you hadn't a bed in your house?

THISTLE. Just so! but since that matters are altered—the case is—a young friend of mine has just come—a cousin of my wife's.

HECTOR. And his coming has made room for me?

THISTLE. Why no, not quite that—only, you see—in short—in looking out for a room for him, I found one for you. (*aside to GLITTER*) Come, I think I got out of that well.

HECTOR. In that case, my dear fellow, I'll stop a week or ten days with pleasure.

THISTLE. Ten days? my dear sir, you—the son of my best friend! only ten days! No, no! you must not go under at least three—

HECTOR. Months?

THISTLE. No, no, that's worse—I mean—we mustn't lose you, so I'll fix it at three weeks—we'll make up our minds to part with you in three weeks from to-day. (*aside to GLITTER*) That's when the other goes.

GLITTER. (*aside to THISTLEBURN*) Capital! I see now.

HECTOR. That's settled, then—I trust I may soon have the pleasure of paying my respects to the charming Mrs Thistleburr.

THISTLE. Certainly! she'll be here presently—she's only taking a stroll in the garden with—(*aside to GLITTER*) watch him now—(*aloud*) with Augustus.

HECTOR. Augustus!

THISTLE. Yes, a cousin of hers.

HECTOR. Oh, a cousin!

THISTLE. (*aside to GLITTER*) Observe him now. (*aloud*) Yes, and—ha, ha! he's quite smitten with Margaret, I think. (*laughing*) Oh, I assure you he pays her most assiduous attention. I suppose I ought to be very jealous.

HECTOR. Oh, indeed!

THISTLE. (*looking off at back*) I told you so—here they are in company—it's very suspicious! (*laughing*)

*Enter MARGARET and AUGUSTUS from garden, R. C.*

THISTLE. My dear, (*to her*) let me introduce a friend of mine, Mr. Brassy Glittermore—

MARG. (*L. C., starts, aside*) Mr. Glittermore here! (*curtsies formally to him.*)

GLITTER. (*R., aside*) She is confused—a good sign. (*to her*) Madam, I am half inclined to be angry with your good husband that this should be the first time we have met.

MARG. (*L. C., astonished*) The first time! why, sir—

THISTLE. (*R. C.*) Yes, my love, it's not his fault—a man must necessarily have so many calls on his attentions when he marries.

MARG. Mr. Glittermore is married, then! (*aside*) That's well.

THISTLE. Oh, yes, a husband and a father.

MARG. (*aside*) Married? (*aloud*) A friend of my husband must be always welcome here. (*without hesitation*)

GLITTER. (*aside*) She is satisfied.

THISTLE. Templeton, you know.

MARG. Mr. Templeton is an old acquaintance.

(*MARGARET and TEMPLETON converse apart.*)

AUGUS. (*C., to THISTLEBURR*) I say, Thistleburr, who's your free and easy friend? (*glancing at TEMPLETON*)

THISTLE. Don't you know him? he's a great favourite of ours, or I should say Maggy's—he's always here.

AUGUS. Oh, is he?

THISTLE. Always—they are inseparable.

AUGUS. Indeed!

THISTLE. And a most amusing person he is—I'll introduce you. Hector! my cousin, Augustus Flutter, of whom we were speaking. (*they bow with formality*)

HECTOR. (*aside, L.*) The young puppy!

AUGUS. (*L. C., aside*) Impertinent coxcomb! but I'll take him down a bit. (*aloud*) Surely, sir, we have had the pleasure of meeting before?

HECTOR. Yes, to be sure! (*aside*) I'll take him down a peg.

(*aloud*) At the hairdresser's, who supplies me with tooth powder, a very clever fellow that, upon my honour; notwithstanding the trying light, your moustache does him infinite credit.

AUGUS. (*furious*) Sir!

MARG. (*between them, laughing*) Oh, Augustus, I never guessed—

AUGUS. Very funny, sir, doubtless, but you mistake, it was at my hosier's, where I always get my gloves—a capital fellow—so full of chat. He casually mentioned that he had the honour of making your—

HECTOR. My what, sir?

AUGUS. Well, if you must have it, your stays, sir.

HECTOR. My stays! my—sir!

ALL. (*laughing*) Oh, Mr. Hector!

HECTOR. Sir, I appeal to you whether I am to endure—

THISTLE. Certainly, I never observed anything about you being either stayed or tight-laced.

AUGUS. Sir, I appreciate the meaning of your sneer at the colour of my hair, but I tell you to your face it is false, sir—false.

HECTOR. That's precisely what *I* mean, sir.

AUGUS. Sir! }

HECTOR. Sir! } (*they retire up angrily*)

MARG. Come, I insist upon it, you are friends immediately—Augustus how can you be so absurd?

THISTLE. (R. C., *aside to GLITTER*) You see how it works! give them time, and they'll pull each other to pieces like Killenny cats—all for the benefit of the husband. I think I may sleep in security now, eh?

GLITTER. (*who has been intensely regarding MARGARET during the above*) Yes, sleep—sleep, by all means, my dear friend—sleep.

AUGUS. By-the-bye, Thistleburr, as it wants a good hour to luncheon, Margaret and I think of taking a quiet stroll together.

THISTLE. By all means—never mind me—you can take Templeton with you.

AUGUS. Why no. You see, three's an awkward number—always one too many, like Bodkin in a chariot.

THISTLE. Well, but I'm engaged at present, and—

AUGUS. Don't distress yourself, my old boy—besides, you know, I'm one of the family.

*Enter SERVANT, L. D., with newspapers—crosses and hands them to THISTLEBURR and exits, R. D.*

THISTLE. Ah, let's see what the papers have to say. (*sits at*

*r. table*—AUGUSTUS *is endeavouring to persuade MARGARET to accompany him.*) Stop a bit, my dear, I was going to ask you to treat us to some music.

HECTOR. Oh, pray do, (*L., aside*) Flutter don't like it. (*aloud*) to oblige me.

AUGUS. (*R. of MARGARET, aside*) Provoking! and just as I had something particular to say to her. (*aloud*) Pray do, to oblige me.

THISTLE. (*R. C.*) Just one of your little ballads.

HECTOR. So sweetly simple.

AUGUS. So touchingly domestic.

MARG. At any other time I should be happy, but just now—  
(*looks uneasily at GLITTERMORE.*)

THISTLE. Yes, we know—you have a sore throat—your music is packed up—these gentlemen don't care to hear you—and the piano is out of tune; and now, having anticipated all the excuses in such cases made and provided, I hope you'll favour us. Besides, I wish our friend to carry home a good account. You know he has never heard you.

MARG. Does Mr. Glittermore say he has never—

GLITTER. (*R.*) Never! let me entreat that pleasure now.

MARG. (*aside*) What does he mean?

AUGUS. (*R., of MARGARET, offering his arm to conduct her to piano*) Ah! I knew I could persuade her. Will you allow me?

HECTOR. (*L. of MARGARET*) No, madam, allow me?

AUGUS. (*to HECTOR*) I beg your pardon, sir, but I think I—

HECTOR. (*to FLUTTER*) Excuse me, sir, but I was under the impression that I—

AUGUS. Sir! (*turning up stage angrily R.*)

HECTOR. Sir! (*turns up stage angrily, L.*)

THISTLE. (*aside*) Capital! set a thief to catch a thief and you're rid of both—poor devils!

(*meantime GLITTERMORE has crossed to MARGARET, and takes her arm familiarly.*)

MARG. (*trying to withdraw*) Mr. Glittermore—pray! (*aside to him*)

GLITTER. (*aloud, detaining her arm*) My dear madam, pray permit me. You mustn't think because I'm a married man that I've quite lost all my gallantry. Nay, I insist. You see, my dear Thistleburr, I avail myself all the privileges of a father of a family.

THISTLE. Quite right too.

GLITTER. Yes, though I've been married nearly a year—

THISTLE. Nearly a year? thought you said more than two.

GLITTER. As I was saying, nearly a year more than two

years, I do believe I'm as much my wife's lover as ever I was—for instance, just in this way—I always hand my dear little Sophia to her piano.

THISTLE. Dear me! I fancied you had said Jane—

GLITTER. That is her name, but I sometimes call her Sophia for short—after which I always go through the old courtier ceremony of imprinting a kiss upon her hand—so—

MARG. (*withdrawing*) Sir!

THISTLE. Nonsense, Maggy! never fear, sir; imprint away—publish a whole edition—don't mind me.

(*resumes his perusal of the paper*—MARGARET at piano—

FLUTTER on her R., TEMPLETON on her L., GLITTERMORE on ottoman, C., THISTLEBURR at R. table.

BALLAD.—MARGARET.

HECTOR. }  
AUGUS. } Bravo! bravo!

GLITTER. Charming!

HECTOR. Ecstatic! one feels quite carried away.

THISTLE. (*aside*) I wish *both* were.

AUGUS. Pray oblige me again!

HECTOR. Oblige me!

AUGUS. Sir! (*turns up, R.*)

HECTOR. Sir! (*turns up, L.*)

THISTLE. (*aside to GLITTERMORE*) You see how one poison negatives the other—both are harmless.

GLITTER. (*to THISTLEBURR*) You are a capital family physician; but I fear your fair patient seems to languish under the severity of the treatment. She seems much annoyed by this double attack. You may at least release her of one of her assailants.

THISTLE. (*to GLITTERMORE*) And leave the poison to work without the antidote? No, neither or both—that's my system; but we shall see. (*aloud*) Gus, my boy, fetch us the backgammon board, will you? it's close at your elbow. You see I make no stranger of you.

AUGUS. Why should you? I'm one of the family you know. (*taking board from L. table*) Capital! (*crossing to R.*) Once get him down to backgammon, and he's a fixture till dinner. (*puts boards on table, R.—to GLITTERMORE*) Splendid game, sir, is backgammon—most exciting—glad you like it—it's a favourite with me. You'll find no easy conquest in our friend Thistleburr here.

GLITTER. I'm sorry, after your encomiums, to confess that I am no player.

THISTLE. No, Mr. Glittermore don't play, but I'm so glad you do. Come, sit down. (*pushes him into chair, R. of R. table*)

AUGUS. (*astonished*) Who, I! I play?

THISTLE. Why not I? it's a very pretty game.

AUGUS. (*looking at HECTOR, who is conversing with MARGARET and laughing at his discomfiture*) Yes, it's a very pretty game—most exciting—between even players; but against you—

HECTOR. (*crossing to R., enjoying Flutter's distress*) I'm quite of Mr. Flutter's opinion—it's one of the best games in the world. Do play, sir, there's nothing so delightful as a well contested struggle? (*at chair L. of R. table.*)

THISTLE. You think so? I'm so glad of that, because you'll have one here (*suddenly pulls HECTOR into chair, L. of R. table*)

HECTOR. (*horrified*) Who? I?

THISTLE. Certainly—as the host, I can't do less; besides, you two are so well matched. (*aside to GLITTERMORE*) Observe them now.

HECTOR. Really, you are too good.

AUGUS. But I assure you—

THISTLE. No apologies—enjoy yourselves. Mr. Glittermore, give my wife your arm—she'll take you round the grounds. I'll just smoke a cigar in the library—Maggy doesn't allow it here.

GLITTER. With pleasure! (*to MARGARET, offering his arm*) Permit me!

MARG. (*to THISTLEBURR*) You'll join us, will you not?

THISTLE. Presently, perhaps. There go, take his arm—the walk will do you good. Yes—well, well—I'll come directly. Gentlemen, we leave you to your favourite game till dinner time. (*aside to GLITTERMORE*) Only look at them now.

*Crosses and exit at door R. 1 E.*

GLITTER. (*as he goes off—to THISTLEBURR*) Ha, ha, ha! very good!

GLITTERMORE and MARGARET exit arm in arm at window, c., and go off, L. U. E.—TEMPLETON and FLUTTER are left sitting at the backgammon board glancing fiercely at each other.

HECTOR. Now, sir!

AUGUS. Now, sir!

HECTOR. I'm waiting for you, sir!

AUGUS. So am I for you, sir. Which colour do you prefer, black or white?

HECTOR. Either—I'm not particular.

AUGUS. Then you'd better take both. (*pause*)

HECTOR. Oh, I beg your pardon. (*placing men*)

AUGUS. Yours, sir! (*placing men*)

HECTOR. Will you commence, sir?

AUGUS. Or you, sir—it's indifferent to me—we play for love, I presume?

HECTOR. Certainly, for love! the stakes are not much, in this case, between us, sir?

AUGUS. Not more than we can comfortably afford to lose, sir.

HECTOR. (*ironically*) As you say, sir, this is "a very pretty game." (*mimicking Flutter's manner*)

AUGUS. I quite agree with you, sir, "It's one of the prettiest games in the world." (*imitating HECTOR*)

HECTOR. If you wish to know the truth, sir, I detest it.

AUGUS. If you take any interest in the exact state of my sentiments, so do I!

HECTOR. Very well, sir, I yield to your superior prowess and confess myself beaten!

AUGUS. So do I—besides I've just called to mind a particular appointment, if you'll excuse me.

HECTOR. Certainly, sir—and I'm luckily reminded of some business I have on hand—good morning, sir! (*aside*) I think they went to the right—I'll follow them! *Exit L. window.*

AUGUS. That's lucky, I shall have time to catch them; they took the path to the left, I think!

*Exit window R., at the same moment.*

*Re-enter GLITTERMORE and MARGARET at window, C., just in time to catch a sight of the others retreating.*

GLITTER. (R. C.) Ha, ha, ha! I'll wager those two poor idiots are on a search after you.

MARG. (L. C., *alarmed*) You think so?

GLITTER. I'm certain.

MARG. (*aside*) Indeed! (*resuming her calmness*) And you think a person must be silly, to find pleasure in my company?

GLITTER. Pray pardon me—I have become quite a savage since I became a married man.

MARG. Not very flattering to your wife!

GLITTER. On the contrary—I play the lover now but in her presence.

MARG. That is as it should be. (*sitting on ottoman, L.*) Do you know—it was very silly—but I don't mind confessing to you *now*—I was foolish enough to take fright when I saw you this morning.

GLITTER. Indeed, why?

MARG. I could not but recall—but that is passed—and since I am married and you are married—

GLITTER. And the father of a family—such cherubs! (*sitting by her*) Oh, I may approach you without danger *now*. Ah, I wish you could see my wife—she is lovely!

MARG. Indeed!

GLITTER. Charming! and so amiable!—you'd adore her.

MARG. As you do—of course?

GLITTER. I worship that woman! How should it be otherwise? Was it not she who turned my gloomy thoughts from suicide.

MARG. Ha, ha, ha! dear me! Do you mean you ever contemplated?—

GLITTER. It was on my return from a continental tour—when I learned that you were—but you know of course.

MARG. No, indeed! and I certainly never feared there was the least danger of your dying for me.

GLITTER. I was wrong then to mention it—yet why? all, as you say, is past *now*, and it can hurt neither of us *now* that you should be aware how passionately I loved you.

MARG. Sir!

GLITTER. That, of course, is of no consequence *now*—a mere memory of repented folly that we can both afford to laugh at. But do you know—it seems ridiculous—but at that time I'd have given the world to take your hand in mine, as I do now. (*takes her hand*)

MARG. (*uneasily*) Really?

GLITTER. While the privilege to raise it to my lips would have appeared almost an unattainable felicity. (*kisses her hand*)

MARG. But—

GLITTER. Exactly! times are changed—what is it to me now? Nothing, absolutely nothing! (*attempts to kiss her hand, she withdraws it.*) In those silly times, how gladly would I have exchanged ten years of my life for the mere chance of this *tête à tête*, as this—

MARG. Sir, I must remind you—

GLITTER. As this, which now you see causes me no emotion whatever. How I should have blessed the opportunity for saying, "Margaret, I love you, have long loved you, and however fate may divide us, swear unceasingly to love you"—(*she endeavours to rise, he restrains her and adds*) or some such folly.

MARG. (*gaily*) It is well, then, you had no such opportunity, for you see you would have already have broken your vow.

GLITTER. No, Margaret, I would have kept it.

MARG. (*uneasily.*) But your alliance with another—

GLITTER. I might still have safely sworn—I should have kept my vow. Oh, Margaret!

MARG. (*rising, angrily*) Leave me, sir—not another word; we misunderstand each other—or rather for the first time I fear I understand you. Oh, of what have I been guilty that should make you so bold to address me thus?—why are you here?

GLITTER. On my return from abroad, I heard that you were united to a jealous old tyrant.

MARG. You were misinformed, sir.

GLITTER. Who, ever since your marriage has kept you in seclusion from the world and the society of your former friends; I concluded you were unhappy, and—

MARG. And again were wrong. I love my husband, sir, tenderly, devotedly—love him—if possible more than I should despise the man who would assail his honour.

GLITTER. But—hear me!

MARG. I have heard too much, sir—go! (*throws herself on ottoman*)

GLITTER. One moment! (*after hesitating a moment*)

*Exit window, C.*

FLUTTER *appears at R. window, with a bouquet of violets—at the same time* TEMPLETON, *at window, L., with a bouquet of roses—both looking into the room.*

AUGUS. (*aside*) Ah, there she is! I was afraid that ass, Templeton, was boring her.

HECTOR. (*aside*) Alone! Then she has escaped that fool, Flutter. (*BOTH come down, R. and L. to C., in front of MARGARET, offering their rival bouquets*)

HECTOR. Allow me, madam!

AUGUS. (R.) No—allow me, cousin!

HECTOR. To offer you these roses.

AUGUS. Rather accept these violets—types of the receiver's modesty.

HECTOR. (*half aside to MARGARET*) And of the donor's simplicity.

AUGUS. (*indignant*) What's that you say, sir?

HECTOR. I am speaking my mind, sir.

AUGUS. Well, that's not saying much, sir.

HECTOR. Sir! (*turns up, L.*)

AUGUS. Sir! (*turns up, R.*)

MARG. (C.) Oh, pray gentlemen don't quarrel—the merits of your bouquets are so equal, (*they come down on either side of her*) that I will accept (*BOTH offer bouquets*) neither.

*Crosses and exit, L. D.*

(FLUTTER and TEMPLETON are left each with his bouquet in his hand, staring at the other—a pause—they angrily throw away the flowers.)

AUGUS. Sir!

HECTOR. Sir!

AUGUS. Excuse my candour, sir—I don't know whether it has ever, in your more contemplative moments, occurred to you, sir, but your presence here, is a bore!

HECTOR. Pardon my freedom—I was about to make a similar observation with respect to yours.

AUGUS. When two persons are mutually disagreeable to one another, it is better they should part.

HECTOR. I quite agree with you, sir.

AUGUS. To which end one of us must leave this house immediately.

HECTOR. That, sir, is a most reasonable suggestion.

AUGUS. I'm glad you see the matter in its proper light. *(saluting him)* Good morning, sir.

HECTOR. *(saluting him)* Good morning, sir.

*(FLUTTER turns to the R., TEMPLETON to the L., and seat themselves on ottoman—each fancying the other gone—a pause—they turn and see each other.)*

AUGUS. Well, sir!

HECTOR. Well, sir!

AUGUS. Why don't you go?

HECTOR. Who—I? No, it is you who are going.

AUGUS. This impertinence is intolerable!

HECTOR. Impertinence!

AUGUS. Certainly, sir, take any satisfaction you please.

HECTOR. I'm aware it is rather out of fashion—the sword is my weapon.

AUGUS. So be it—pistols are mine, at fifteen paces.

HECTOR. I beg your pardon, but—

AUGUS. You have your choice—I have nine; you choose the sword—I the pistol, and we will fight at fifteen paces.

HECTOR. Stay, *(crosses to R. of R. table)* we may settle this without bloodshed, and on even terms; here are dice—let them decide for us—the highest throw to win.

AUGUS. With all my heart—the loser to retire.

*(they take up their positions, with the parade of duellists, on either side of the table with dice box in their hands.)*

HECTOR. They are both loaded, sir.

AUGUS. The dice, sir?

HECTOR. No, sir, the boxes. As I am the challenger, you will take first fire.

AUGUS. As you please, sir. *(throws)* Eleven—that's not bad!

HECTOR. *(throws)* Sixes—you have lost.

AUGUS. Would you like to fire again, sir?

HECTOR. Thank you, my honour is satisfied. (*crosses to L.*)

AUGUS. I am—so be it; I yield—but you must allow, sir, that fortune is very blind in her selection.

HECTOR. How!

AUGUS. Why, there are two of us.

HECTOR. Yes.

AUGUS. One a fine, dashing, handsome fellow.

HECTOR. (*looking at himself*) Certainly.

AUGUS. The other, a coxcomb and an ass.

HECTOR. (*looking at him*) Yes.

AUGUS. And yet, fortune, with the opportunity of smiling on the fine, dashing, handsome fellow, has selected the—

HECTOR. Sir!

AUGUS. If it annoys you—I'm ready to begin again—take your ground. (*goes to the table, R.*)

HECTOR. No, thank you.

AUGUS. Well, I am a man of honour, and I take my leave at once. (*going to C. window*)

*Enter THISTLEBURR, R.*

THISTLE. Why, you're not going?

AUGUS. Indeed I must—I have a most particular engagement—something which *has fallen out* most unluckily for me, compels me to leave you.

THISTLE. (*in alarm*) And Templeton?

HECTOR. I am happy to say I am still at liberty to enjoy your hospitality.

AUGUS. Good bye, Thistleburr. (*crosses to L.*) Say all the pretty things you can for me to Margaret. I'll just go and pack up my portmanteau—

HECTOR. (*following*) Can I assist you?

AUGUS. Thank you—you are *too* good.

*Exit L. D.*

HECTOR. (*aside*) I'll see him clear of the gates.

*Exit window, L. C.*

(THISTLEBURR *throws himself in despair on ottoman, C.*)

THISTLE. Good gracious! *one* of them is gone, and all my calculations are thrown out. The *other* remains in undisturbed possession of the field! For three weeks I can't get rid of him. I am obliged to go to town every morning, and poor Maggy to be exposed to the incessant fires of that fascinating dandy's small talk—what's to be done?

*Re-enter GLITTERMORE, window, C.*

GLITTER. (L.) Why Thistleburr! you don't look happy—what's happened?

THISTLE. (R.) Everything has happened—one of them has gone away.

GLITTER. Well, what matters?

THISTLE. Don't you see—one only remains. The poison is free to work without the antidote—no counteracting attraction to expose his gaucheries, or to ridicule his foibles! stay—yes, yes, why not? you can materially assist me!

GLITTER. I?

THISTLE. Yes, you are not ill-looking—have sufficient gift of tongue—it doesn't require much. You shall take his place—

GLITTER. Who, I? a staid, sober, married man? I mutter soft nothings! My dear friend, you quite mistake me.

THISTLE. No, I don't! I know such follies must be distasteful to you, but—to oblige me—only for a little while—just as a stop-gap till I can procure another.

GLITTER. My time for such follies is past—I'm quite out of practice.

THISTLE. Oh, you'll find it very easy—flatter *her*, and abuse *him*—he'll do the same by you, no doubt, but that's of no importance, you know.

GLITTER. Even if, to oblige you, I could do my feelings such violence, my sudden change of manner towards her would seem so unaccountable.

THISTLE. Not at all! your coolness hitherto will be attributed to modest diffidence. Tell her—oh, nothing can be too monstrous—hint that you admired her before her marriage—say anything to divert her attention from the other.

GLITTER. But to tell the truth, I came to say good bye—I'm wanted home—and a family man, you know.

THISTLE. Only for this afternoon—till I get a substitute.

GLITTER. (*aside*) Could I see her again I might, perhaps, allay the alarm caused by my premature outburst this morning. (*aloud*) Well, my dear fellow, I'll do my best; but I know I shall break down: and if Maria were to know of it—

THISTLE. Maria! who's Maria?

GLITTER. I say, if my wife, Matilda, were to hear—

THISTLE. You said Maria!

GLITTER. Did I? I meant Matilda—I often say Maria when I mean Matilda; but say no more—I'll inake this sacrifice for you.

THISTLE. Now go! you'll no doubt find them in the garden. "Two are company," you know—"three none," eh?

GLITTER. I do not like dissembling, but it is for a friend.

*Exit R. window.*

THISTLE. Generous man

*Re-enter AUGUSTUS at window, l. c., an open letter in his hand.*

AUGUS. (L.) Wish me joy, Thistleburr—I'm the happiest of men!

THISTLE. (R.) What? back again? then there's no occasion for—here, Mr. Glittermore! (*calling*)

AUGUS. Don't call him—I wish to speak to you alone, though it concerns him too. First, however, to explain my return. At the door I met a contrite postman, who with many apologies for forgetting to leave this letter here this morning, placed it in my hand. Judge of my delight—it was from Arabella's uncle, with permission to renew my visits at his house.

THISTLE. Who's Arabella's uncle!

AUGUST. Old Norbury! dear me—I thought Maggy would have told you all about it. I wanted to have a talk with her this morning, but I never could catch her alone. Oh, yes, Maggy's been my confidante all along.

THISTLE. Oh, has she?

AUGUS. Certainly! Arabella and I got on capitally. I used to go there every Sunday—we looked upon it as a settled thing, when suddenly old Norbury chopped round, and was never at home, though I saw him peeping over the blinds of the dining room window—that's why I've devoted all my Sundays lately to you.

THISTLE. Oh, that's why—(*aside*) I'm afraid I've been a fool.

AUGUS. Exactly so—but as this letter contains something you ought to know, I thought I'd just step back. Listen. (*reads*)

“Dear Gus,—You know I have always liked you—Arabella something more than likes you; and I confess I witnessed your mutual attachment with pleasure. You have been, no doubt, surprised, therefore, at my suddenly discouraging your visits. It was in consequence of a letter I meantime received from Arabella's father (who, as you are aware, has been many years resident at Calcutta) expressing a strong desire that if the match seemed feasible, the parties willing, and the young man's character unexceptionable, his daughter should be united to the son of his old partner; trusting however, to my discretion, and leaving his daughter's destinies in my hands. It was necessary, therefore, to hold your pretensions at bay during my investigation into the character of the intended, selected by her father. I find, however, that a union with Mr. Brassy Glittermore is quite out of the question, inasmuch as I find he is—”

THISTLE. Of course he is, and has been for the last two years.

AUGUS. You know, then, that he is—?

THISTLE. Certainly, he told me so himself.

AUGUS. (*reading*) "One of the most notorious and unprincipled *roués* in town." I thought you ought to know this, because—

THISTLE. But it's a mistake—it must be a mistake—he is a married man—with three children—he said so himself—that's why I—

AUGUS. He told *you* so? that's a common *ruse*.

THISTLE. Oh, that's a common *ruse*! (*aside*) He has his family system, too, then!

AUGUS. I'll be bound he has tried that on with a dozen husbands.

THISTLE. (*mechanically*) You think he has tried that on with a?—oh, I'm suffocating.

AUGUS. If they were fools enough to believe him!

(*goes up, and off, c.*)

THISTLE. Oh, if they were fools enough—gracious! and this is the man of all others to whom I have confided!—He's doubtless with her now—sent by *me*—by me—the husband. I am justly punished for fancying I could regulate fidelity by a system—a system which has returned to plague the inventor. Oh, Margaret—my poor Margaret. (*sinks on ottoman, c.*)

*Enter MARGARET, D. L. 1 E.*

MARG. (*calmly*) Well, dear, are you asking for me?

THISTLE. Oh, you are there! she is not with him! Where have you been? answer me—where's Mr. Glittermore?

MARG. I hope he has seen the propriety of leaving the house after his preposterous conduct this morning.

THISTLE. (*bitterly*) He has been at work, then! and you?

MARG. Well, dear! I was very indignant at first, and meant to inform you.

THISTLE. Ah, but afterwards?

MARG. Afterwards I had a good cry, and that cleared my thoughts; and then, upon reflection, the whole thing seemed so utterly ludicrous—

THISTLE. Ludicrous!

MARG. That I thought I would not annoy you with it; besides, you might see the matter in a more serious light—and my communication have the effect—for the sake of avenging the silly affront of a worthless coxcomb—of perilling a life dearer to me than my own; (*kissing him*) besides, a wife would indeed be unworthy of confidence who, in such matters, cannot fight her own battles.

THISTLE. True! why didn't I think of that before? Maggy,

I've been an ass—doubly an ass—in which humiliating condition I should have remained but for this letter. (*gives her the letter—she reads*) But he has not gone—no—he remains—by my invitation! I'll be avenged—the traitor with his fictitious wife and supposititious three children.

MARG. Hush! he's coming here.

THISTLE. Good—I'll strangle him!

MARG. No indeed—leave me to dispose of him—you can trust me, I hope?

THISTLE. Henceforth—always.

*Re-enter FLUTTER, R. C.—and TEMPLETON, L. C., who starts on seeing FLUTTER.*

HECTOR. (L.) Here again, sir; I thought—

AUGUS. (R.) You will pardon me when you know the cause.

*Enter GLITTERMORE, R. C., down L.—TEMPLETON and FLUTTER meet at back.*

GLITTER. My dear Mrs. Thistleburr, we have been playing hide and seek all the afternoon—but how is this? you look dispirited—and you too, my dear Thistleburr—what's happened? nothing serious I hope?

THISTLE. (R.) Only this, sir! (*MARGARET puts her hand to his mouth*)

MARG. (R. C.) Indeed it is serious. And you will be sadder than we when you know all, for it concerns a lady who is very dear to you, and who, we regret to learn, is taken ill—very ill.

GLITTER. A lady who is very dear to me? but I assure you I know no lady who—

MARG. I cannot longer defer the painful tidings—it is your wife—your little Sophy!

GLITTER. My—I think you said my wife?

THISTLE. (*crossing to C.*) Yes, my poor friend, your wife—your little Maria is dangerously ill.

GLITTER. (*embarrassed*) But—

THISTLE. Poor fellow, he cannot realize the extent of his calamity! I say that your poor Matilda is very ill—your poor Eliza Jane! And what makes the matter worse: is, that your three dear little children—cherubs, I think you called them, are simultaneously seized with the hooping-cough!

GLITTER. But really—

THISTLE. Now as perfect repose is necessary for the recovery of Sophy, and as three hooping-coughs in continual play are anything but contributory to the perfect repose which Matilda

needs, your immediate presence at home, my dear friend is, *as you see*, absolutely necessary.

MARG. Mr. Glittermore is too good a husband and father to hesitate a moment, I am sure.

GLITTER. Certainly! of course, I'm going. But this news—

MARG. Is, unhappily, too true, as you will see by this.

*(crossing to C.—gives letter.)*

GLITTER. A letter!

MARG. From one who, it appears, is mutually acquainted with our families. *(he reads)*

THISTLE. You see, Sophia, Maria, Eliza, Matilda, Jane, is very poorly indeed. I almost doubt whether you will find her living when you return.

GLITTER. *(aside)* The game is played out, and I have lost it. *(aloud)* I am, indeed—it is as you say—it is necessary I should leave you.

THISTLE. And when next we see you, I hope it will be in the company of your wife.

AUGUS. (R.) And the three little ones—without their hooping coughs.

GLITTER. I fully appreciate the nature of your hospitality, and am obliged to you for breaking this intelligence to me with so much delicacy; and as I know you to be as anxious as myself in this matter, the moment I arrive at home I shall send you a telegram as to the state of health of my poor Maria, Matilda, Eliza, Sophia, and the three poor dear suffering darlings. Good morning! *(going, meets TEMPLETON, to him)* Get out! *(pushing him aside)* *Exit at C. to L.*

AUGUS. And now we must say the same.

THISTLE. You're not going? Stop to dinner—at any rate one of you can stop—we shall be so lonely.

AUGUS. My dear Thistleburr, I'm off! *(crosses to L. C.)* You know where—and I'm going to introduce Templeton—he has promised to act as my best man on a certain great occasion.

HECTOR. (L.) My dear fellow—really it's quite impossible.

AUGUS. *(aside to him.)* Arabella has a very pretty sister.

HECTOR. Eh? but—no—really—I—

AUGUS. *(aside to him)* Plenty of money there, I can tell you.

HECTOR. Ah, you have such a persuasive way with you—there's no resisting it.

AUGUS. So, then, we leave you once more to the enjoyment of your seclusion.

THISTLE. But we don't enjoy seclusion—I've had enough of it. Margaret and I expect to be invited to the wedding.

AUGUS. You?

THISTLE. Certainly; we're going into society. What's the use of having a pretty wife if you can't shew her? My matrimonial system has turned out a failure.

MARG. What system?

THISTLE. Well, no matter now, dear, it was a failure—the patent is lost and the inventor is ashamed of himself; henceforward I will rely on esteem on one side, and perfect confidence on the other, to preserve the balance of our conjugal felicity.

MARG. You will do well—fling artifice aside;

A woman's honour is her heart's best guide.

Trusty while trusted—ne'er to doubt subject it,

Or 'tis half gone ere only half suspected.

What fills the vacant place? Ah, who can tell?

Distrust oft makes the traitor it would quell,

Nor can the sum of married life e'er be

Worked out or proved by any RULE OF THREE.

THISTLEBURN.

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HECTOR.

R.

L.

CURTAIN.

---

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

|        |               |         |              |       |
|--------|---------------|---------|--------------|-------|
| R.     | R. C.         | C.      | L. C.        | L.    |
| Right. | Right Centre. | Centre. | Left Centre. | Left. |

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- SARAH—Striped cotton dress, brown holland apron, cotton handkerchief.

## POOR PILLICODDY.



SCENE.—*Pillicoddy's Nursery Grounds. A green-house running half way across the stage at L. 3 E.—at c. large glass doors, shewing nursery grounds beyond—at R. 3 E. a semi-circular counter, with flowers, &c. Behind the counter, rows of small boxes, or drawers, marked with names of seeds—doors R. and L. 2 E.—window L.—a clock hanging up.*

SARAH BLUNT *behind the counter, adding up figures on a large slate.*

SARAH. No; for the life of me I can't make it right! Let me try once more. Four and seven, eleven; eleven and nine, twenty; twenty and seven, twenty-seven; twenty-seven and ten, thirty-seven; thirty-seven shillings is one pound seventeen; put down one, and carry seventeen—no, put down seventeen, and carry—no, carry seventeen, and put down— It's no use! I never was a dab at figures, and what's more, I never shall be. It's just as much as I can manage to reckon my wages; but that, somehow or other, I do contrive to do! It's no sort of use of Mr. Pillicoddy going into a temper with me about it. As I said to Mr. Pillicoddy, the other day—"Mr. Pillicoddy," said I "you hired me as a shop girl, and not as a 'Ready reckoner.'" He always used to do the summing part himself, till he took it into his head to get married, and now it's as much as he ever once opens his day book, or attends to a customer. Not he! there he is, gadding about with his young wife from morning till night. It was only the day before yesterday

## 4 POOR PILLICODDY.

that he sent me over to Winchester, to buy five hundred tulip bulbs, and then actually went into a passion because I made a little mistake, and bought onions. I have no patience with him, that I haven't! It's all very well for a man to be polite and attentive, and amiable—in short, to make a fool of himself, when he's courting a young woman; but when that young woman becomes his wife, he ought to come back to the shop, and stick to business—instead of which, Mr. Pillicoddy gets worser and worser; and there's every probability of his getting worserer still. Oh, here he comes; and, I do declare, he's got a watering pot in his hand. Perhaps he's had a row with missus! so much the better for the business, say I! (*begins adding up on the slate again*)

*Enter PILLICODDY, at back, c. d., a watering pot, with a  
very long spout, in his hand.*

PILLI. (*singing as he enters*) "'Tis the last rose of summer," &c. (*looking at clock*) Past six o'clock, I declare! I'd no idea it was so late. I may say, I thought it was earlier. Upon my life, I don't how it is, but time passes so agreeably when one happens to be married. I don't know whether that's the general opinion—but my experience—and I have been married six months—warrants me—I might say, authorises me, publicly to repeat my observation—time passes so agreeably, when one happens to be married.

SARAH. (R.) I'm glad to see you've been a watering the plants, sir. It begins to look like old times again.

PILLI. (R.) I certainly went into the grounds for that purpose, Sarah—but by the time I had half finished the job, I suddenly discovered, upon looking into the watering pot, that I had entirely forgotten the water—which water is, I believe, generally, if not universally, acknowledged to be an important auxiliary in the operation of watering.

SARAH. (*shaking her head*) Ah, sir, that shows you were thinking of something else. Things are going on very bad, sir.

PILLI. On the contrary—I think they are going on remarkably well. The bulbs especially,

SARAH. Bulbs! I mean the business, sir.

PILLI. Well, bulbs *is* business.

SARAH. Ah, sir, I'd give a whole year's wages to see you standing behind that counter again, with your apron on, serving penn'orths of seed.

PILLI. So you will, Sarah, in time. You wouldn't grudge your master—your indulgent master—a little occasional relaxation?

SARAH. No; but the little occasional relaxation you talk of has been going on for the last six months. In short, sir, you've quite neglected the business.

PILLI. I'm aware of it, Sarah. When I married, I put this question to myself—and I put it seriously, Sarah—"Shall I attend to my business, or to my pleasure?" And I at once unhesitatingly decided in favour of the latter.

SARAH. And you'll be sorry for it!

PILLI. I don't know what I may be, but at present I experience no sensation of the kind whatever—on the contrary, I feel that I could devote myself to my present career of innocent dissipation for the remainder of my existence, without a murmur.

SARAH. Ah, sir, if you only knew what your customers say, when they never find you in the shop.

PILLI. Sarah, if my customers don't approve of my domestic habits, they may indulge their horticultural and florticultural indications at some other establishment. You may inform them, individually and collectively, with my compliments, that whenever Mrs. Pillicoddy wishes me to go out shopping with her, I will go—that is, if Mrs. Pillicoddy can't even go to market without me, to market without me she shall not go!

SARAH. You needn't go and get into a passion, sir.

PILLI. I'm not going to get into anything at all, Sarah. I can only think of my happiness—for I consider myself the happiest man in the whole county of Hampshire. I am prepared to lay wagers to an enormous amount that I'm the happiest man in the whole county of Hampshire—I wouldn't mind including Wiltshire. By the bye, has Mrs. Simcox, the milliner, been here with a new bonnet?

SARAH. No, sir.

PILLI. Has anybody in the employ of Mrs. Simcox, the milliner, been here with a new bonnet?

SARAH. No, sir.

PILLI. Simcox and I shall quarrel! I foresee a storm brewing between Simcox and me.

SARAH. Another new bonnet for missus! Five of them in less than three weeks! That's pretty well, I think.

PILLI. If I chose to go on purchasing new bonnets every five minutes for the rest of my life, I presume I am at liberty to do so?

SARAH. But she can't wear them all, sir.

PILLI. Not all at once—that I am perfectly aware of!

SARAH. You'll excuse me, sir, but I'm afraid you indulge missus a leetle too much.

PILLI. Perhaps I do; but I can't help it! Mrs. Pillicoddy has such a winning way with her. I assure you that her playful manner of directing my attention to a new shawl, or a new dress in a shop window, must be seen, in order to be appreciated. And then, when I purchase the article in question, her style of saying "thank ye"—her "thank ye's are not at all like the general run of "thank ye's"—she says "thank ye" as if she really meant thank ye. Ah, Sarah, you don't know what it is to have a young wife.

SARAH. No—and what's more, I'm sure I never shall.

PILLI. Don't be sure of anything; there's no knowing what may happen. Look at me—wasn't I notorious for my antipathy to the matrimonial state?

SARAH. Yes, but that was before you saw Mrs. Pillicoddy as is—Ah, she certainly was a blooming young widow.

PILLI. (*L., starting*) Sarah! how often have I told you never to allude to Mrs. Pillicoddy's former state! It's painful to me, distressing to me—the very word "Widow" puts my flesh all of a creep, just as if there were several rakes being drawn backwards and forwards all over my body—up and down my back, especially.

SARAH. Well, I'm sure, sir, if I had known you didn't like her to be called a widow, I wouldn't have called her a widow. And yet, if she hadn't been a widow, you couldn't have married her. My brother Tom married a widow—poor fellow!

PILLI. What do you mean by "poor fellow?"

## POOR PILLICODDY.

SARAH. Why, because he turned up again.

PILLI. Your brother Tom?

SARAH. No, t'other chap!

PILLI. Oh, t'other chap! May I inquire who the individual you designate as "t'other chap" is?

SARAH. Why, the first husband! He was a sailor, and everybody—brother Tom included—thought him safe and snug at the bottom of the sea. But, as I said before, up he turned, for all that. By the bye, missus's first husband, Captain O'Scuttle, was supposed to be drowned, wasn't he?

PILLI. Supposed to be drowned! What do you mean by supposed to be drowned? He *was* drowned—very much drowned! The ship went to pieces in the Chops of the Channel, and so did he.

SARAH. But they never found him?

PILLI. No! He was so completely and entirely lost, that they never contrived to pick up the smallest possible particle of him.

SARAH. That's just what they said about brother Tom's wife's first husband; but, nevertheless, as I said before—

PILLI. Hold your tongue, Sarah, and leave me!

SARAH. Well, but, sir—

PILLI. Leave me.

SARAH. Well, I'm sure!

*Exit, L. D.*

PILLI. "He turned up again!" A man universally believed to have located himself for the remainder of his days among the cockles and perriwinkles at the bottom of the sea, that man "turned up again." Totally regardless of the inconvenience which he must have known would attend his re-appearance—that man, calmly and deliberately "turned up again." Suppose my wife's first should take it into his head to follow the absurd example set him by Tom's wife's first. It won't bear thinking about—and yet the thing's impossible! I appeal to any one.—Fifteen months at the bottom of the sea, and then turn up again. He couldn't do it! Then on the other hand, it's just possible that he may be floating about still, clinging convulsively to the main top jib, or the main jib top, or waving his handkerchief, and frantically shouting for assistance, on the very summit of one of the masts.

Sometimes I fancy that he may have been washed on shore on some desert island—where, at this very moment he may be wandering about like Robinson Crusoe, with his umbrella, and his parrot, and his good man, Friday. By the bye, wouldn't Mrs. Crusoe have been warranted in marrying again? Wouldn't she have been perfectly justified in setting herself down as the disconsolate widow of the late Robinson Crusoe, Esquire? Of course—and so was Mrs. Pillicoddy—perfectly justified in considering that she had lost her Scuttle. And yet, that wretched mariner haunts me perpetually. I dreamt about him last night. I thought he came to my bedside, stuck all over with sea-weed and barnacles, with Neptune's pitchfork in one hand, and his marriage certificate in the other, and demanded his wife.

MRS. PILLICODDY. (*without*) Mr. Pillicoddy! Mr. Pillicoddy!

PILLI. Here she comes.

*Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, at door, L., with a bonnet in her hand.*

MRS. P. Oh, my dear Mr. Pillicoddy, you are certainly the most kind, attentive, indulgent little husband in the world!

PILLI. You approve of the bonnet? She approves of the bonnet.

MRS. P. It's a perfect love! (*admiring bonnet*) In short, it would be absolute perfection but for one *leetle* drawback.

PILLI. Oh, there is a *leetle* drawback? And what may that *leetle* drawback be?

MRS. P. Simply that it doesn't fit me.

PILLI. Oh! Well, I dare say that is an objection. But I am confident my beloved Anastasia will do me the justice to bear in mind that when I purchased the article in question, I did not happen to have her head with me.

MRS. P. Luckily, Pillicoddy, dear, Mrs. Simcox has another bonnet which becomes me—you have no idea how it becomes me. To be sure, it costs a *leetle* more money!

PILLI. Oh, it costs a *leetle* more money, does it? Never mind—consider it yours.

MRS. P. Thankye.

PILLI. (*aside*) Oh, that style of saying “thankye!” (*aloud*) Anastasia!

MRS. P. Ycs, Pillicoddy.

PILLI. Don’t call me Pillicoddy—address me as John Peter. If you only knew how infinitely I prefer being called John Peter, you wouldn’t hesitate to indulge me by calling me John Peter.

MRS. P. Well, then, John Peter—dear John Peter!

PILLI. Am I really dear to you? Now, Anastasia, I put it to you. If it were in your power, would you at once summon a county meeting, and publicly declare to the assembled thousands, that I am your dear John Peter?

MRS. P. What a silly question!

PILLI. Perhaps it is—but I can’t forget, Anastasia, that you’ve had a first—that I’m only your second—and consequently, that being your second, I naturally come after your first—

MRS. P. For shame, Mr. Pillicoddy!

PILLI. There, there—you’re calling me Mr. Pillicoddy again! Pillicoddy’s a word of four syllables—John Peter’s only three, and you prefer the four. I can’t make it out. I’ll be bound you had no difficulty whatever in calling your first by his Christian name. By the bye, what was his Christian name?

MRS. P. Nay—

PILLI. I insist on knowing my predecessor’s Christian name, as bestowed upon him at an early age by his god-fathers and godmothers.

MRS. P. Well, then—Fitzpatrick.

PILLI. Oh, Fitzpatrick? Then, I suppose it used to be, “Dear Fitzpatrick”—or “Fitzpat”—or Pat, without the Fitz—or Fitz, without the Pat—

MRS. P. I shan’t answer you any more, sir—you’re excessively disagreeable!

PILLI. And Fitzpat was an angel! I say, of course, Pitzfat—I mean, Fatzpit was an angel!

MRS. P. On the contrary, he was very violent in his

temper, and extremely jealous. In short, during the three years of our marriage, he fought no less than thirteen duels on my account, and killed or wounded his adversary in every instance.

PILLI. Did he? Anastasia, suppose we change the subject?

MRS. P. (*pouting*) You always begin it.

PILLI. I know I do—and I ought to be ashamed of myself. Oblige me by telling me that I ought to be ashamed of myself. (*taking her hand*) Ah, you've got that bracelet on again—that identical bracelet, given to you by your first, on your wedding day—and which bracelet, I, your second, have repeatedly requested you never to wear again.

MRS. P. I took it up quite by accident.

PILLI. You never take up any that *I* give you, quite by accident.

MRS. P. You never did give me any.

PILLI. That paltry excuse shall not avail you any longer, for I'll instantly proceed to the nearest jeweller's, and purchase any quantity of bracelets I think proper.

MRS. P. Thankye.

PILLI. (*aside*) Oh, that style of saying "thankye!"

MRS. P. You'll not be long away, John Peter, dear?

PILLI. Long away from you, Anastasia? Judge of my impatience to be with you by the pace at which I leave you.

*Runs out rapidly at L. D.*

MRS. P. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Mr. Pillicoddy! What extraordinary pains he does take to make himself uncomfortable. The slightest allusion to the late Captain O'Scuttle puts him at once into a fever of excitement that would be positively alarming, if it didn't luckily happen to be ridiculous—and yet, not five minutes conversation have we had upon any matter whatever, since we've been married, that Mr. Pillicoddy hasn't contrived, somehow or other, to introduce that unfortunate subject. (*bell rings, R.*) It's very evident to me, that his mind is by no means in a quiescent state. He did nothing but talk in his sleep last night about Robinson Crusoe—and this very morning, at breakfast, when I called his attention to an article in the Hampshire Chronicle, headed, "Extraordinary pre-

ervation from Shipwreck," he nearly choked himself with a bit of muffin, and asked me, in the most plaintive tone imaginable, if I particularly wished to be the death of him! What it all means, I can't imagine. (*goes up stage,*

*Enter SARAH, at L. D., with a letter—not seeing*  
MRS. PILLICODDY.

SARAH. (*as she enters*) I hear what you say, my good man. (*looking at letter*) A letter for missus—to be delivered into missus's own hands! A plague of these new-fashioned enwellops, I say! There's no longer any chance for a poor ignorant servant picking up a little useful information. Not that I've an atom of curiosity! (*looking into letter*)

MRS. P. So it seems! (*tapping her on the shoulder*)

SARAH. A letter, ma'am, if you please—just come by the Winchester carrier—at the back door.

MRS. P. (*taking letter*) The Winchester carrier?

SARAH. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. P. (*opening letter, and reading*) Ha! Leave me.

SARAH. (*aside*) Now *she's* at it! (*aloud*) Yes, ma'am. (*going behind counter, and taking up slate*) Four and seven, eleven—eleven and nine, twenty—twenty and seven—

MRS. P. Sarah, I desired you to leave me.

SARAH. I'm going, ma'am. (*aside*) Rather a suspicious business, this Winchester carrier!

MRS. P. Sarah, do you hear me?

SARAH. Yes, ma'am. (*as she goes out*) Twenty and seven, are twenty-seven—put down seven, and carry a Winchester carrier—no, carry a Winchester carrier, and put down—  
*Exit, c. d.*

MRS. P. (*watching her out*) She's gone—and now for another perusal of this most extraordinary epistle from Cousin Julia. (*reading*) "Dearest Anastasia—I am the most miserable woman in the world." A pleasant beginning! "My husband is a wretch—a good for nothing monster—and never, never, never will I look upon his odious face again! I have just arrived here from Portsmouth, and will be with you almost as soon as you receive this. Your poor, almost, if not entirely, broken-hearted cousin, Julia." Well, Julia has certainly succeeded in exciting my curiosity. What can have happened? I

suppose I must patiently await her arrival for the solution of the mystery.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE *appears at door L. 2 E.*

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Anastasia!

MRS. P. Julia!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Are you alone?

MRS. P. Come in.

*Enter* MRS. O'SCUTTLE, *carrying a small carpet-bag in one hand, a large green umbrella in the other.*

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*going up to* MRS. PILLICODDY.) Anastasia Pillicoddy, look in my face, and tell me if I don't look the very picture of misery. Make me happy, Anastasia, by telling me that I look the very picture of misery!

MRS. P. (R.) Don't be foolish, Julia, but immediately explain.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. The reason why you see me here, with my carpet bag in one hand, and my umbrella in the other? — (MRS. PILLICODDY *places chairs—they sit*) I will! It's just four years ago, Anastasia Pillicoddy, since you and I got up one very cold frosty morning, and walked, arm in arm, to Gosport church, where we were severally united in the bonds of matrimony to the men of our hearts—you to Captain Fitzpatrick O' Scuttle, and I to his second cousin, Captain Fitzgerald O' Scuttle. At the end of three years, your husband disappeared in a gale of wind, and left you a widow—I wish I could say the same of mine!

MRS. P. Julia, for shame!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. You think the expression too energetic—wait till you hear the atrocious particulars. When my husband sailed on his last voyage a year ago, I requested, as a particular favour, to be allowed to accompany him.

MRS. P. Which request he very properly refused.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Anastasia Pillicoddy, don't interrupt me. Well, the "Lively Polly" sailed without me—and my husband said he should return in six months. At the end of that time, I got a letter from him saying he

shouldn't be back quite so soon. Three more months passed, and I got another letter, saying he had been detained by contrary winds, and strong currents—very convenient things, these contrary winds and strong currents. A whole year passed, and I was gradually becoming tolerably comfortable in my afflicted state, when, yesterday morning at breakfast news was brought me that the “Lively Polly” had been signalled, off the Point. Of course I went into ecstasies—but they didn't last long.

Mrs. P. What do you mean?

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. Judge for yourself. I had no sooner heard the news of the “Lively Polly's” safe arrival, than in came the mate of the vessel, whom my husband had sent on shore. He had two letters in his hand—one for me, and the other for an intimate friend of my husband's. I offered to deliver it—I took it, and—

Mrs. P. Opened it?

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. Decidedly opened it! The contents paralysed me! I believe I laboured under a severe attack of hysterics for at least five minutes. There's the letter—devour it's contents. (*they rise*)

Mrs. P. (*reading*) “Dear Tom”—

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. Yes—the letter's addressed to one Captain Thomas Trumpet—some marine monster that I never even heard of!

Mrs. P. (*reads*) “Dear Tom—I hasten to announce”—

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. Never mind that—come at once to the P. S.

Mrs. P. (*reads*) “Postscript. I forgot to mention that I have brought Jenny to England with me.”

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. You hear! He's brought a Jenny with him! Go on.

Mrs. P. (*reads*) That pretty little creature, that I told you I had met with, a few months after leaving England.

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. Go on!

Mrs. P. (*reads*) “Now, my dear Tom, you must take charge of her for the present, as my wife must be kept entirely in the dark—you understand.”

Mrs. O'SCUTTLE. The wretch!

Mrs. P. Well, Julie, I must confess that your husband's conduct is certainly a little suspicious.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. A *little* suspicious! I'd give a trifle to see the expression of your face, if you suddenly discovered that Mr. Pillicoddy had got a pretty little Jenny!

MRS. P. I should instantly demand an explanation of him—which I advise you to do of your husband, by returning to Portsmouth immediately.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Distinctly, and decidedly, no!

MRS. P. But I am afraid you cannot remain here. Mr. Pillicoddy's notions of female propriety are so scrupulous, that I am sure he would severely blame your conduct in leaving your home.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Then I'll go elsewhere!

MRS. P. Stay. I think I can find the accommodation you require, at the house of a friend of mine.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Oh, thank you. Ah—some one is coming!

MRS. P. Then step into my room, and I'll rejoin you immediately. Hush—go in!

*Exit* MRS. O'SCUTTLE *into room, R.*

*Enter* SARAH, R. U. E.

SARAH. Please, ma'am, here's one of Mrs. Simcox's young women wishes to know if you'd like to try on the bonnet you were looking at this morning?

MRS. P. Yes. Shew her into the parlour, and I'll come to her directly. Has Mr. Pilicoddy returned?

SARAH. I haven't seen him, ma'am.

MRS. P. (*aside*) Perhaps I had better inform him at once of Julia's arrival. (*to her*) When your master comes in, tell him I wish to speak with him.

SARAH. Yes, ma'am. Any orders for dinner, ma'am?

MRS. P. Ask your master!

SARAH. Yes, ma'am. Hadn't the kittens better be *drown ded*, ma'am?

MRS. P. Ask your master!

*Exit* R.

SARAH. Ask your master! And when I do ask my master, it'll be, "Ask your missus!" I begin to suspect there's a change taking place. I thought the sun couldn't be always a shining. Well, as I said before, so much the better for the business. And talking of business—let me

see once more if I can't make that little account right—  
(*takes up slate, and stands at counter, with her back to the audience*)

*Enter CAPTAIN O' SCUTTLE, L. D., dressed in a rough pea jacket, large white trousers, straw hat, &c. He enters hurriedly, looks about stage, then begins walking to and fro rapidly.*

CAPT. I can't be mistaken! No—I saw a female enter this house—a smart rakish-looking little craft, just the same build and rigging as Mrs. O'Scuttle—but for the life of me, I couldn't distinguish her figure head. However, I've traced her to Southampton—and, by the powers, I'll not give up the chase till I discover her latitude and longitude. (*seeing SARAH*) Ha! (*takes SARAH by the arm, drags her forward, turns her towards him, and looks into her face*) No! (*walks about again*)

SARAH. “No!” What does he mean by “No?” I beg your pardon, sir, but—

CAPT. What's the matter?

SARAH. That's what I want to know.

CAPT. Then I don't mind telling you. You must know, then, inquisitive, female, that—(*as if hearing something*) Ah! (*looking off*) No! As I was going to say, you must know that it's just one year and three days since I and my “Lively Polly” weighed anchor, and sailed from Portsmouth—

SARAH. Really, sir, you must excuse me, but it can't possibly signify to me what happened to you, or your lively Polly either. I never saw you in my life before, and I know nothing whatever of the young woman.

CAPT. Silence! Well, I had intended—(*same play as before*) Ha! (*looks off*) No! I repeat, I had intended to return in six months—but I wasn't able. In the first place, I was detained by the currents—

SARAH. (*aside*) Oh, not quite ripe, I suppose!

CAPT. Well, at length we got back to Portsmouth—(*same play*) Ah! (*looks off*) No!

SARAH. (*aside*) How the man does annoy me with his “noes,” to be sure!

CAPT. We made the Point at six, p. m. yesterday, and

I tell you that the "Lively Polly" had no sooner cast anchor, than my wife cut her cable, and run before the wind! Now, what d'ye say to that?

SARAH. Why, it wouldn't be much use her running *after* the wind. But why did she cut poor Polly's cable?

CAPT. Inquisitive female, you're slightly stupid!

SARAH. Well, I'm sure! In one word, sir—what do you want in this house?

CAPT. I want the master of it!

SARAH. Mr. Pillicoddy?

CAPT. Don't know. (*aside*) Never heard of him! (*aloud*) Very well—let's say Pillicoddy.

SARAH. Say Pillicoddy? It is Pillicoddy!

CAPT. With all my heart. But tell me first—how many women have you on board?

SARAH. On board? What, board wages?

CAPT. Pshaw! There's a lady in the house—

SARAH. Yes, sir—master's wife.

CAPT. Pshaw! I mean the other.

SARAH. His otherwife?

CAPT. Pshaw! Is there no other young and lovely female here, besides your mistress?

SARAH. There's only me, sir.

CAPT. Pshaw! Where's Pilli—you know—where's your master?

SARAH. Just stepped out, sir—but he'll soon be back.

CAPT. So will I—and you may tell him so.

SARAH. Yes, sir. Please, sir, what name shall I—

CAPT. True. Tell him, that one Captain—no, on second thoughts, don't mention my name.

SARAH. I don't know it.

CAPT. Then be sure you don't tell him. I'll be back immediately—and, in the mean time, you can just inform this Mr. Pilli—I forget the rest of him—that if he presumes to trifle with me, by the powers, I'll—(*same play as before*) Ah! (*looks out*) No!

*Exit at door, L., slamming it violently after him.*

SARAH. Was there ever such a bear? He oughtn't to be allowed to go about without a muzzle! He says his wife has run away from him. Of course she has. What could the man expect? But what can he possibly want with master, I wonder? Oh here he comes.

*Enter PILLICODDY, L. D.*

Well, sir?

PILLI. Well, Sarah!

SARAH. What is it?

PILLI. What is what?

SARAH. Didn't you meet him?

PILLI. Who?

SARAH. The individual who's just been here for you.

PILLI. What's the individual's name?

SARAH. Can't tell, sir!

PILLI. Sarah, I am now more than ever convinced that you are, by no manner of means, of a communicative disposition.

SARAH. It's no fault of mine, sir. I couldn't make head nor tail of what the gentleman was talking about. It was all a jumble about currents, and gales of wind, and lively Pollys and weighing anchors, and cutting cables, and—

PILLI. Oh, a sailor!

SARAH. I dare say he was. But what I can't make out, is, why should he come here after a lady?

PILLI. (*giving a violent jump*) A lady!

SARAH. Lor', sir—what's the matter?

PILLI. Nothing. It was only a sort of a—you know I'm subject to this kind of a— But good gracious, what lady? which lady? Of course he didn't inquire for the lady, without describing the lady!

SARAH. He merely said she was a young and lovely female, and as he said it wasn't me, I can only suppose he meant missus!

PILLI. (*giving another bound*) Ah!

SARAH. Don't, sir!

PILLI. Well, I won't; for now that I am able to reflect calmly and dispassionately upon the occurrence that has just taken place, I feel inwardly convinced that this "jolly young waterman" has mistaken this house for one of the numerous establishments for young ladies in or about Southampton.

SARAH. You'll soon know all about it, sir, for he'll be back directly.

PILLI. Will he? Then inform him, with my compliments, that sudden and unexpected business will detain me for the next six months.

SARAH. Lor', sir, I told him you'd be in directly.

PILLI. Thankye, Sarah, I'm indebted to you. Perhaps you'll add to the obligation by going up into the front garret, and letting me know when this jovial tar approaches.

SARAH. Yes, sir!

PILLI. And, Sarah, not a word to your mistress.

SARAH. No, sir. Lor', sir, talking of missus, only suppose as how this should be her first turned up again. Oh, crimini! what fun!

PILLI. Hold your tongue!

SARAH. I've done, sir—only you know, sir, what happened to brother Tom, might happen to—

PILLI. Hold your tongue, I say.

SARAH. (*going*) Any orders for dinner, sir?

PILLI. Ask your mistress.

SARAH. (*aside*) I said so! (*taking up slate as she goes out*) Four and seven, eleven; eleven and nine, twenty; twenty and—(*stopping at R. D.*) Hadn't the kittens better be drowned, sir?

PILLI. Ask your mistress!

SARAH. (*aside*) I said so! Four and seven, eleven; eleven and nine—&c. &c.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

PILLI. Horrible misgivings are floating across my brain in hideous confusion! What if my dream should be coming true? what if this mysterious briny stranger should turn out to be my friend with the seaweed and barnacles—my Neptune—my Robinson Crusoe! No! such a frightful calamity may have happened to brother Tom, but not to Pillicoddy. No, the Fates couldn't be so unkind to Pillicoddy as to turn up his wife's first. I feel inwardly convinced that the aforesaid Fates could not be so unkind to Pillicoddy. Then let this salt water individual present himself, and the sooner the better.

SARAH. (*without*) He's a coming, sir! Look, sir, that's him a leaning up against the pump, over the way.

PILLI. (*going L. D.*) Yes, there he is, sure enough. Holloa! what's he about? taking a deliberate aim at the

window, with some species of firearm! No, it's a telescope. Now, really—(*walks across to R.*)

*Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, L. D., with telescope.*

CAPT. (*L., to PILLICODDY*) Stop! I'll trouble you to shorten sail, and bring to.

PILLI. (*R.*) Bring to! two what?

CAPT. Pshaw! So, sir, it seems I've found you at last?

PILLI. It certainly does seem so—I am not prepared to deny the fact, that it does seem so.

CAPT. I believe your name is Pilli something or other?

PILLI. No, sir, it is not Pilli something or other—it's Pillicoddy—John Peter Pillicoddy.

CAPT. No matter!

PILLI. I beg your pardon—it does matter. And now, sir, if there's anything I can do for you—

CAPT. There is. You can hold your tongue, as soon as convenient, and listen to me. (*in a very sudden and loud tone, to him*) She's here!

PILLI. (*starting*) There's no necessity, sir, for exercising your organ in that absurd manner.

CAPT. I repeat, she's here! you can't deny it. Don't speak—you haven't a word to say—don't interrupt me! How did she come here? when did she come here? why did she come here?

PILLI. Really, my dear sir, the pronoun, *she*, being applicable to the entire female sex, I must trouble you to define a little more clearly the particular she you mean by she!

CAPT. My wife, sir!

PILLI. (*aside*) His wife! (*slightly staggering*) Holloa, Pillicoddy, what are you about? No nonsense, Pillicoddy—be firm—be firm! (*aloud and suddenly*) Pooh, pooh! I beg to observe, there's nothing personal in my pooh, pooh! therefore, as I said before, pooh, pooh! I know nothing of your wife—how should I? There's only one married female in this house, and she happens to be my wife.

CAPT. Don't trifle with me, Pilli—whatever it is. I

saw her—distinctly saw her at a window, on that side of the house—and that must be the room. (*points to door, R.*

PILLI. (*aside*) Anastasia's apartment.

(*looking about for a chair to faint upon.*

CAPT. So, sir, if you've no objection, we'll have her out. (*going to R. D.*)

PILLI. (*throwing himself before CAPTAIN*) Beware, mariner—beware! I'm small, but desperate—diminutive, but determined. (*aside*) And yet, now I think of it, Sarah told me that Mrs. Pillicoddy had just gone out, so it couldn't be her he saw; it must have been his fancy—he must have seen his fancy. Ha, ha, ha! I breathe again. (*aloud to him*) Very well, sir; as you will insist upon it that your wife is in that room, have her out by all means. There doesn't happen to be anybody there; but, nevertheless, have her out.

CAPT. (*unable to unlock door*) Oh, there's nobody here, eh? Then how is it that the door happens to be locked on the inside of it, eh? (*looking through keyhole*)

PILLI. (*aside*) She must have come back! (*seeing him, and pulling him violently*) Holloa, sir! No looking through the keyhole—delicacy forbids.

CAPT. Hark'ye, Pill—whatever it is—don't presume to trifle with me any longer, or, by the blood of the O'Scuttles—

PILLI. Are you that man? (*seizing his hand*) Does this hand really and truly grasp a Scuttle? (*brings down chair, arranges cushion, &c., and then deliberately sits down and faints—then suddenly jumps up again, and with a sudden air of gaiety*) Stop! wait a bit! My dear sir, allow me to call your attention to a trifling, but important fact, that seems to have entirely slipped your memory, and that is, that you are drowned!

CAPT. Oh, I'm drowned, am I?

PILLI. You know you are. You are this moment at the bottom of the sea. There were no end of tears shed on your account at first, but now you are forgotten—the world gets on very comfortably without you, so why destroy the agreeable delusion? I put it to you—why destroy the agreeable delusion? Now, go back from whence you came. I have considered the point in all its

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bearings, and I should be neglecting a duty, a sacred duty, if I did not advise you to go back from whence you came.

CAPT. Thank ye. But I've had enough of the sea for some time.

PILLI. I should think so; but you don't seem much the worse for it. (*aside*) I don't see any barnacles about him.

CAPT. Let me tell you, shipwreck's no joke. It's no trifle to be wandering about an island, like Robinson Crusoe.

PILLI. (*aside*) There! I thought as much.

CAPT. It's my belief I should have died, if it hadn't been for the natives.

PILLI. (*aside*) Shipwrecked on an oyster bed! The luck of some people is perfectly miraculous.

CAPT. However, sir, I once again beheld the white cliffs of Old England, and I forgot all my troubles in contemplating the affectionate, loving welcome of my wife!

PILLI. (*aside*) Poor devil!

CAPT. But it wasn't to be, sir. Excuse these tears—

PILLI. Don't mind me, sir; get rid of the superfluous salt water, by all means. (*aside*) I really feel for the man. To me there's something peculiarly touching in the contemplation of a jolly tar when he's *not* jolly.

CAPT. Mrs. O'Scuttle had left her home. (*sighing deeply*)

PILLI. (*aside*) He calls her Mrs. O'Scuttle. Then he's not aware—he seems so entirely broken down by grief physically as well as mentally, that I think I'll venture to tell him. (*aloud*) My dear sir, will you allow me to mention to you, in confidence, that when you presented yourself before me for the first time, I immediately made this observation to myself, within myself, "If ever there was a man cut out by nature to bear a shock like a Briton, yonder man is that man!" I don't wish to flatter you, but to myself, within myself, I made that observation.

CAPT. Indeed! And pray, sir, didn't it occur to you at the same time, that I was just the sort of man to cut your throat, or any other man's that dared do me an injury?

PILLI. Why, no—I can't say—

CAPT. Can't you? Then, by the powers, I'll show you it is so if you don't immediately and satisfactorily explain how it is that I find my wife in this house.

PILLI. Your wife? When you say your wife, of course you are naturally and powerfully impressed with the pleasing, but slightly erroneous idea that she is your wife?

CAPT. What d'ye mean?

PILLI. Mean? (*exclaiming*) Good gracious! Did it never occur to you, as you were wandering about your island, like a wretched Robinson Crusoe, that your wife might naturally fancy herself a widow—and that, fancying herself a widow, she might equally naturally endeavour to console herself for your loss by—

CAPT. What?

PILLI. Can't you guess? (*here it gradually begins to get dark*)

CAPT. No! (*PILLICODDY whispers across to CAPTAIN*) Speak out!

PILLI. (*getting behind chair—shouting*) By marrying again!

CAPT. Marrying again? Ha, ha, ha! That would be a mighty good joke. Ha, ha, ha!

PILLI. (*aside*) He takes it remarkably well. (*advancing*) Ha, ha, ha! (*increasing in loudness*) Ha, ha, ha! Then you're not offended? you don't mind it? You're a great creature, and I respect you—(*taking his hand*) I respect you much—but, under existing circumstances, don't you think it would be as well for you to—umph! (*pointing towards L. D.*) In short, don't you think it would be better for you to—(*points to L.*) Umph!

CAPT. What d'ye mean?

PILLI. Why if she were to know that you've turned up again—

CAPT. She? who?

PILLI. My wife!

CAPT. I can't see how that can possibly matter to her—all I want is *my* wife.

PILLI. Well, your wife, or my wife—it's all the same

CAPT. All the same?

PILLI. Of course. We may say *our* wife, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*louder*) Ha ha, ha!

CAPT. 'Sdeath and the devil! You don't mean to say that Mrs. O'Scuttle—

PILLI. Mrs. Pillicoddy, if it's the same to you.

CAPT. Bother Mrs. Pillicoddy! I repeat, you don't mean to say that Mrs. O'Scuttle—

PILLI. Bother Mrs. O'Scuttle! You either can't or won't understand that by your absurd and capricious conduct—first, in getting yourself drowned, and turning up again, you and I, at this moment, have only one wife between us.

CAPT. What, you don't mean to say you've married my wife?

PILLI. Certainly not, sir—I've married your widow.

CAPT. Widow? How can that be, when I'm alive?

PILLI. But you've no business to be alive—it's the height of absurdity on your part to be alive.

CAPT. Faithless, perjured woman! But I'll be the death of her!

PILLI. Then we shall be worse off than we are now—we shall have no wife at all between us.

CAPT. It certainly is a bit of a blunder.

PILLI. A very considerable bit.

CAPT. However, luckily, the remedy is simple enough.

PILLI. I'm delighted to hear it. What is it?

CAPT. Either I shoot you, or you shoot me.

PILLI. It's very handsome of you to give me the choice. I'll shoot you.

CAPT. (*fiercely*) No!

PILLI. Can anything be fairer?

CAPT. No!

PILLI. Very well, then—

CAPT. No!

PILLI. Why, just now you—

CAPT. No!

PILLI. You distinctly said—

CAPT. No!

PILLI. Yes—you've said no several times, but—

CAPT. That'll do! Tell Mrs. O'Scuttle—

PILLI. Mrs. Pillicoddy!

## POOR PILLICODDY.

CAPT. O'Scuttle!

PILLI. Pillicoddy!

CAPT. Tell her to pack up instantly, and prepare to accompany her lawful husband—

PILLI. That's me!

CAPT. Me!

PILLI. Me!

CAPT. I'll be back directly.

PILLI. (*not listening to him*) Me!

CAPT. You hear!

*Exit hurriedly, L.*

PILLI. Me! (*shouting after him*) Me! (*walking down rapidly to front*) What's to be done? Give up Anastasia? Never! What would life be to me without my Anastasia? Nothing. What would Anastasia be to me without life? Nothing still—so let my cry be “Anastasia or death!” with a decided preference for Anastasia. Ah—yes! If we could only make our escape together, before this infuriated Scuttle returns—yes, yes! (*the stage is now dark—he runs to R. D. and shakes it violently*) Open the door! (*shakes door again*) Open the door, I say! The house is on fire! (*shouting*)

*A slight scream—door opens, and MRS. O'SCUTTLE appears—he seizes her, and drags her forward.*

It's I—your Pillicoddy—your John Peter! My dream—my nightmare's come true—Robinson Crusoe has turned up again—I mean, your husband—no, not your husband—

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*aside*) I thought so. I was sure I heard the good for nothing fellow's voice.

PILLI. He's come here from some distant oyster bed or other, to drag you away from me—from me, your own John Peter!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*aside*) Can it be possible? Does he still love me?

PILLI. He says he adores you—so much so, that he swears he'll be the death of you, and me too—so let's fly together, beloved of my soul—let's fly together! (*dragging at her*)

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*aside*) Who can this be? What matchless impudence!

PILLI. Wiltshire invites us! Fly with me—your second

—your own true, fond, devoted second—d—n your first—  
—he's drowned! I'm your husband!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Unhand me!

*Breaks from him, and escapes into greenhouse, c.*

PILLI. She breaks from me. I understand it all. She loves her first—she said so. She'll follow her first through the world—she'll put down her Pillicoddy, and take up her Scuttle—she said so. Oh, what execrable taste! to say nothing of the base ingratitude of the woman—after the no end of new bonnets I've given her. What will become of me? Will anybody oblige me by telling me what will become of me? Curiosity is not naturally one of my failings, but it would be satisfactory to me to have some faint idea of what will become of me. (*sits himself in chair, hiding his face in his hands*)

*Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, L. D., a bandbox in her hand.*

MRS. P. (*aside, as she enters*) Surely I cannot be mistaken—the gentleman that I caught a glimpse of a few minutes ago walking about the grounds. I haven't seen Captain O'Scuttle for four years—and it is almost too dark to recognize any one, to a certainty—yet, I could almost swear—(PILLICODDY sneezes) There's somebody here! Can it be he? If so, I will inform him at once of Julia's arrival. (*aloud*) Ahem! hem!

PILLI. (*hearing*) Somebody with a cough, or a cold in the head.

MRS. P. (*louder*) Ahem! Who's there?

PILLI. (*aside*) Anastasia's voice! She's come back to implore my pardon.

MRS. P. Is it you, Captain? (*louder*) Is it you?

PILLI. (*aside*) Captain! She thinks it's Robinson Crusoe—she takes her second for her first. (*aloud, and assuming sailor's voice and manner*) Ay, ay, my hearty! Shiver my timbers! Haul away, yoo, boys!

MRS. P. (*hastily, and approaching him*) Then listen to me. (*puts down bandbox*) Your wife is here; she may have acted a little imprudently, but I'm sure you'll forgive her, like a dear, kind, affectionate husband that you are. Believe me, she loves you as dearly as ever, so lose no

time, but take her away with you at once, before Mr. Pillicoddy knows about the matter.

PILLI. (*who, during the above, is variously agitated*) Ha, ha, ha! (*very loud*) Ha, ha, ha! (*weaker and weaker—then sinks, crushing bonnet box*)

MRS. P. (*alarmed*) Why, it's Pillicoddy! Help! Sarah! Sarah!

*Enter SARAH, R. D., with a lighted candle.*

SARAH. Lor, missus---what's the matter?

MRS. P. (*seeing PILLICODDY*) Why, I do declare it's your master! (*calling*) Pillicoddy! John Peter!

SARAH. (*holding candle close to his face*) It's no use, ma'am. We'd better put him to bed. You will leave the key of the cellar about! (*putting down candle*)

MRS. P. John Peter, I say—dear John Peter!

PILLI. (*suddenly starting up*) Don't call me John Peter—call me Pillicoddy! No, don't—call me *Mister* Pillicoddy. Go to your first! Resume your Scuttle! Follow your Scuttle throughout the world! Go, perjured, capricious Anastasia—go! Don't think to break my heart! No, no—here I'll sit, and calmly witness your departure.

SARAH. Now, do go to bed, sir. You're quite dreadful to look at!

PILLI. Silence, Sarah!

MRS. P. Well, but—

PILLI. Silence, I say! I'm desperate—crazy—mad—frantic! Ha, ha, ha! *Tol de rol!* (*singing and dancing*)

“Can you dance the polka?”

“Won't you dance the polka?”

Ah! (*looking off at c.*) He comes! Crusoe comes to claim his wife! The gentle Robinson approaches! (*shouting.*) Come in, Barnacles. Don't be shy. Come in, I say.

*Running to L.—the WOMEN hurry in at R. D.*

*Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, C.*

PILLI. (*seizing hold of CAPTAIN, and drags him hurriedly towards R. D.*) She's there—take her, and my blessing along with her!

*Violently bonnets CAPTAIN, and forces him off, R. D.*  
And now—now—what has Pillicoddy to live for? Nothing.

Erge, Pillicoddy dies. But the means? I can't swim, so it's no use thinking of drowning myself—and apothecaries won't dispense with arsenic, except for rats—and although the majority of apothecaries are proverbially credulous, still I feel it would be useless in me to attempt to pass myself off as a specimen of that species of vermin. Ha—yes—one of those numerous, and long neglected drawers—(*pointing to the nest of drawers on counter*) contain poppy heads—the poppy heads, poppy seeds—and poppy seeds, when taken incessantly for several weeks, produce immediate dissolution. Happy thought! Here they are. (*coming forward with drawer*) What whoppers! Fortunate Pillicoddy—that they should happen to be whoppers! (*eating, and filling his pockets with the rest.*) Anything much more unsavoury—I might say nasty—I never tasted. Never mind—it'll soon be over—(*eating again*) and then an inquest will be held upon me. Twelve of my intimate friends and fellow-townsmen will— But stop—the worst of it is, that all this will add considerably to the perfidious Anastasia's worldly happiness. Oh, if I could only do something to destroy the perfidious Anastasia's worldly happiness before the poppy heads produce their effect. I declare they've made me quite sleepy already. Ah—what do I see? (*looking towards greenhouse*) A lovely female! (*seeing Mrs. O'Scuttle, who is seen in the greenhouse*) And shall I hesitate? No! Anastasia, thus do I cast you off for ever—thus do I tear your once loved image from my bosom, and supply its place with yonder exquisite stranger! Happy idea! I'll about it straight. (*stopping suddenly, and yawning*) Holloa! what's the matter with me? I feel quite—it's those confounded poppies!

*Shakes himself, then dances up to Mrs. O'Scuttle—takes her hand, and leads her forward from glass house, L. C.*

Enchanting being! pardon the candour of a stranger—a total stranger—but I have a request to make—a trifling one—and that is, that you will from this moment enshrine me in the innermost recesses of your heart.

Mrs. O'Scuttle, (R.) Sir!

PILLI. (L.) Now, do—graceful, swan-like creature, do—and I swear to you on the honour of a Pillicoddy—

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*astonished*) Mr. Pillicoddy!

PILLI. Yes, dove-like lass—yes. (*suddenly very drowsy—then violently shaking himself*) Yes—your Pillicoddy. So take me—all I have is yours. My house, my shop, my grounds, my flowers, my very cucumber frames!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Oh, sir, consider—if Anastasia only knew—

PILLI. I wish her to know. I repeat, I wish—her—to—(*again very drowsy—rouses himself*) Pardon me, sylph-like beauty—I've been indulging in poppies! Yes, the sooner Anastasia knows the better, for I'm only following her example. She has recovered her Scuttle, and she is happy in that Scuttle! In short, give her a cottage and her Scuttle, and I believe she would be content.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Scuttle? Surely not Captain O'Scuttle, just returned from a long voyage? (*anxiously*)

PILLI. Yes, she loves the colossal mariner! She told me so. They are now together in that very room. (*points to R.*)

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Can it be possible? Perfidious Anastasia! Now I can understand her anxiety to get me out of the house. What's to be done? Sir—sir! (*going to PILLICODDY, who during her speech, has gone fast asleep, and is standing swaying to and fro*) I say, sir!

(*shaking PILLICODDY, who falls on her shoulder—she with difficulty supports him.*)

A scream heard, and CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE comes in from R. D., with SARAH, fainting, in his arms

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. My husband!

CAPT. My wife!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Let go that woman, sir!

CAPT. Drop that man, madam!

SARAH. (*recovering, looks up in CAPTAIN'S face—then modestly*) Oh! (*hiding her face on the CAPTAIN'S shoulder again*)

CAPT. Don't be absurd!

SARAH. (*looking up again*) I'm a foolish, timid young creature; but, really, when one hears oneself made such

desperate love to—all at a sudden, too—oh! (*trying to hide her face on his shoulder again—he keeps her off*)

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*to O'SCUTTLE*) There! you hear, sir?

CAPTAIN. Pooh! it's no such thing.

SARAH. No such thing? Oh, you vile, double-faced fellow! Didn't you swear you loved me? yes! didn't you call me your wife? Yes, and do you think I'm going to throw a chance away? no, no! (*making a rush at him with open arms*)

CAPT. Be quiet—it's all a mistake. The room was so plaguy dark, I thought I was speaking to—

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. To Anastasia, eh?

CAPT. Anastasia! who's Anastasia,?

PILLI. (*suddenly giving himself a violent shaking*) Who's Anastasia? my Anastasia! I can't give her up! I won't give her up! (*crosses to CAPTAIN*) Scuttle, my gentle Scuttle—my gallant Scuttle—don't take her from me!

CAPT. Who the devil wants her?

PILLI. (*crosses to c.*) Anastasia, he doesn't want you—Anastasia, the great Scuttle doesn't want you. Ha, ha, ha!

*Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, R.*

MRS. P. No! I suspect that all he requires is his own little runaway wife.

CAPTAIN. That's true enough—so come here to me, my darling. (*to MRS. O'SCUTTLE*)

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. (*holding up letter before his eyes*) First, be good enough, Captain Fitzgerald O'Scuttle, to explain that "P.S."—in its present state, that "P.S." reads anything but pleasantly. (*crosses c.*)

CAPTAIN. Ha, ha, ha! I see—jealous of little Jenny!

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. Yes, sir; and I insist upon knowing who that mysterious female is.

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha! Why, the mysterious female in question happens to be the most elegant little Brazilian monkey you ever clapped eyes on.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE. A monkey for me! Oh, my dear, dear, dear husband! (*embraces him*)

SARAH. (*aside*) The man's married! If I had only known it at the time, wouldn't I have spoilt his "figure head," as he calls it—rather! (*seeing PILLICODDY, who is swaying to and fro, fast asleep*) Lor' ma'am—whatever's the matter with master? only look at him! he looks for all the world like a goose a going to roost.

(SARAH and MRS. PILLICODDY run to PILLICODDY.

MRS. P. Pillicoddy!

SARAH. Master! (*they shake him violently—his hat falls off, and a number of poppy heads fall out*) Peppies! he's gone and pisened himself!

(*they all pull him and shake him, crying,* "Rouse yourself!")

PILLI. That's right, rouse me—keep continually rousing me! Anastasia, it was all on your account—I thought he was going to tear you from me!

MRS. P. He? who?

PILLI. Who? why—Sarah, rouse me! (SARAH takes a pin out her dress and runs it into PILLICODDY'S back.) Thank ye. (*to MRS. PILLICODDY*) Why, your grace—my predecessor—the once supposed to be lost, but lately turned up Scuttle.

CAPT. If you mean Captain O'Scuttle, I am he—husband to this lady, and second cousin to my second cousin, the late Captain Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle.

PILLI. Ah, then you're not Robinson—you're not my friend with the bargades! Sarah, rouse me! (*same play*) Thank ye! I thought you were Patzpitrack—I mean, Patzpitrack—Sarah, rouse me! (*same play*) Thank ye, and now, I've nothing to fear. (MRS. PILLICODDY points to AUDIENCE) Well, what of that? (*to MRS. PILLICODDY*) I repeat, I've nothing to fear. It isn't the first time I've stood my trial here, and therefore—Sarah, rouse me! thank ye. I say, I'm inclined to hope that the same indulgent jury, without even retiring from their boxes, will once more return a verdict of "Not Guilty"—then no one will be more transported than "POOR PILLICODDY."

MRS. O'S. CAPTAIN. PILLICODDY. MRS. P. SARAH

R.

L.

CURTAIN.











